Prudery and Blackmail —
The Great American Crime *by* Theodore Dreiser

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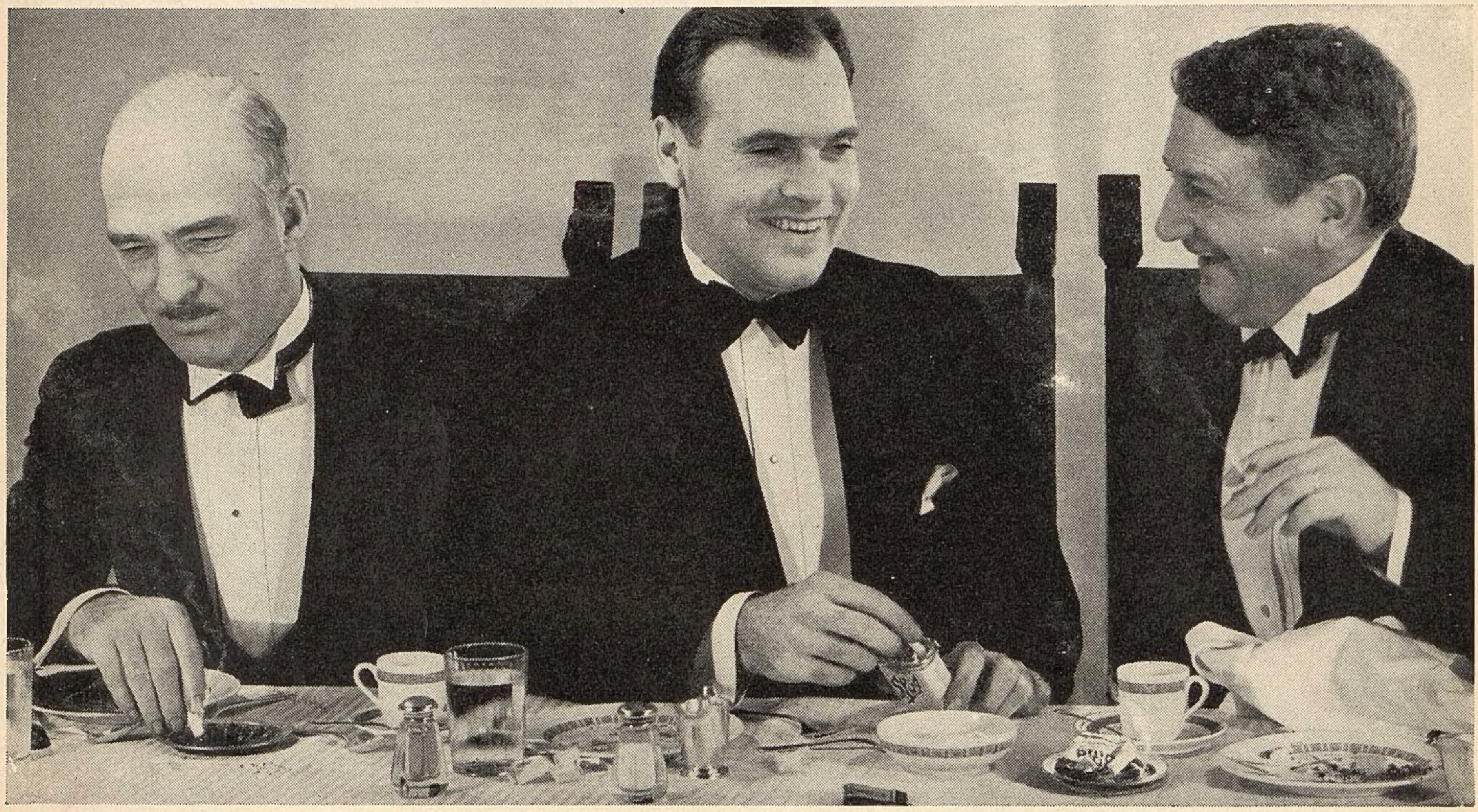
America's Best R

Don't go Smoke-Sour!

SMOKE...AND KEEP MOUTH-HAPPY!



Don't hold back on your cigarettes.
Don't let your mouth go smoke-sour.
Don't worry about smoke-hangover.
Simply...smoke Spuds in the heavy sessions.

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Smoke all you want of Spuds. Your mouth remains always moist-cool and comfortably clean. That's mouth-happiness, the grand new freedom in old-fashioned tobacco enjoyment.

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"She was a BEAUTIFUL WOMAN before her teeth ... went bad"

EVEN in our absence, even after we have left the room, our friends brood mournfully over the glories that have passed. "She was—she *was*—a beautiful woman . . ."

The mouth is the most eloquent of human features, the seat of character. Any defect of mouth or teeth is sharply conspicuous. Actors who wish to look ugly or repulsive on the stage almost always blacken out one or more teeth. And when *Nature* really plays this trick upon either man or woman, Nature can be cruel indeed.

Do you know what causes lost teeth?

Lost teeth are a source of mental anguish. Even after they are skillfully replaced, the experience leaves a scar on the memory. How you dreaded the verdict, "Two in the front must come out." How you avoided acquaintances! How you lost time from business! How the whole thing clouded your life for weeks!

Of course some teeth are lost through accident, but *more than one-half the total losses of adult teeth are due to the condition known as pyorrhea*. This disease is a great source of trouble for the dentist. Its treatment is long-drawn-out and usually painful. When it is a question of pyorrhea the modern dentist votes for *prevention* every time. And this means giving your dentist a chance to prevent by visiting him at least twice a year.

Cleanliness is only superficial

Your dentist will tell you that pyorrhea works *under the surface*. Its approach is silent. It may take years—five years, ten years—before it breaks out. That is why mere cleanliness, even *thorough* cleanliness, is not enough. One of the best-known names in all pyorrhea history is that of Dr. R. J. Forhan, who spent 26 years in the study and treatment of pyorrhea. Thousands of practicing dentists, throughout the nation and abroad, are today using his special pyorrhea treatment, provided only for the use of the dental profession. For home use by the family, Dr. Forhan also perfected the toothpaste which bears his name. The active Forhan principle gives you an extra value, an added safeguard beyond a mere cleansing operation. Use it night and morning, on both teeth *and* gums, according to directions.

Do not wait for bleeding gums

Don't give pyorrhea a foothold. Remember that 4 out of 5 over the age of forty are claimed as its victims. So we repeat again: see your dentist and use Forhan's in between visits. Remember also, that Forhan's, judged simply *as a toothpaste* is the finest money can buy—pleasant, agreeable, long-lasting. Begin the use of Forhan's today. It's the double-duty toothpaste for teeth *and* gums. Look for the big, brown tube. Forhan Company, Inc., New York, N. Y. Forhan's, Ltd., Ste. Therese, P. Q.

SERIOUS THOUGHT ABOUT TEETH LEADS TO THE USE OF FORHAN'S

APR. 2, 1932

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"That this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth." —*Abraham Lincoln.*

TRAINING CHILDREN FOR THE EASY LIFE

Parental affection is always commendable.

To love your own children is a predominant instinct, but the tendency of parents to protect their children from all hardship and suffering is not desirable.

Too much ease and luxury soften the body, weaken the character, making one vacillating and uncertain.

Select those who have made outstanding successes. Study the influences of their early life. Rarely do you find examples of success evolved from luxurious living.

Responsibilities of any kind are likely to be irksome. Parents are inclined to shield their children from such unpleasantness.

The body is made strong through wholesome foods and the active daily use of the muscles. Lungs, heart—all the vital organs of the body—are made hardy and vigorous through similar measures.

As the body hardens and expands through a reasonable amount of use, so the mind and character are molded through exercise.

Although the general theories of our schools are commendable, the conclusion that we learn by doing is most dependable. To ably acquit ourselves in the daily tasks set before us we must have interest, enthusiasm, and determination, and it is through the use of these qualities that we gradually develop, expand, and broaden in character.

In bygone generations children were usually given scant consideration; they were compelled to observe certain rigid rules. Parents usually followed the old maxim: "To spare the rod [illegible]oil the child," and severe punishment for devi[illegible]om rigid rules was the rule.

Now we are turning to the other extreme. Our psychologists tell us that there are no bad children; that those who appear to be unruly, when once understood through proper analysis, can soon be induced to change their attitude.

We may be able to learn from the various scientific sources now so popular in child-training, but the tendency to disregard entirely the rigid character of training that was so popular in bygone years is not desirable. Children should be required to assume responsibilities early in life. Certain tasks should be given them, and they should be required to perform them properly. If they fail, appropriate penalties should be imposed.

All parents want their children to grow up into superior human types. They would be ashamed of them if they were weaklings, if they were neutral, insipid personalities, or if they were undependable and irresponsible.

If life is too easy, if there are no duties to be performed and nothing that demands hard work and a certain amount of sacrifice, your children will grow up so engrossed in their own selfish desires that no one but themselves will ever be given a thought—and that includes parents.

Children come into the world hardly more than little animals. They are trained mostly by example; they are good imitators. They want the good things of life, but it is not at all their natural inclination to want to work for them.

The idea back of the Boy and Girl Scout movement, that one must perform a good deed every day, is commendable. It would be invaluable if it were included as a rule in the life of every child. To achieve anything that is really worth while one must learn to adhere rigidly to certain principles; he must be willing to make sacrifices that may often be unpleasant. The hardest kind of work—close, detailed attention to certain duties—is valuable to character, to the developing of strength of body and mind essential to the forming of a worthwhile career.

A continuous easy life is not good for one at any time, but during the period of growth certain habits are formed that have a lifelong influence. If at this time we learn the value of profitable activity and the importance of avoiding waste, either in time or money, we acquire habits that lead to worthy achievements.

The impressionable period in the lives of children is especially important. Even at the ages of ten or twelve years it is not too early to begin serious training.

If you want your children to be outstanding figures in the strenuous world of today, begin now the training process essential to give them a strong, splendid body, a clear, well balanced mind, with the enthusiasm and ambition and the dominating characteristics that are developed by training that builds self-confidence and all-around dependability.

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Cover by Leslie Thrasher

THIS WIFE GREW CARELESS AFTER MARRIAGE . . . .

THE "OTHER WOMAN" IS ALWAYS SURE OF HERSELF!

THE *"Other Woman"* IS ALWAYS SURE OF HERSELF

The moment the telephone jingled Mary knew. Tom was staying at the office. An absurd little fear prickled at the back of her neck as she took down the receiver and said, "hello." She hated to have her voice tremble that way. But somehow she simply couldn't help it.

She knew exactly what he was going to say. Same old excuses — desk piled high with work — important meeting tomorrow — don't wait up, darling, I'll be home as early as I can.

Of course all wives have to expect little disappointments like this. She was a jealous little fool to imagine anything. Still, this was the third time this month.

Was it possible? Could there be, *ever* — another woman?

Does Familiarity Breed Contempt?

After-marriage carelessness leads to more unhappiness than most wives realize until it is too late.

Despite her desire to please, often some little familiar liberty she takes may become the fabled "molehill."

In the case of the complexion, for instance, a good night cream is of course a necessity if one is to keep one's skin fresh and youthful.

But fortunately it is no longer necessary to go to bed with a face all smeared with greasy cream, a condition that most men frankly find disgusting.

Try this Marvelous New Greaseless Texture Cream

With the introduction of a new line of cosmetics, A. S. Hinds Company, for 56 years producers of Hinds Honey and Almond Cream, presents *Hinds Texture Cream,* a skin-softening cream for night use, that is absolutely greaseless.

If you wash your face with soap and water, you will find this cream of wonderful assistance in correcting dryness and in keeping the skin soft and smooth.

Hinds Preparations
For Cleansing and Toning
(SEE SPECIAL OFFER)

HINDS CLEANSING CREAM: Because it melts 2 to 7 times faster, Hinds Cleansing Cream flushes deeply into pores, soaks up dirt, dust, make-up. Cleanses thoroughly, safely, leaving the face as refreshed as a dew-kissed rose. In generous-sized jars, 40c and 65c.

HINDS TONING CLEANSER: A delightful liquid pore refiner and cleanser. Penetrates deeply and thoroughly — refines the texture of the skin by reducing enlarged pores. Non-drying. Apply after using Hinds Cleansing Cream, before using the *Texture Cream.* Also excellent for morning use. In flacons, 65c.

When applied after cleansing with Hinds Cleansing Cream and Hinds Toning Cleanser it produces really remarkable results, leaving the skin velvety soft and youthful.

You will be surprised, quite agreeably, by the reasonably low price of *Hinds Texture Cream,* only 40 cents for a generously large jar. Later, of course, once you have learned its benefits you will want the larger, 65-cent jar which is even better value.

Why go on smearing your face with greasy night creams that soil your pillow and make you look so dowdy and unattractive? Ask for *Hinds Greaseless Texture Cream.* It is sold by all drug and department stores.

A Special Limited Offer

To aquaint you with two other very important Hinds beauty aids, we are making the following offer for a limited time only. Send 10c at once (in coin) to cover posting and we will forward you a trial tube of Hinds Cleansing Cream and a bottle of Hinds Toning Cleanser (liquid). Address A. S. Hinds Co., Dept. B-60, Bloomfield, N. J., makers of Hinds Honey and Almond Cream.

This offer expires July 1 in U. S. A.—Not good in Canada

HINDS *Greaseless* TEXTURE CREAM

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ALL MEN ARE NOT CREATED FREE AND EQUAL

Two social faults handicap many—needlessly!

Can you imagine a man afflicted with either halitosis or body odors, succeeding equally as well as one not saddled with these unforgivable faults? Of course you can't. One goes ahead, the other lags behind. One is popular, the other is not. Nine times out of ten.

The insidious thing about these ailments is that while others are painfully aware of them, you yourself never realize their presence. And both matters are so delicate, that even your best friend won't bring them to your attention.

For Halitosis

The one way to make sure that your breath is sweet, wholesome, and beyond power to offend others, is to gargle with Listerine every morning and every night. And if you wish to make doubly sure, immediately before any social engagement.

Listerine instantly halts fermentation of tiny bits of food—the cause of 90% of breath odors. Automatically it gets rid of the odors themselves. *Tests show that Listerine immediately overcomes odors that ordinary mouth washes* cannot hide in four days.

After Your Bath

Body odors are no less objectionable than halitosis, though by no means as common. Mere washing with soap will not remove them. After your tub bath or shower, apply Listerine to the guilty areas. Its deodorant effect is immediate.

If you are not using Listerine, begin to do so now. Every day. It puts you on the polite, agreeable, and acceptable side. You can be *sure* of its results. Ask for Listerine at your druggist's and accept no doubtful imitation. Lambert Pharmacal Company St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

THE SUREST DEODORANT

LISTERINE

FOR HALITOSIS AND BODY ODORS

THE SEVENTH COMMANDMENT—

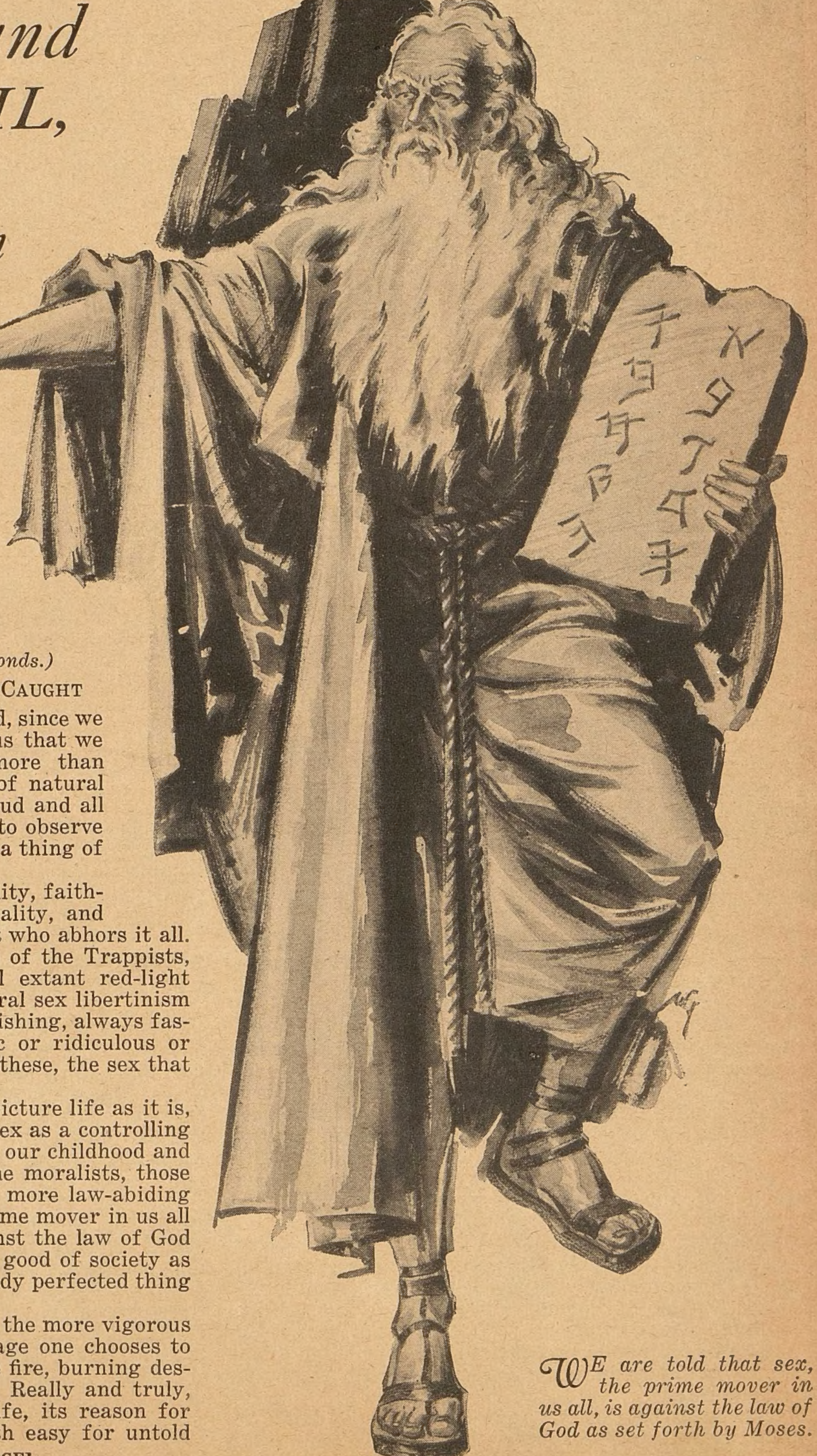
Thou Shalt Not Commit ADULTERY —Exodus XX. 14

PRUDERY and BLACKMAIL, the Great American Crime

By

THEODORE DREISER

Pictures by WILL GRAVEN



WE are told that sex, the prime mover in us all, is against the law of God as set forth by Moses.

(Reading time: 18 minutes 35 seconds.)

PART ONE—THE CRIME OF BEING CAUGHT

SEX is the primal creative force, and, since we are the product of it, it is obvious that we could not understand it any more than we could understand life. In spite of natural history, all science, Krafft-Ebing, Freud and all psychoanalysis, the best we can do is to observe its effects; and those effects make life a thing of terror as well as of laughter.

Because of sex, we have love, infidelity, faithfulness, varietism, rank, gross sensuality, and the occasional mental purity of a saint who abhors it all. There are the monasteries, like those of the Trappists, and set over against them, the still extant red-light districts. And then there is the general sex libertinism as it is right now. Sex—always astonishing, always fascinating, sometimes, as I say, tragic or ridiculous or insane. And yet, notwithstanding all these, the sex that is so often beautiful, as we know.

For my part, however, desiring to picture life as it is, I have been compelled to meditate on sex as a controlling force or prime mover. We are told in our childhood and throughout life by the religionists, the moralists, those controlled by milder and hence much more law-abiding sex impulses than others, that this prime mover in us all is either evil or destructive and against the law of God as set forth by Moses, or the organic good of society as those who dream of society as an already perfected thing would have us believe.

Actually, of course, in youth and in the more vigorous specimens of humanity at whatever age one chooses to select them, it is omnipresent, a fierce fire, burning desperately and with enormous cruelty. Really and truly, it is the very essence of all social life, its reason for being; breaking hearts, making death easy for untold

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE SEVENTH COMMANDMENT

Continued from page seven

thousands, causing its victims to snap their fingers in the teeth of convention, law, reprimand; making liars, fakers, cowards, forswearers out of otherwise kind, industrious, capable, and altogether honest people.

The victims of that natural force are still seized upon by the envious, the jealous, the malicious, or by those who are prejudiced in some religious or conventional and impractical way, either as malefactors *de facto,* or as sources of public ill. They are hunted out and their plight is usually that of one from whom something is to be extracted—money, or if not that, then silence as to some public ill, or retirement from some field where there chances to be a rivalry for success. Really, this sex-exposure matter has become a deadly and torturous thing for many. Have we not daily evidence on all sides of the terror, on the part of those incidentally or permanently taken by sex, of public exposure, blackmail, graft, ostracism, and—according to the laws of some countries, England and America in particular—legal as well as social and religious punishment?

YET, actually, as I have said, sex is something which we in nowise understand, not any of us. Nor can we of ourselves always escape it. Indeed, as peoples, races, nations, orders, we are merely fumbling with it and, in given cases, wondering inanely what or what not to do. Confronted by private as well as public manifestation of this driving force, we (particularly the English-speaking world) resort to such things as the law, the seventh commandment, restraint or ostracism, in such forms as we can devise. And hence, in this particular Anglo-American world, we have had such political and social spectacles as that of distinguished men like John Stewart Parnell and Sir Charles Dilke in England. While in America we have had James G. Blaine, W. C. P. Breckinridge, Henry Ward Beecher, Stanford White, Harry Thurston Peck, James A. Stillman, and others. And all of these were completely ruined and driven from public life; in the case of Parnell, Dilke, Blaine, and others, from public life; in the case of Beecher and Peck, from public service. Indeed, because of a lapse which in other times and lands would not have been worth the emphasis placed upon it.

Yet in many states in America today the laws on criminal adultery are interpreted so strictly that there are few convictions. However, such laws remaining on the statute books create a blackmail snare.

Such a law is New York's adultery law. Sections 100-103 of the Penal Law—that is, the New York State adultery law—were passed in order to make it possible to enter without a warrant to gain divorce evidence. It is hardly prosecuted at all and remains a dead letter except for blackmail.

A similar law is our federal Mann Act against white slavery. Presumably for the purpose of doing away with white slavery, the law makes it unlawful for a man to take any woman, white slave or other, from one state to another for immoral purposes. Thus it constitutes a club which may be and most frequently is used for blackmail. In effect, it puts in the hands of every crook or commercial or other rival, as well as in the hands of every moral busybody and fool, the power to blackmail or, failing that, allows them to destroy or annoy some person who is neither socially nor morally different from the rest of us.

HIS crime, as all lawyers, judges, ministers will tell you, is in being caught, laying himself open to capture under a law which is really no more than a trap. It is, however, seldom used by federal authorities, and then only for big white-slave cases. These cases give it its true meaning and should be the only use of the law. Yet the law is worded loosely so as to make conviction for other reasons possible.

Of course, blackmail itself is a crime; a felony in New York. The Penal Code of New York defines it as "extortion in procuring the property of another by means of fear induced by threats to injure his 'property,'" which in the same section applies to one's business also.

Although adultery in some states is prosecuted criminally very little, and hence is mainly a blackmail hazard, very many states increase the criminal phase by interpreting the adultery laws very strictly. Thus, many states require only so much evidence as will lead a jury reasonably to infer adultery. Such states are Alabama, Connecticut, Georgia, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Massachusetts, New Mexico, North Carolina, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Tennessee, Texas, Utah, Vermont, and Wisconsin. In general, the less strictly a law is constructed, the fewer criminals there are sentenced under it. Therefore the above states must have quite a number incarcerated for adultery. Some severe states go even so far as to state specifically that the crime of adultery is a felony (Iowa, Oregon, Washington, Wisconsin).

Although adultery has usually been the crime of a married person, Iowa, Maine, Oklahoma, South Carolina, South Dakota, Texas, and Washington have legislation making a single man or woman who has voluntary sexual intercourse with a married person of the opposite sex guilty of adultery along with the married person.

Yet in Russia today, as I wish to point out here, adultery is no crime. And the affairs of that nation appear to be as stable as those of any other. Indeed, the relations there between men and women, in so far as the sex passion is concerned, are their own affair. And in consequence, and actually, according to the law of the country, there is no such thing as illegitimacy. Every child is a citizen of the country as well as a ward of the state, whether born in or out of wedlock. And the parents, whether married, living together, or not, remain each financially, if not socially, responsible for the maintenance of the child, according to their income. When, as in the case of abandonment, the parents are not to be found, the care of the child becomes the business of the state. And in so far as I have been able to find, the only sex crimes in Russia are those of rape and prostitution for money. And prostitution is assumed as a desire to escape useful industry, which a no-work-no-pay country refuses to honor.

More, apart from Russia, and certainly throughout the entire Latin world, as we know, adultery for a man is no crime—although for women (within the circles of social, if not religious, convention) it is considered a folly, exceedingly detrimental where social acceptance is desired. Indeed, in more than one Latin country, if I am not deceived by data furnished me, there are many men of political as well as economic position and distinction who in their youth have been charged with and even punished for lapses, including rape. But these lapses, having been duly expiated, are thereafter no longer held against them. Yet imagine in either England or America any individual of any qualifications, however distinguished, rising after such a charge, let alone punishment, to any position of merit or public notice!

In fact, so unthinking and utterly foolish is this taboo here in America and in England, that one can scarcely think of a person of any ability, force, position, or power, whose public usefulness could not here and now be destroyed by such an accusation. Actually, I think that with the exception of Alexander Hamilton and myself, there are no individuals who, once so charged, have not been, in so far as public usefulness is concerned, relegated to the limbo of the inutile. Yet, as you see, I am not here to apologize, but to set forth the asininity of this social dishonesty, which I might call social lunacy.

In regard to the recent charges made against me in Kentucky, I was there, as quite all know, I think, to investigate the conditions of miners whom I found to be destitute and maltreated. Yet did that prevent this charge? On the contrary, as nearly all believe, I think, it was trumped up to bar public acceptance of facts which were there for all to see and which the state did not choose to remedy, but merely to conceal. And so strong is the sex terror in America that ordinarily this should have done for me completely.

But, not being so easily terrorized as some, I was able to say in the first instance that I attached no importance to the same, since it was more flattering than otherwise. Next, I stated that I was completely and sadly, I will admit, impotent. And therefore neither state nor church need have any fear, as women everywhere were quite safe with me, an admission which did not bring about the quashing of the indictment by any means, but merely a large and curious interest on the part of many in the shamefulness of admitting anything in connection with my sexual state, either good, bad, or indifferent.

YET adultery was not always a crime by any means. Nor did Biblical interpretation render it a crime in its sense today. In the Bible it is definitely a spiritual debasement. Always the Lord is mentioned as the one who will judge. That is, " He shall sit as a refiner and purifier of silver: and he shall purify."

But from this spiritual inspiration, the church, built on the notions and dogmas of St. Paul rather than on the preachings of Christ, has carried its more modern concepts on adultery to the most amazing extremes, until now it has become a felony almost like manslaughter or

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

WILL GRAVEN '32

Have we not daily evidence on all sides of the terror of public exposure, blackmail, graft, ostracism, and—in some countries, England and America in particular—legal punishment?

THE SEVENTH COMMANDMENT
Continued from page nine

larceny. For, seeing it as an effective method of acquiring a grasp on the very lives of the people, their families, their commerce, and what not, adultery and its concomitants were proclaimed as issues. The church, declaring itself as the spokesman of the truth, and utterly infallible, decried adultery and at the same time made marriage a sacrament. The state, early deeming it important to a man's honor to have a faithful wife, passed laws against adultery, and those laws have become more or less workable as a method of recording parentage for the state.

To show, though, that adultery laws have long been for the purpose of more nearly establishing parentage than anything else, let me discuss some laws briefly. A constitution of Constantine (authenticity questioned) made adultery a capital offense on the man's part. That was doubtless with a married woman. Yet never to my knowledge in the so-called civilized world has sexual intercourse with an unmarried woman been a capital offense; it has only been so in one or two African tribes. Yet Constantine's law on adultery was confirmed by Justinian. But in both early Rome and in Greece adultery and its penalties applied to infractions on the part of the wife rather than the husband. Thus it is that these laws and their interpretation aim at purity of parentage.

In England, during the Commonwealth, adultery was a capital offense, and likewise in Scotland, where records of the Court of Judiciary show that it was frequently so punished, the reason being the honor of the husband. That idea of protecting the husband's rights to his children is particularly protected by law in modern times. At common law, adultery was directed against men who had sexual intercourse with married women. And to this day, in several American states where the English common law was taken over, that still holds—*i. e.*, in Indiana, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, New Mexico, Utah, and Wisconsin.

In some states, though, in the eyes of the law there is no adultery between a married man and a single woman, because the act cannot " impose spurious issue " upon a husband or wife. Another form of legal protection of this nature is the Englishman's grounds for a civil action against the lover, when his wife commits adultery. This protection against " criminal conversation," as it was called, was brought over to America in the form of " alienation of affections." Yet for centuries after the law was conceived, only the husband had the right to such action, not the wife. But now, here in America at least, in some states a similar action is also granted the wife.

The above laws show particular relation to the determination of parentage, and that is a strong purpose of all adultery laws in America today. Yet, as I said, to improve parentage and keep track of the people, the church makes marriage a sacrament, refuses to marry divorcees, and denounces adultery (the Roman Catholic Church particularly). That, of course, develops poisonous talons of prejudice among the people through whose public opinion statesmen, artists, men of letters, and others have been brutally destroyed.

ONCE in a while, due to circumstances of popular favor, powerful private, political, social, or financial influence, a man is lucky enough to rise above it to a degree. At least, Cleveland, Hamilton, and Beecher did so. Usually, though, the least prosecution is found where people, and so life experiences, are more numerous, *i.e.*, in the big cities. In my own case I found it extremely interesting that, according to my lawyer, popular opinion among the Fundamentalist Kentucky miners whom I was trying to benefit was in some degree turned against me as a result of this trivial sex charge. I also noticed in that connection that, whereas I received considerable defense in metropolitan newspapers, in smaller places such defense was much more ignorantly and fearfully conducted.

But before I can give my ideas on adultery in present-day social intercourse, I want to recall a few cases similar to my own.

Let me begin with William Sulzer, Governor of the State of New York in 1913, who, after serving in Congress for years from New York's East Side, was most shamefully and indecently cast down from his high office by the press, church, and numskull public, presumably because some years before he had misled a girl somewhere, but actually because he refused to be a tool and a servant for Murphy, then the head of Tammany Hall of New York, who put him in the governor's chair.

Sulzer, although a Democrat, dared to break with Tammany Hall. It is a matter of record, however, that that organization has repeatedly granted request after request to the great metropolitan and finally national and international corporations, and monopolies which now stand revealed as bleeding the American people of their money, their right to individual business pursuits, and scores of other rights which differentiate a slave from a human being with an equitable opportunity with his fellow men. But Sulzer, soon after his election, openly declared his independence of Tammany.

HENCE, clash! But perhaps none had been asked to do as much as Sulzer was being asked to do. (By the way, why is a man a political boss, if not to see that financial czars and corporations get their privileges? Otherwise, would not some other boss be furnished with the necessary money?)

But Sulzer was a fighter. After having appointed one Edward E. McCall to the Public Service Commission because he thought he was honest, he said that McCall's was not a Murphy appointment. Immediately thereafter came another controversy with the Murphy element over the appointment or desired appointment of one Gibbs. Again, a couple of months later, Sulzer had the effrontery, as Tammany Hall and, no doubt, Wall Street saw it, to select John Mitchell as Labor Commissioner. The courts promptly declared the appointment illegal. Thereafter Sulzer's brief administration was fired with reform generally.

But for all his ambitions, whatever they were, his enemies were too powerful for him. The girl charge came up (raked from where, and by whom?), an impeachment was rushed through, and he was put out like a light.

The details were like this: Sulzer was sued for breach of promise by Mignon Hopkins. But, please remember, Miss Hopkins had sued him six years before, whereupon the case had been immediately settled. None the less, this six-year-old charge was dug up from the long buried past. Sulzer, of course, while not denying it, which he could not, said that it was not only blackmail but a political " frame-up," instigated by Murphy. But the career of a Sulzer, trying to help the people, was ruined, and really wholly by a trivial sex charge.

But this viperous prejudice of the people against any sort of normalcy in sex matters—unless marriage is involved!—this prejudice created and propelled by the church and the law, how completely it has been used to destroy other great figures.

One of the most tragic of these was that of the Irish statesman, Parnell. The brilliant Irishman was the champion of Irish Home Rule in England in the eighties. Feverish and untiring in his power, he allied himself with Gladstone. Since this Liberal connection did his cause no good, he fought and maneuvered with the Tories on his side. They, however, were more impossible than the Liberals. Then he courageously demanded Irish independence, thus creating for himself British enemies by the thousands.

In the meantime Parnell had for years been the lover of Katherine O'Shea, whose husband was in Parliament with Parnell. The latter held Katherine, estranged from, yet living with, her husband, as his own wife. But during this period also it seems that Parnell was negotiating secretly with Gladstone to establish Irish Home Rule. In this, Katherine worked untiringly and intelligently between Parnell and Gladstone, carrying messages from one to the other. Then Katherine's husband obtained a divorce from her on the grounds of adultery with Parnell. Despite the so-called scandal, Parnell's constituency reelected him.

But Gladstone, who had worked so intimately with Katherine and Parnell, and who must have loved them, was forced by ignorant prejudice of the vast Noncon-

'32
Will Graven

Because of sex, we have love, infidelity, faithfulness, varietism, sensuality, and—the saint who abhors it all.

formist element to sacrifice so fine a patriot as Parnell. Gladstone did this by declaring that his Liberal Party would not support Irish Home Rule unless Parnell were deposed. In other words, he crucified the very champion of the cause in order to forward the cause. Yet the Liberal support of Home Rule showed that Parnell's exhausting fight had not been altogether in vain. But the vicious outcome was that a man like Parnell was denounced despite all future benefits such a celebrity as he might have devised. He was again and again defeated in elections, and after exhausting himself with travel and speeches, died.

To show how the church can and has, time and again, used its power of leadership to direct the masses to ignorance with its resulting vulgarity and even obscenity and worse, consider the following. First, Parnell was denounced as a sinner by the church. Whereupon the worthy Katherine was popularly looked upon as a prostitute, and filthy, smutty songs were written about her. When Parnell again fought to be reëlected, he was scoffed at in all bitterness. Lime was thrown in his eyes by mobs; he suffered many inhuman abuses. And this time he was shattered in physique. Although his health was ruined, he married Katherine on June 24, 1891, only to succumb to death the following October.

Yet not only he, but other good men have thus been eaten up by the church. It has happened over and over again in this country, which those same churchmen flippantly proclaim to be the most intelligent of nations.

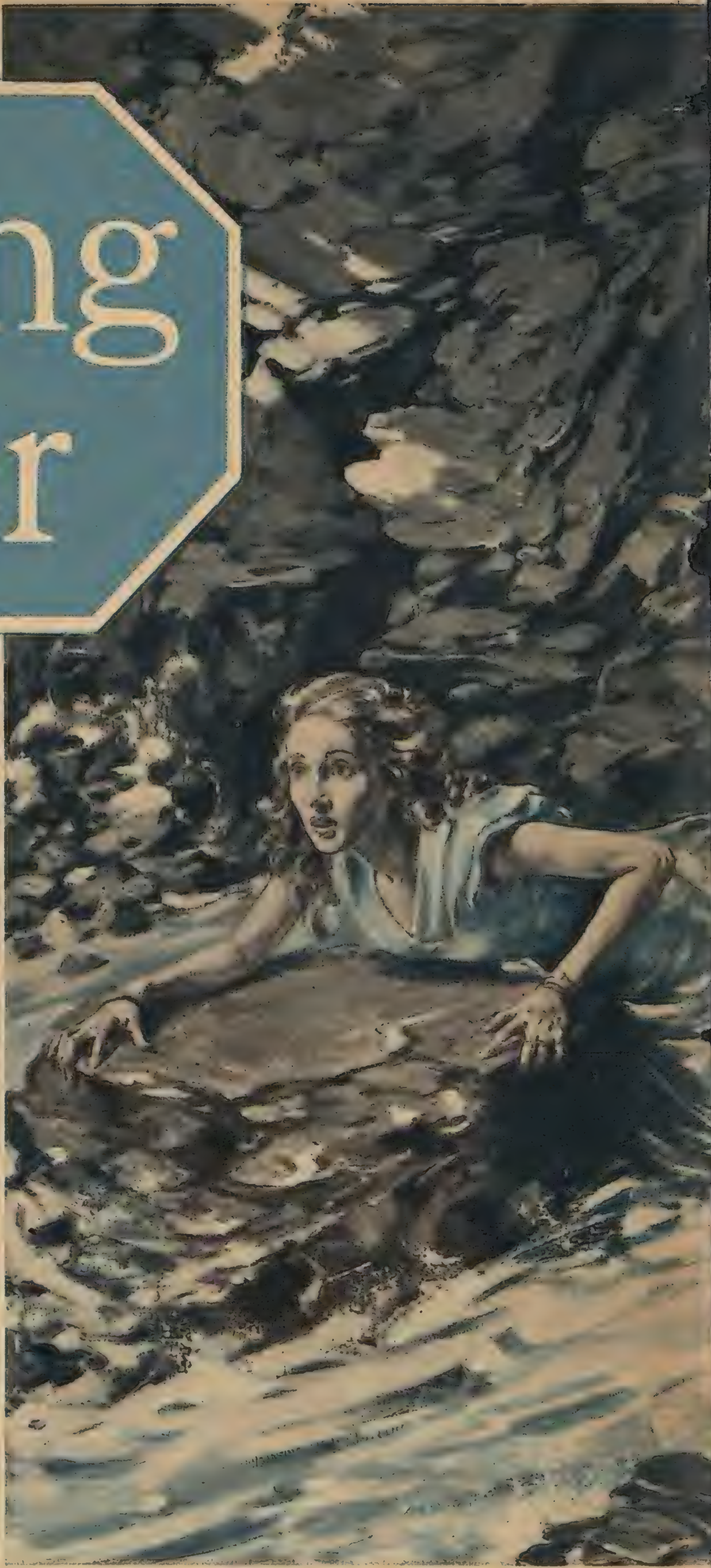
For instance, let us take Congressman W. C. P. Breckinridge, who, viewing the tariff as a tax, and holding various convictions of value concerning the public good, was, on August 13, 1893, sued for breach of promise by Madeline V. Pollard, who charged him with being the father of her children. Breckinridge had recently been married to a Mrs. Louise Scott Wing. He was a strong person, totally unperturbed by the suit. He gave out the following statement: ". . . I hope my friends will believe that these charges are the result of vindictiveness, vexation, and perhaps the intention to blackmail."

Yet even so strong a figure as Breckinridge was, after repeated storms of denunciation, completely and entirely licked. He was widely attacked. Religious organizations were extremely active. Whereupon his career was ended.

Editor's Note: The foregoing views are Mr. Dreiser's own. He is, of course, the distinguished author of An American Tragedy and other well known novels, and it is one of his distinctions that he was a pioneer in dealing honestly with sex in American fiction. In publishing his views Liberty is not unaware that some of his citations of famous cases may be challenged as to the facts. For example, accusations touching James G. Blaine's integrity in public life are held by most authorities to have done him far more damage than any that touched his private life. Grover Cleveland faced a sex scandal squarely and, having done so, was twice elected President. Harry Thurston Peck's difficulties and loss of his position at Columbia University are commonly attributed to an early stage of the illness that resulted, four years later, in his death.

A second and concluding article by Mr. Dreiser will appear in next week's Liberty.

Roaring River



Clare gave a scream. Janet never knew whether she echoed it o
to their ankles; it tore a

(Reading time: 28 minutes 15 seconds.)

THE gold-miner's wife came out of the shack and went to the cookhouse fire. This was laid on a high bench of stones inside a second shack smaller than the first.

A huge iron pot dangled from a length of fencing wire above the winnowing flames. It was all like something in a fairy-tale picture. You expected to see the golden-haired maiden and the witch.

But there were only this dark-haired married girl and the queer little tufty-headed dwarf, a pygmy from the high ranges, who did the cooking. "At that," thought Janet, "he might very well be a wizard in his own village; lots of them are." She showed him how to raise or lower the great pot as the cassowary thigh within it began to bubble or stopped bubbling. He nodded a great many times; signified, by stabbing at his naked breast with the human-bone dagger he carried in his waistclout, that he would consider himself worthy of death if he failed. Then he shut himself up like a penknife and sat down on his heels below the fire.

Janet, a slim wraith in a yellow cotton frock, stood watching him. There were times, still, when she could not believe that she was really here; that the solid English home, with its many drawing-rooms, its soft luxurious bedrooms, its great stone-flagged kitchens and wire-netted dairy, was ten thousand miles and all a life away. All a life! This was her life now.

Father and stepmother—they'd know by now about her impulsive and sudden marriage in Sydney to a New Guinea prospector. They would have expected to see her home from the round-the-world journey; but instead they would meet, alone and indignant, little Mrs. Carter, her chaperon, who had traveled with her to see she didn't fall into the twentieth-century equivalent of a decline after the death of her fiancé.

She had said the Lord's Prayer every day, but had never known how much daily bread meant until she and Joe—Joe, who never complained—had to live on ship biscuit until, with shame and fierce determination, she had set herself to work out the directions in her hastily bought cookery book; failed, failed again; learned at last from her neighbor a little lower down the gorge, Mrs. Batt—Crazy Daisy, they called her. Crazy or not, she could cook. With many giggles, she taught Janet what she knew; and the day when a fresh, sweet-smelling batch of loaves first came out of the camp oven was one of the proudest Janet had known. Winning the tennis championship of the county was nothing like it. How she would surprise them at home—

No, not that thought! Home was here. Like a hundred other girls, she had wanted a gypsy life and a "strong, silent man." Alone among any she knew, she had got her wish.

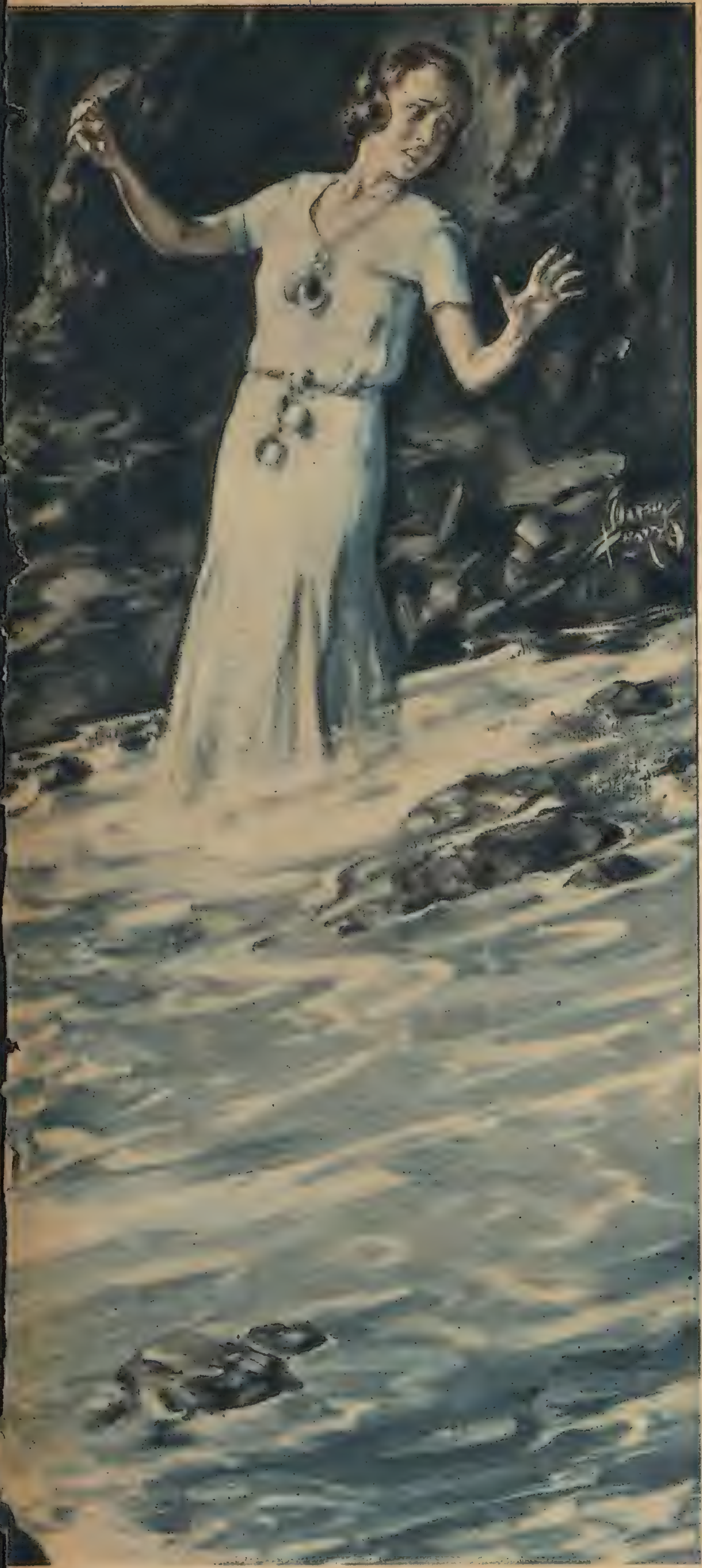
As for him, he was, and continued, too good to be true. She had never believed, although she had read about

If You Loved Two Women and Could Save But One, Would You Do What This Man Did?

By

BEATRICE GRIMSHAW

Pictures by
MARSHALL FRANTZ



not. The first rush of the water had caught them. It was up them like a hungry beast.

them a thousand times, that such men really existed.

When she met Joe Fairless, on those brief few days between Australian ports—Joe, lean and tall and brown like the Australian troops she had seen pass by, as a child, in wartime; Joe, with a face so strong and handsome that it sent shivers down her spine to look at him; Joe, somehow a hundred-per-cent more man than any man she had known, and gentle with it all, and courteous as men weren't courteous in these postwar days; Joe, who made up his mind from the first minute, and quietly, unwaveringly went for what he wanted, which was her—then the last memories of her dead lover went sweeping down the wind, and with them the class standards on which she had hitherto set her faith.

Too good to be true he continued. Years after, Janet was to know that Joe Fairlesses did not grow on every tree; that you might search the world and find scarce a handful like him. Now she only understood that he was the perfect lover of a woman's dreams; that his delicacy of mind and thought were matched only by his strength of character; that he was the bravest of the brave and kindest of the kind. She ceased to remember that he ate pudding with a spoon and called his table napkin a serviette. She did not grit her teeth when he threw tobacco ashes on the bed and the floor and left her to clear them up. Joe was—Joe.

THIS morning he had gone down to his claim with his crowd of black naked "boys," and from the high top of the cliff she could hear, a long way off, the *chack-chack* of picks at work, the occasional *boomp* of a dynamite shot. Joe was on fairly good gold now; they were making a bit over expenses, with the chance of a trip to Sydney thrown in. You had to work hard on this field. The river — "Roaring River," translated from the native tongue —was low as a general rule; but at times it rose suddenly, almost without warning, and swept away the wash you'd spaded out, smashed and carried off your box. It was well to work long hours and clean up often on the Roaring River Field.

Janet, dinner seen to, went out to the edge of the terrifying height on which the shack was built, and tried to look down and over far enough to see Joe's claim. If she stood near the edge and held on to a tree, she could just catch a glimpse of certain tiny black ants creeping about in the half-dry river bed. Those were the boys. There was not much light to see them by. All the Roaring River Field was buried deep in primeval forest, save where mining operations had snatched a handful out; there it would be like a deep well,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

ROARING RIVER
Continued from page thirteen

with sun pouring down in a stream from the distant curb.

Janet had been down once, to see Joe's claim and wash herself out a few spangles of gold in his prospecting dish, for luck. She had had strained muscles for the best part of a week after.

Crazy Daisy came up suddenly behind her, as she was standing on the height, and said, "Boo!" Janet almost went over the edge. Angry, she drew back. There was no use scolding Daisy; you never knew how far she was responsible. Her husband, Dutch Harry, had a pathetic admiration for her high breeding and wonderful mind. Daisy had been a government schoolmistress, daughter of a dentist. She talked intelligently as often as not.

Now, shaking back her iron-gray "bob," she glanced at Janet with a cunning sparkle in her eyes and said, "Are you looking for her?"

"Whom?" asked Janet idly, her eyes on the green sea of matted tree tops, cut by the cañon of the river below. She loved the cedar incense, the faint freshness of the water, that came up to her mingled with primitive odors of turned earth. Joe brought that scent in with him when he came home for dinner; she couldn't smell it without seeing his gray-diamond eyes, hearing his slow, merry voice. There was something incredibly young and innocent about Joe, thirty-year-old cattleman, horse dealer, pioneer, and miner—something that brought tears to her eyes and tightness to her throat when she thought of it. Joe had told her things before their wedding. "I was always looking for you and waiting for you," he said; "but it seemed a long time before you came, and sometimes I forgot." She had put her hand across his mouth and kissed him through the opened fingers. She felt a hundred years older, for all her white-page life.

Crazy Daisy answered her:

"Clare Macrory. She's to be up today."

"Who is she?" asked Janet with some interest. There would be three women on the field now, instead of only two.

Roaring River Field had most of all surprised her by its womanless state. Forty or fifty men, scattered about the bush with their several hundred boys, and only herself and Daisy to represent the other sex!

Another woman! She must be young and active; plucky, too. "Who's Clare Macrory?" Janet asked.

Daisy had a habit of looking at one in a three-cornered sort of way, twisting her worn apron the while, whenever she wanted to say something nasty. She was looking like that now. The apron, in her small dirty-white hands, was being rolled into a cord.

"Harry Macrory's wife," she answered. Then, almost squinting: "Your Joe's fancy girl."

Flame swept through Janet. "How dare she?" was her only thought.

SHE turned her back and walked into the cabin.

Daisy, intimidated, let fall the apron, and looked blankly at it while it loosened itself into greasy folds. She stood for a long time in the gleam of sun that touched the top of the cliff at noonday, thinking her own queer, twisted thoughts. "I'll leave it to Clare," was the result. Faintly giggling, she returned to her shack.

It was time for Joe to come to dinner now, but there was no sound of his footsteps on the track leading to the cabin. Janet swung the cooking pot higher up, broke scrub-hen eggs for pancake batter. How proud she was of her newly acquired skill with a frying pan! Daisy herself couldn't match her with a light, rolled pancake now.

Table laid, white cloth, knives and forks, bush flowers in the cut-down-bottle vases. One couldn't begin to fry till he came. Surely he was late!

What had that crazy woman meant? It didn't matter. Clare, whoever she was, might have caused Joe to "forget" before Janet came. Now—

She flew to the basin and spoon. That was Joe. Late, but here.

So busy with her cooking that she couldn't find time to kiss him today. So anxious to have the first pancake run evenly that she only threw him a greeting over her shoulder. She didn't see his face. She heard him moving behind her, filling the basin, washing. "What luck, old boy?" she asked, and he answered, as usual, "Oh, getting along." A silence followed.

It was broken, as she slipped the pancake on the plate, by Joe's hearty kiss on the back of her neck, and his words, "Hungry as a hound!"

"Did he kiss the back of my neck because he smells of whisky?" she thought as she dipped the spoon again. "Why, anyone could tell he'd had a spot. At Macrory's, I suppose."

THEY sat down to dinner. There was no sound for a few minutes but the tinkle of knives upon tin plates, the homy crackling of wood inside the cookhouse, mingled with a certain bluebottle buzz that Ka the cannibal called singing. Joe cut a slice from the precious loaf of bread, put it on his plate, sopped up the cassowary gravy, and ate the bread. Janet didn't look at him. "I don't pick," she reminded herself.

Joe, looking up with a slight twinkle in his eyes, said: "Macrory's wife is in. Now you'll see the men crowding into the store."

"Is she so attractive?" asked Janet.

"Ask her to tea and you'll see. All the women are always friends in a place like this," he explained somewhat hurriedly. "It's the proper thing to drop all their little differences for once in a way, I reckon, and try to be mates."

He was nervous. He kept mopping his plate with another piece of bread, round and round, till Janet could have screamed. Instead, she said: "Of course I'll ask her; but why should there be any difficulty?"

He looked relieved; put down the bread. "Oh," he explained, "most of the women are jealous of little Clare. She's so good-looking. She can't help that. She feels it a lot when they won't be mates. What I say is they should all drop their little differences—"

"Of course," Janet agreed in her best hostess manner. "Have you known her long?"

"A decent while. She came up when Macrory had the hotel in port; she was in the bar there. She's not a bit like other barmaids, Jan. Quite a lady. Plays the piano and—and all that. She never wanted to be a barmaid; but she has an old mother to keep, so what was the poor girl to do?"

"Of course," Janet said, "I'll certainly ask her, if you like." She did not believe Crazy Daisy, but it would be good to let Joe see certain differences at close quarters.

He seemed relieved. If he had ever been nervous, he was not now. Joe nervous! The idea was fantastic. Joe's nerves were chilled steel.

He went back to his claim, leaping down the huge staircase like a mountain goat. He seemed all sinew and wire, very gay and frightfully young. Something had pleased Joe today.

"We'll have a tea party down at the claim, and give you girls a nugget each," he called as his head disappeared.

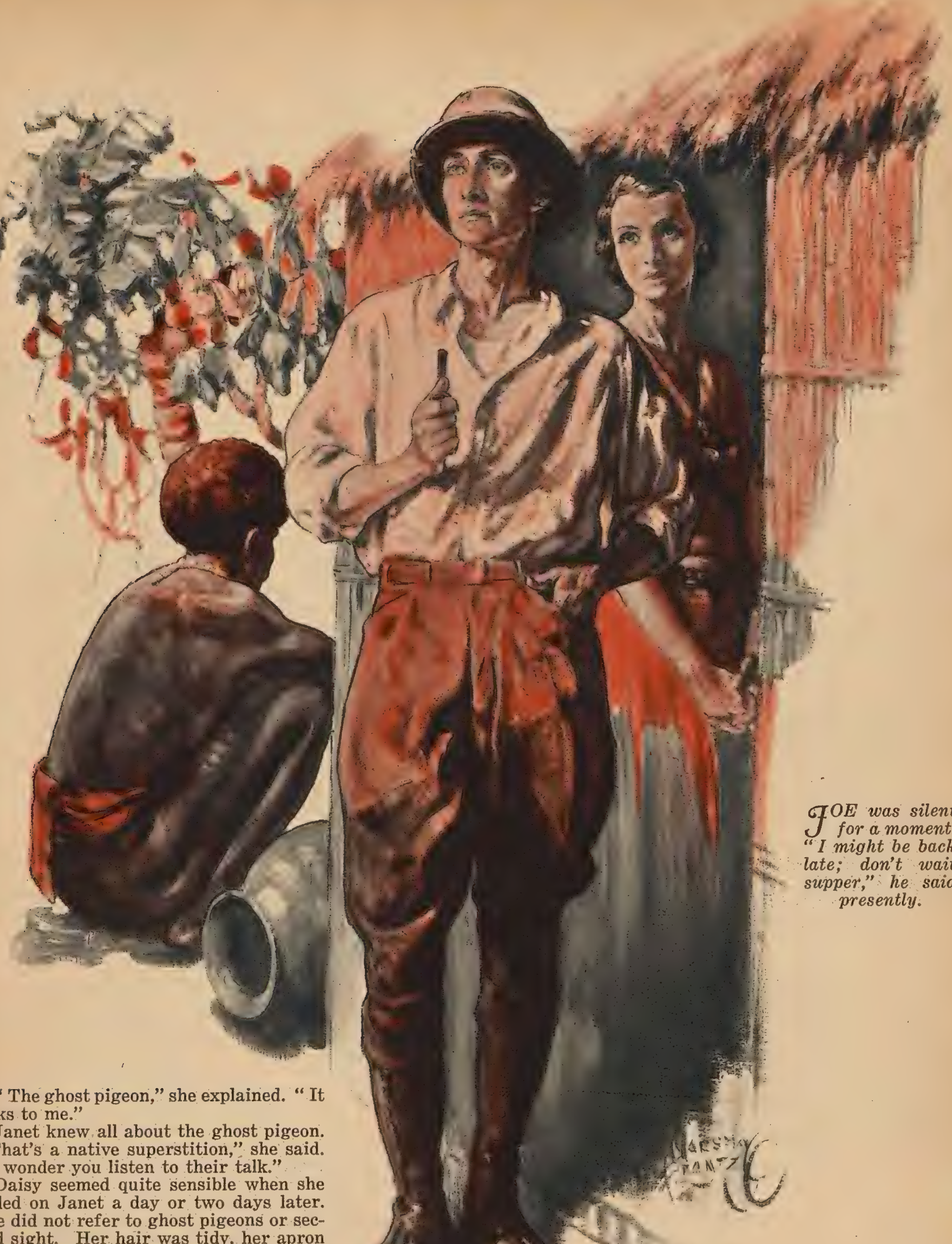
"You girls." Something seemed to rise in Janet's throat. She turned away from the head of the log stairs, and saw Crazy Daisy.

Daisy had taken off her apron, put on an absurdly fine silk dress. She always "changed" for afternoon; not the simple shift of clothes of the tropic world, but an entire dressing up in town costume. It was one of the things that had earned her nickname for her.

"I shall have to go home," she said mincingly, "almost at once. It is going to rain, and my ensemble will be ruined."

"Of course it will rain; it does almost every afternoon for a while," Janet answered, not half attending.

"There's a little bird that tells me things," Daisy went on. "A little spirit bird. It says there's going to be a big rain, maybe today, maybe tomorrow." She began to roll the skirt of her dress in her fingers. She was looking sidewise at Janet.



JOE was silent for a moment. "I might be back late; don't wait supper," he said presently.

"The ghost pigeon," she explained. "It talks to me."

Janet knew all about the ghost pigeon. "That's a native superstition," she said. "I wonder you listen to their talk."

Daisy seemed quite sensible when she called on Janet a day or two days later. She did not refer to ghost pigeons or second sight. Her hair was tidy, her apron clean. She had brought a new review to lend, and talked about it with so much intelligence that Janet began to wonder why she had ever accepted the silly nickname. "She is sensible enough, and good-natured enough, when she likes," thought Joe Fairless' wife. And while the thought was still in her mind, Daisy's fingers, so small and unwholesomely white, began straying to her apron, and she said, with the slight squint that Janet had noticed before: "You're looking wretched. Is it about Clare?"

Janet burst out laughing—rather an unconvincing laugh. "Why, what do you mean? I've had a little touch of fever; everyone gets it sooner or later."

"Then it's not Clare?" The fingers unrolled themselves from the apron. The black-raisin eyes remained fixed.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

ROARING RIVER
Continued from page fifteen

"I can answer that," said Janet, "by asking you to stay to tea and meet her. She's coming up the road now."

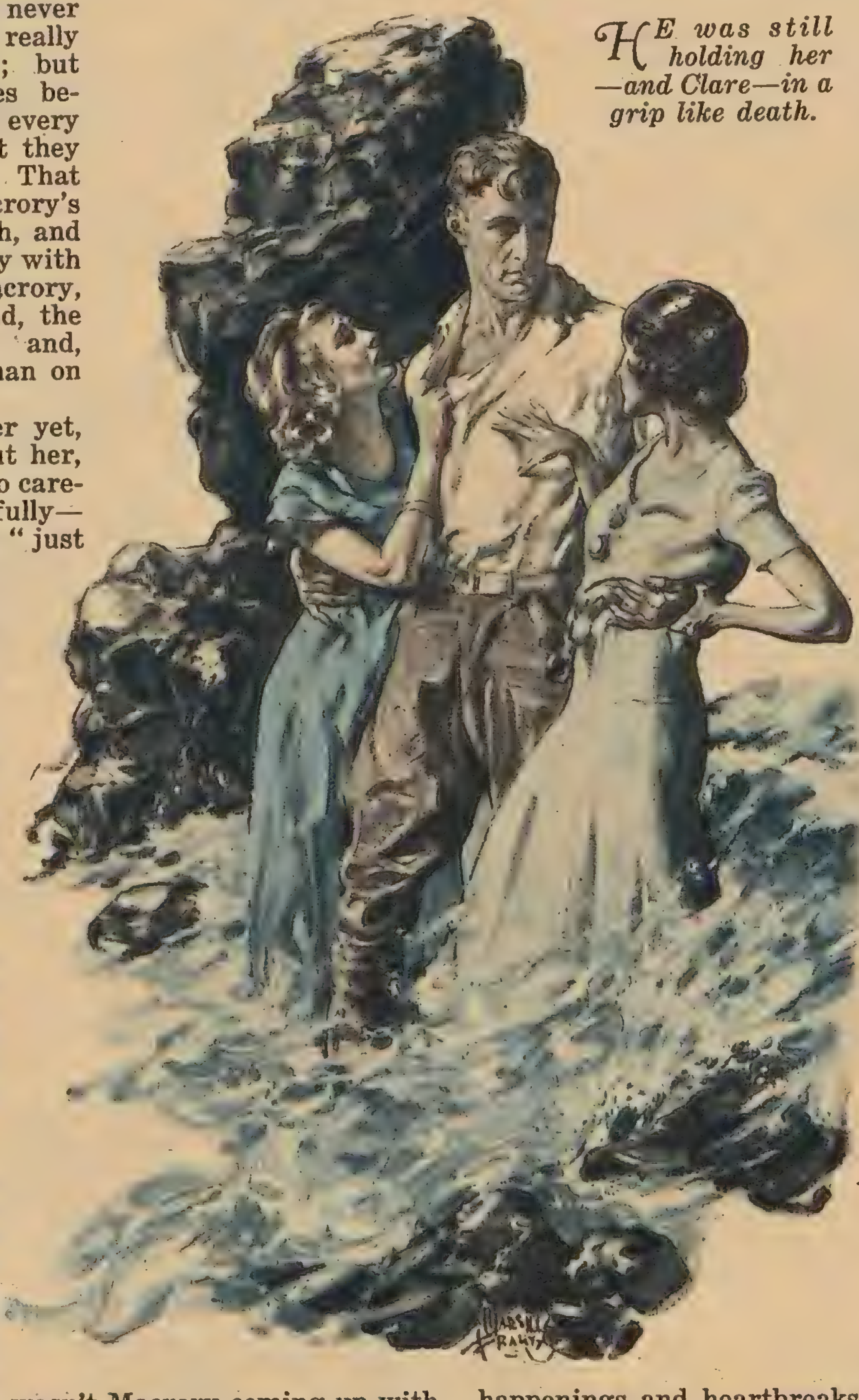
"That'll be lovely," was Daisy's comment. "Just we three married girls, all together, all mates, as the men say. They like us to drop our little differences and be nice and friendly in these out-of-the-way places. I love the idea. It's so nice to think that it doesn't matter what Clare's been or done away down in the port. These things are just trifles, and when you get away into the bush everyone's as good as anyone else. Don't you think so?"

The black-raisin eyes stared into the blue. You could never tell what Daisy was really thinking by her eyes; but Janet's, like open lakes beneath the sky, reflected every change. She knew that they did so now, and hated it. That was certainly Clare Macrory's step coming up the path, and she had brought Macrory with her, by the sound—Macrory, her elderly, fat husband, the storekeeper, publican, and, naturally, the richest man on the field.

Janet hadn't seen her yet, but she had heard about her, every day, from Joe, who carefully—almost too carefully—told her that he had "just dropped in to see old Mac and his wife" each time that he came home with that telltale smell of whisky hanging about.

Joe was determined to make no secret of his visits to the girl whom Janet knew, now, to have been a not-so-old love of his. It was almost as if he challenged her to object.

And he had said a good deal, from time to time, about the necessity for dropping all small prejudices and disagreements when one was up in the bush.



He was still holding her—and Clare—in a grip like death.

DAISY sat up, pulled a lock of hair down over one eye, and began to mince—there was no other word for it. Daisy always minced when there was a personable man within fifty yards. Janet knew now that it wasn't Macrory coming up with Clare. She had recognized Joe's step a second before Crazy Daisy caught the sound of it. Joe had left his claim in the middle of the afternoon, with the dry season drawing to an end, and climbed up the cliff a second time since lunch to escort Mrs. Macrory!

They came in together, laughing over some joke that seemed to hold Clare's attention so exclusively that she could not see her hostess at first. Joe pushed her forward, introduced her, and sat down on the other side of the little room, where he could watch events. "He's as simple as a child," said Crazy Daisy, and then, affectedly, "I forgot myself; you must excuse me." Rightly or wrongly, Janet decided in that moment that Daisy's craziness was merely put on.

It was plain to her that Clare, openly and coolly, was making a dead set at her husband.

She was a youngish woman with a head of silky fair hair, and blue eyes that were rather too innocent, as her manners were rather too good.

Somewhere or other she had met with fashionable women, and modeled herself on an exaggerated type of the class.

She was almost condescendingly cordial to Janet.

She "chatted" to Daisy, hospitably pressed his own food on Joe, talked of the prospects on the field, of the weather, of the terrible journey up, and through all flaunted like a banner in the face of the two comprehending women, before the eyes of the uncomprehending man, her influence over Joe.

To Janet it was torture. And Daisy, beside her, kept turning the screw of the torture rack ever tighter with her little innocent, half-crazy comments: "I wonder why she didn't marry— Oh my, I don't mean that. May I have some hot water?" "Oh, Mrs. Fairless, I'm sure you never met anything as sweet as our little prize packet Clare— You mustn't mind me, Mrs. Macrory, but I always say you're the sort of girl who could have had just any man you wanted, and you took poor, kind Mr. Macrory just out of the goodness of your heart!"

THIS last bringing forth from Clare a drawling denial: "Not a bit of it. I married him for what he had, same as some other people's done."

Joe passed that, as he had passed everything. He couldn't see that Janet was being grilled alive between the pair. He could only see that she was giving them a splendid tea, and that they were all friendly together, and, on the whole, that he was the happiest man on Roaring River, to own such a wife and have such a friend. Clare was a friend, a good little pal, nothing more. Janet, of course, understood that.

Janet was very white when they went away. As many another before her in that land of strange happenings and heartbreaks, she fled for refuge to the convenient plea of fever. "I think I have a temperature," she told her husband. "I'll lie down. No, not sick; just want to be quiet."

"That's right," he told her. "Take it easy. It's been a bonzer afternoon. How do you like little Clare? She's properly taken with you. I could see that in a tick."

"She's charming," answered Janet truthfully. She was; and Janet knew that she meant to exert every ounce of her charm on the man she had given up for fat old, rich old Macrory. Now she saw Joe the property of someone else, and she was lighting her signal fires. Would he be lured?

In the days that followed, Janet grew whiter and thinner, trying to answer that question; trying, as she knew she must try, to keep from her husband the fact of its existence in her mind. The day for the picnic on Joe's claim was fixed. Sunday it was to be, when the boys "knocked off" and no precious work would be lost. Clare, after that first time, came not again to Mrs. Fairless' camp; nor did Janet at any time go down to the store. "If they don't want society and its rules here, they shan't have them," she said to herself. "I shan't call."

But she knew that she was beginning to lose in the game.

Joe never asked her to visit Macrory's. He was always late now coming home, and he did not, usually, say where he had been. Once, standing in the doorway of the hut, a tall, splendid figure blocking the drowned green sunset that struggled through the trees, he said to her, without turning his head: "Anyone who reckons you have me on a string is talking through their hat. You never tell me not to go anywhere."

"I should hope I can trust you enough for that," was Janet's answer. She could hear, with the inner sense of her mind, just what had been said to Joe; knew who had said it, and why.

He was silent for a moment, still looking out to the struggling sunset and the dusk unfriendly trees. "I might be back late; don't wait supper," he said presently.

("I knew he was going to say just that next.") "Oh, all right. I'll have mine and go early to bed."

He turned suddenly and kissed her. "Good girl!" he said. Then, with the twinkle that she knew and loved: "I'll come back sober, don't fear."

It seemed to her, when the sound of his steps had died away on the track, that every woman in the world must want this man.

It was raining noisily when he returned. She did not know he was back until he bent over her and touched her arm. Then she moved suddenly, and sat up and stared at him in the light of the hurricane lamp.

Certainly he was sober. He said, "Back all right," and busied himself about the room, shifting clothes out of the way of leaks in the roof. "It's raining more than usual tonight," he said. "Shouldn't be at this time of year. I hope our picnic doesn't get put off."

"Perhaps Crazy Daisy was right when she said—"

"What?" He did not start. Joe never started. He stood quite still, with a shirt in his hand, looking at her.

"About the river. She said the ghost pigeon had told her—"

"Oh, I wouldn't mind anything she says. She's cracked." He began to move again; hung her kimono on the wall, said, "That ought to do," and went into the other room. She could hear him undressing. By and by he came back and turned out the light. She heard his bed creak as he lay down. He had not spoken again.

On Sunday the picnic took place, shorn of its intended glory. It had turned out, after all, to be that flavorless, joyless thing—a hen party.

Rumors of "good gold" down the river had excited the men, much as a call of "Rats!" excites a bunch of terriers. Joe, Macrory, and Daisy's husband, all due on Joe's claim by four o'clock, were at that time two miles away, joyfully washing out dish after dish of pay gravel. Other men from other claims were drifting in to the new discovery. The river below the huts and the store was deserted, save for the presence of three women who disliked each other heartily but were each determined not to show it, each anxious not to have the party cakes and sandwiches wasted. On the gold fields a cake is indeed a cake; a sandwich is a gift from heaven.

They had tea in the middle of the dry river bed, packed up the remains of the food, and, at Janet's suggestion, began to walk farther up the deep cañon.

Crazy Daisy, who was living up to her name today, refused to go with them. "My little bird," she said mincingly, holding her short skirts high in air—"the little bird that tells—it told me, 'Don't you go, Daisy. The railway train will come and run over you.' I have always," she said confidingly, "had a fear of being run over by trains since my childhood, when I was nearly ground to death on the Southeast and Dover Railway, running away from my nurse."

"She never had a nurse," commented Clare bluntly, as Crazy Daisy's frills fluttered away up the log staircase. "More likely she scrubbed floors for someone else's nurse. I can't abide that sort of 'skite.' Or any sort of 'skite.' Be what you are and be damned to you—that's what I say!"

When Clare was away from men, and consequently off the platform, she had a certain coarse honesty about her that Janet might have liked—in another woman.

"Daisy fair sickens me," she went on, leading the way up the cañon. "I can do with you. You're straight, if you're rather inclined to be nosey because your people are silvertails." She burst out laughing for no apparent reason. "Joe isn't a silvertail, anyhow," she said, leaping from rock to rock like a young goat.

"I have never," said Janet somewhat breathlessly, "never anywhere met a finer gentleman than my husband." It was hard to keep up with Clare, in this rock-strewn cañon, and talk. You couldn't make a mile an hour, at best; and you couldn't get along at all if you did not watch every step. But Janet hoped her reproof had gone home.

It seemed that it had. Clare stopped short, looked at Janet, and seemed to consider something.

"Yes, look as much as you like," the other thought. "I've been called pretty too, and by people who wouldn't have had you inside their kitchens."

But Clare was not considering Janet's looks. Not thinking of her at all, it seemed. "Did you hear anything?" she asked.

"What? The men coming back? They won't—"

"No. It seems absurd, but I thought I heard something like a train a long way off."

Janet had heard nothing. "You must be thinking of Crazy Daisy," she said.

"I was, and I wasn't. I did think I heard— Oh, nonsense! Let's get along and see what lies round this turn. I'm always wild to go round a corner and find what's there. That's me. I have to know everything, and see everything, and"—she paused—"have everything," she went on. "Everything I want!"

"Oh, really!" was Janet's reply.

Clare, unsnubbed, went on: "Now, Mac, my husband, always— What the hell is that?"

For a moment Janet thought the girl had seen a snake. It was always possible; snakes were many on the field, and poisonous.

Clare's eyes were fixed on something a little way off, something—yes, it was like a snake, but it wasn't a snake; though it was long, and thin, and dark, and crept stealthily from one stone to another.

"It's water," Janet said.

Clare's eyes dilated till they seemed to fill half her small pink-ivory face. "It is," she said, and then, "Run!"

"What's the matter? What are you—"

"I tell you, run! I've been longer in the country than you—pretty near as much of a fool as you, but not quite. Crazy Daisy! Crazy indeed! The only one of us who— Run!"

Nobody could run through that chaos of rocks, but they were both doing their best. Without further words, Janet had understood what Clare had seen before herself; what Crazy Daisy, by some strange light of her own, had seen and heard even before it actually happened. Roaring River was about to "break."

Fifty miles back in the mountain peaks twelve thousand feet above, there had been a cloudburst. The first warning of what had happened had come down in those snakelike trickles of water. The second was already there: a noise—far off, but growing nearer—like the noise of a railway train running through a tunnel. A giant train, a giant tunnel! A train that would catch them, even as Daisy had said, and grind them to death, unless some miracle happened. For here, in Roaring River gorge, there was but one means of exit—the log staircase, more than a mile away.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

ROARING RIVER
Continued from page seventeen

There was no rain as yet. Even Janet, little learned in bush-lore, knew that that would be the end of everything. There was only the increasing trickle of the water, and the sound of Daisy's " train " rattling from side to side of the huge, unclimbable walls.

The two women, scrambling, staggering, raced silently, with open mouths and panting bosoms, against the invisible runner, Death, who kept beside them. They knew that they could hardly reach the log stairs in time, but how could one drown without an effort? " Can you swim? " Janet gasped, and Clare, answering, told her, " No—it makes no odds." And Janet, looking at the height of the watermarks on those battered walls, hearing the growing roar behind, knew that she spoke truth.

" Joe," was her only thought. " If he knew! "

But Joe was miles away, washing out pay dirt, while she drowned. While they drowned—the two of them. His wife and—

Clare gave a scream. Janet never knew whether she echoed it or not. The first rush of the water had caught them. It was up to their ankles; it tore at them like a hungry beast. It was on their legs—they wouldn't be able to stand. The log staircase, round the turn—too far, too far!

" Joe! " Both screamed out the word together. Joe, struggling through the rapidly deepening river, had come round the turn. He must have seen the first trickle of water, down below, and hurried back. They saw him laugh as he came. He seemed as cool in the face of threatened death as if he had been at work on the claim over which the river was now running. He got an arm round each of the women, shouted encouragement, and began dragging them, at his own fast pace, on toward the log stairs, and life.

IN that moment the physical splendor of the man flashed out like lightning in a storm. He seemed a giant, superhuman, as he plunged through the rising water, a girl held in each arm. His face, hard-set and white, was beautiful in the strange, sinister light of the washing foam. " Oh, my man! " came Janet's thought. And then, as she struggled to keep up and help, " Still mine! " Clare, on the other side, was doing her best. They could keep their feet, at least; he'd save them.

They rounded the corner, and the stairs were far away. Behind them Crazy Daisy's " train " came faster, rattling and bellowing. When that wall of water caught them up—

Joe knew. He knew something else; had not worked in the gorge every day for nothing. There was a tiny outcrop of rock halfway between where they stood and the log stairs. He nodded at it; and the women understood.

If they got there in time, Joe could scramble up—perhaps—and pull one woman up—maybe. It was almost sure that there wouldn't be time, or room, for two. The gorge widened out here; the watermark was lower. On that outcrop, eight or nine feet up, you might be half smothered, but you wouldn't be battered to death. It was the only chance. Joe couldn't help it: he would have to save himself and—one. Standing on the outcrop, he could pull up and rescue his wife—or the other. Not both.

Janet, thinking swiftly, as one thinks in moments of catastrophe, realized that Joe was not the man to lose all three lives by a foolish instant of indecision. There was ruthlessness in him. He could kill to save. The girl he had loved before Janet came—maybe after—or she herself, would have to go!

" He couldn't leave me," she thought. And even as the words went through her mind, Clare flung an arm about his neck, almost causing him to stumble where a stumble would have been death, and cried out something unheard in the roar of the water, but nevertheless plain to understand. Clare was begging piteously, furiously, for her life.

" She's afraid to die," Janet thought. " I'm not afraid to die."

There was only one thing to do after that. She tried to loosen her hold on Joe, saying wordlessly, with her lips, so that he could see: " Clare—Clare! "

Joe understood. He nodded. She didn't know what he meant to do. He was still holding her—and Clare—in a grip like death. The outcrop was before them now: just a perch where two might cling. Joe and one other—if they had time.

The flood had caught them. It seized them by the legs and bodies, lifted them for a moment before carrying them right away. There wasn't a moment; but in that moment Joe had done the thing that was to make him famous ever after, and to link his name with Roaring River for all the years to come.

Using every last ounce of his great strength, he swung the women, together, up to the outcrop—a thing that no man but himself could have done. Next moment the flood had caught him, flung him among the rolling and roaring stones, and swept him away. . . .

Days after, when they found his body, Clare would not look at it—ran away, crying, from the sight. Janet, with a strangely quiet Daisy to help her, laid out the body and made it ready for its rest. She was not crying now. " He wouldn't wish me to," she said as they walked away.

" Which of you do you think he would have saved? " Crazy Daisy asked, with her inevitable tactlessness.

Janet made no answer. Or, rather, answered what was in her own mind.

" I've known, since then," she said, " that I'll have his son."

She could see the great stone house ten thousand miles away; the home life taken up again; old friends, old ways, come back, with one thing precious and new.

" If he's only like him! " she said, and stopped.

. . . . .

Clare, at Macrory's, half drunk, was crying over the table. " He loved me the best," she said.

And Macrory, that well trained husband, looked at her with a sneer and said, " Now I wonder! "

THE END

In next week's issue

Beginning—

A Chance at Heaven

VIÑA DELMAR'S
Greatest Love Story

Also stories and articles by
Jay Franklin—Franklin D. Roosevelt—Granville Fortescue—Marie Beynon Ray—George S. Brooks—Theodore Dreiser—Dorothy Cottrell

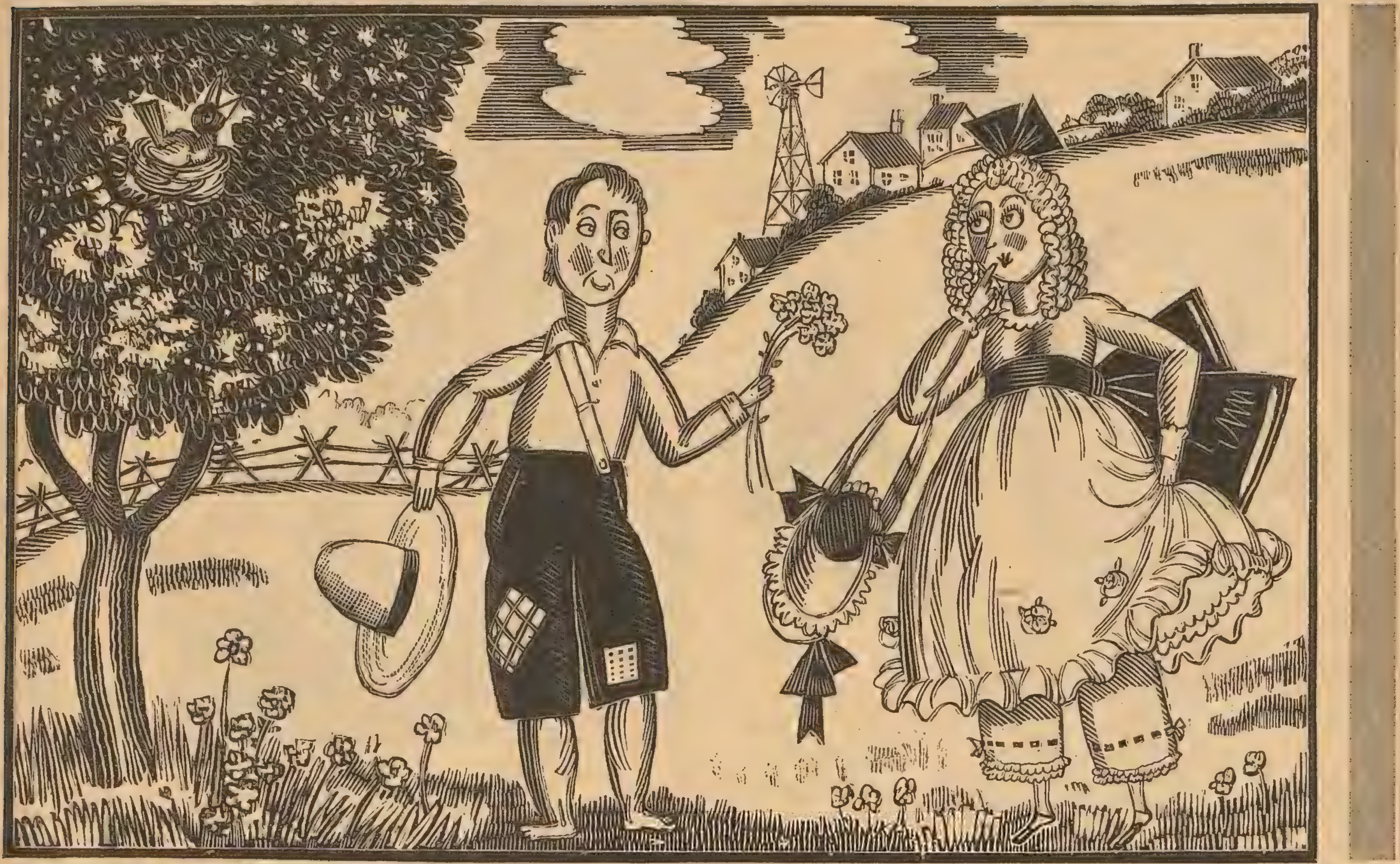
TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

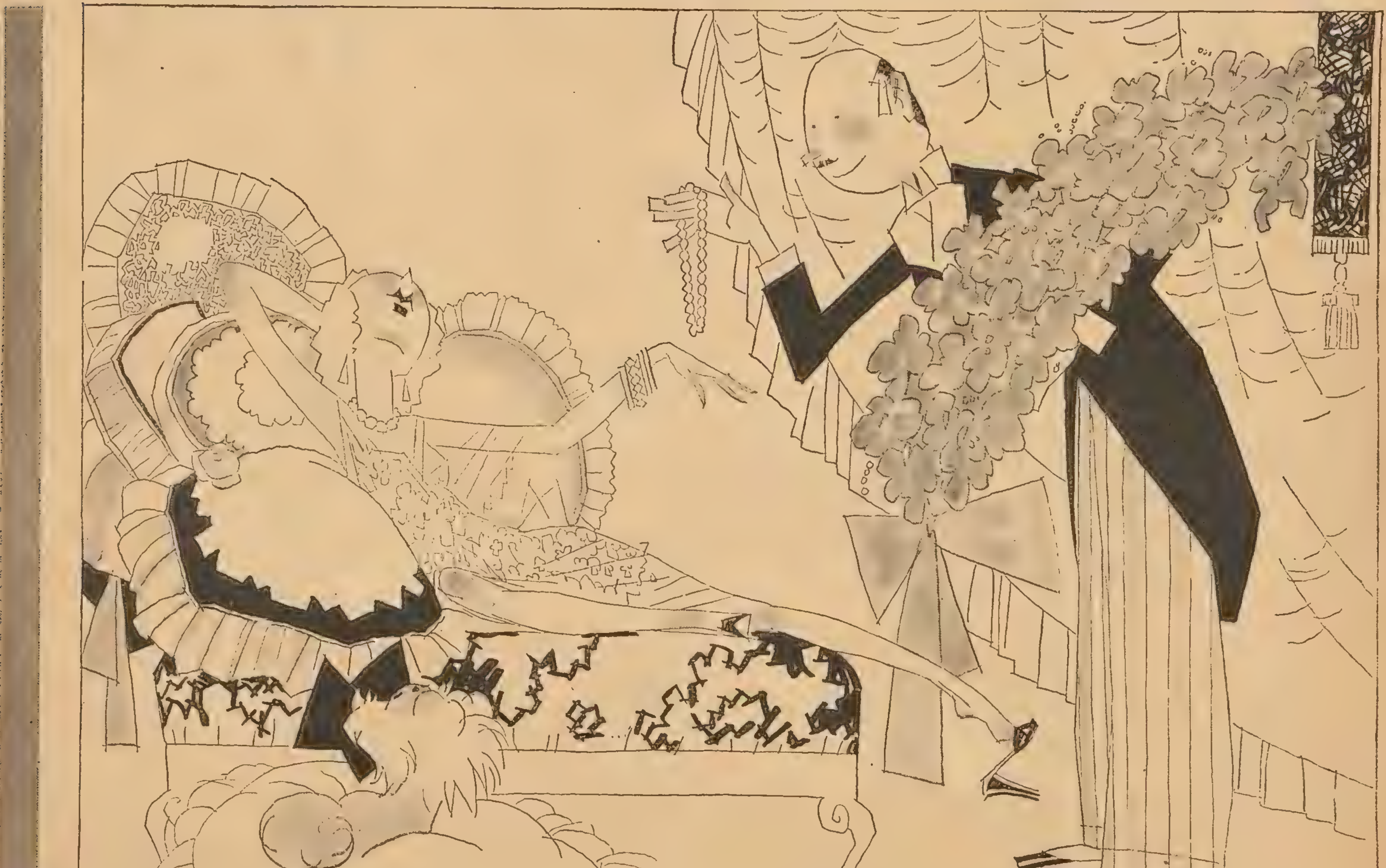
1—What is the capital of Maryland?
2—What is the birth stone for April?
3—What is the source of " While there is life there's hope " ?
4—What is acetyl salicylic acid?
5—From what mineral is most aluminum obtained?
6—What four states have a common meeting point?
7—Who was the first President to occupy the White House?
8—What is the origin of the word morphine?
9—What is a titmouse?
10—What color is the California poppy?
11—What is Mohammed's flight from Mecca called?
12—Who is Governor General of the Philippines?
13—What is calligraphy?
14—In what states is the Canadian River?
15—What is the title of the wife of an earl?
16—What is the capital of Australia?
17—What is allspice?
18—What are the two divisions of a sentence?
19—What is mnemonics?
20—What is meant by salad days?

(Answers will be found on page thirty-two.)

CIVILIZATION'S PROGRESS *by* John Held, Jr.



Spring was never far behind when the first season's wild flowers brought the promise of a kiss and the swearing of a true love eternal



Nowadays the springtime swain comes bearing orchids and jewels, and if he is a good, generous chap, he is allowed to kiss the lady's hand. Ah, me, how times have changed!

One Hour with You features this smiling pair, Jeanette MacDonald and Maurice Chevalier.

Richard Dix, Mary Astor, and Erich von Stroheim in a scene from Lost Squadron.

Lost Squadron

Dix Stars in Liberty Serial; Chevalier'
Revival; and Barbar

By FREDERICK

(Reading time: 5 minutes 20 seconds.)

CHECK up another comeback for Richard Dix in Lost Squadron. Dix made a corking comeback in Cimarron over a year ago—but the hit got him nowhere. At the time the Radio Pictures studio was floundering in a rut of poor pictures. Dix's series of bad breaks was inevitable.

Now the Liberty serial, Lost Squadron, brings Dix another real success. Maybe this actor, who certainly deserves better of the film gods, will get the right sort of productions this year. David Selznick, son of the pioneer producer Lewis Selznick, is now head of production at Radio. The excellence of Lost Squadron, the first big picture made under his generalship, seems to be a definite indication of a new order of things at Radio Pictures. With this transformation the tide may have turned for Dix.

Incidentally, Selznick will bear watching. You can count the big film producers on the fingers of one hand—with two of the digits crossed. They are Irving Thalberg, Winfield Sheehan, and Louis B. Mayer.

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★ ★ ONE HOUR WITH YOU

CAST

Dr. André Bertier	Maurice Chevalier
Colette Bertier	Jeanette MacDonald
Mitzi Olivier	Genevieve Tobin
Adolph	Charlie Ruggles
Professor Olivier	Roland Young
Mlle. Martel	Josephine Dunn
Detective	Richard Carle
Policeman	Charles Judels
Mitzi's Maid	Barbara Leonard

Directed by George Cukor
under supervision of Ernst Lubitsch.
Produced by Paramount.

Having had his try at Hamlet with Broken Lullaby (*alias* The Man I Killed), the popular and amusing Ernst Lubitsch is back again in the old field of pleasant indiscretion with a sprightly new musical innuendo in which Maurice Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald are again the boudoir romancers.

Nobody does musical films with the style, the sly humor, and the sparkle of Lubitsch.

The events move blushingly along, the characters burst pleasantly into song now and then, and Monsieur Chevalier pauses occasionally to come close to the camera and confide his worries and hopes to the audience.

You will delight in Chevalier's performance; Miss MacDonald proves once again that she is the screen's most charming singing comédienne; and I am sure you will find Genevieve Tobin provocative as the bride's very best friend. Two gorgeous bits, the intense lovesick Adolph of Charlie Ruggles and the suspicious professor of Roland Young, deserve high praise.

But—whisper—One Hour with You is not for grandma, congressmen who think Maurice Chevalier ought to be naturalized, little Willie, or reformers.

★ ★ ★ ½ LOST SQUADRON

CAST

Captain Gibson	Richard Dix
Follette Marsh	Mary Astor
Von Furst	Erich von Stroheim
The Pest	Dorothy Jordan
Red	Joel McCrea
Woody	Robert Armstrong
Fritz	Hugh Herbert
Detective	Ralph Ince

Directed by George Archainbaud.
Produced by Radio Pictures.

Stunt Flyer Dick Grace wrote this exciting yarn for Liberty. Hollywood, of course, has changed the story somewhat and you now find the

Marion Davies and Clark Gable as Polly and the parson in Polly of the Circus.

Regis Toomey and Barbara Stanwyck focus a grin upon the wistful Zasu Pitts in Shopworn.

on the Screen

New Picture a Hit; Marion Davies in a
Stanwyck's Latest Film

JAMES SMITH

three flying pals, Gibby, Red, and Woody, after the Armistice, moving on to Hollywood to sell adventure to the movies. They work for von Furst, ruthless maker of air epics. What the bloody von Furst, in his quest for breathless crashes, does to them and what they do to von Furst constitutes the thriller.

The yarn has been worked into a fast and vigorous melodrama, with interesting glimpses behind the scenes of an air spectacle and at a big Hollywood première. Erich von Stroheim, that fine director who has had to become an actor, plays the ruthless director and does a swell job. Von Furst was de Forst in the original story. Richard Dix has a sure-fire rôle in Captain Gibson, while Joel McCrea and Robert Armstrong are the stalwart comrades.

Leo Nomis, killed recently in making a screen thriller pretty much as foreshadowed in this film, is one of the flyers.

★ ★ ★ POLLY OF THE CIRCUS

CAST

Polly	Marion Davies
Rev. John Hartley	Clark Gable
Bishop Northcott	C. Aubrey Smith
Downey	Raymond Hatton
Beef	David Landau
Mitzi	Ruth Selwyn
Mrs. Jennings	Maude Eburne

Directed by Alfred Santell.
Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

This fable of a small-town minister and a little circus performer (originally produced on the Broadway stage in 1907) seems out of date despite the personable performances of Marion Davies and the current menace of American homes, Clark Gable.

You will find that Miss Davies (who I admit to be one of my personal film favorites) gives a pleasant and sympathetic performance, although Mr. Gable seems a little lost as the young parson.

★ SHOPWORN

CAST

Kitty	Barbara Stanwyck
David	Regis Toomey
Dot	Zasu Pitts
Fred	Lucien Littlefield

Directed by Nicholas Grinde.
Produced by Columbia.

The direct and human acting of Barbara Stanwyck shows up the chief rôle of this emotional panorama as completely false. Suggestive of Susan Lenox, the events fail to come off as anticipated. The film boasts the most futile film hero of the year. As a young man who never can make up his mind for himself, David Livingston maintains a perfect average. Regis Toomey struggles helplessly with the part.

Four- and three-star pictures of the last six months

★★★★—Shanghai Express, The Man I Killed (now titled Broken Lullaby), Dance Team, Emma, The Champ, Street Scene.

★★★—A Waltz by Strauss, Road to Life, The Man Who Played God, Tomorrow and Tomorrow, Arsène Lupin, The Greeks Had a Word for Them, Lovers Courageous, High Pressure, Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, Mata Hari, Tonight or Never, Hell Divers, Private Lives, Sooky, Stung, Ether Talks, Double Decoy, Arrowsmith, Frankenstein, Strictly Dishonorable, Blonde Crazy, Way Back Home, The Yellow Ticket, The Sin of Madelon Claudet, Susan Lenox, Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford, The Spirit of Notre Dame, Palmy Days, The Unholy Garden, Five Star Final, The Guardsman, Personal Maid, The Spider, Waterloo Bridge.

This Is a Woman's World

The Candid Admission of One Woman Who Gets All the Seats She Wants in Life's Street Cars

By LILIAN LAUFERTY

(Reading time: 17 minutes 50 seconds.)

Editor's Note: In last week's Liberty the view that It's Still a Man's World was presented by Helen Christine Bennett, whose article was inspired, she explained, by her weariness of the daily task of washing and washing the silk or near-silk "undies" that wily man, knowing woman's nature, had invented to sell to her. Among Miss Bennett's arguments were these: the double standard in sex matters still prevails in fact if not in theory; women in business and the professions get less money than men who do similar work; a woman is at a relative disadvantage when getting her life insured.

Women themselves are by no means unanimous in agreeing with Miss Bennett, however. Witness this presentation of the opposite view by Miss Lauferty.

I HAVE just finished reading Helen Christine Bennett's It's Still a Man's World. But I go right on believing that old Mother Nature has loaded most of her dice in favor of her girl children.

Every time I bare my shoulders to the breeze while my husband binds his neck with four-ply linen and puts on a plate armor of starched shirt in preparation for banquet or concert or dance, I reverse the old Hindu proverb and thank God I am a woman. We wear about eight ounces of costume on hot August days, but men go right on incasing their legs in stovepipes. If men had dominion over the earth they would manage to keep cool on the face of it. Men love to be comfortable but they don't dare. And that's enough to show that they don't own the earth or run it for their own benefit.

Long ago Chivalry decided that we were poor darlings and must be protected. This happened in the face of our being considered strong enough to take on the vital job of ushering the new generations to earth. But from the looks of things, as soon as men had found words to say it, they probably got together and said tenderly and fondly:

"What pathetic little things the girls are! Sweet and helpless! It is up to us to make the world safe for womanhood."

"How wonderful you big, gorgeous men are to realize what delicate little creatures we are," we murmured. "You'll be Very Kind to us, won't you?"

So we've had special consideration ever since. When there are trenches to dig, the men do it; when there are prizes to win, they come and lay them at our feet; and when we decided not so long ago to go out and win a few of those prizes for ourselves, they smiled at our cute ways. And do we take advantage of those indulgent smiles? Well—

Back in the days when I was the girl reporter on an evening paper of 650,000 circulation, a judge was agitating for uniform divorce laws throughout the country, perhaps with the idea that the other states ought to have a chance to compete with Nevada. A bright editor sent the girl reporter to get a feature story. I didn't know my way around New York (or any other place) and got there late. There were about twenty newspaper stars on hand, among them the beautiful Miss Flower from our morning paper. She was the only other woman in sight, so I trotted over to her. I'd heard a lot about sex antagonism during my six months in the city and she and I were girls together in a world of hostile males.

"What's it all about?" I asked.

"Come on time when you're sent to cover a big assignment," she said curtly. "And don't spoil other people's stories by talking when they want to listen."

"Oh," I said and powdered my nose.

The Times man pushed a note over to me: "Don't mind her. She is beautiful and spoiled. I'll give you all the dope later."

So I listened elaborately. But I couldn't even look intelligent. You know how hard it is to get the plot if you come in after the feature picture has been on a while. But I got my cue, for after a minute the boy from the World whispered:

"The big idea is that if they make it hard to get hitched and easy to untie the knot, divorce won't look like such a classy stunt any more. Can you go on from there?"

My first feature story was born at once. I wrote:

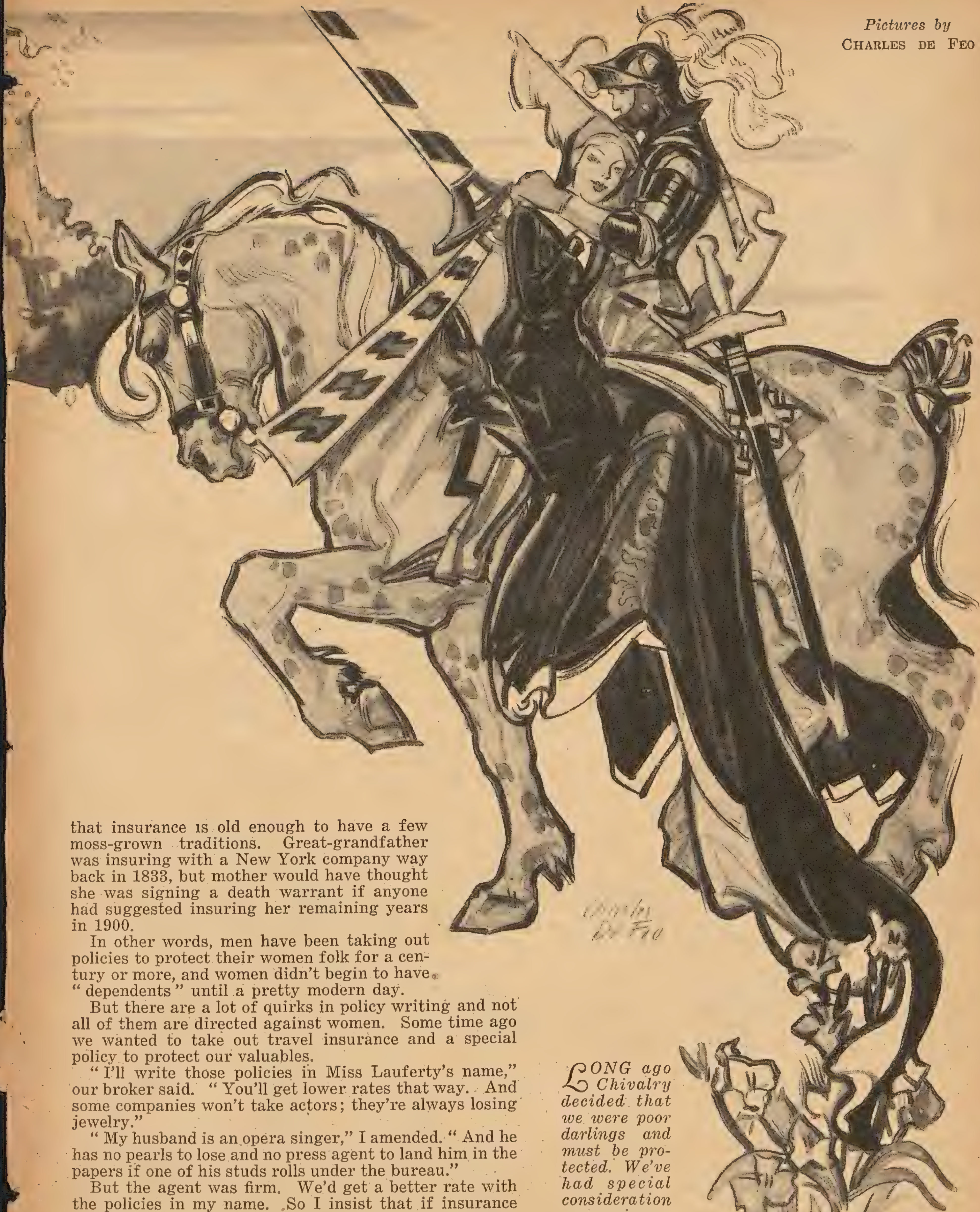
"Maybe the sex antagonism we hear so much about is enemy propaganda. Maybe men are not as hostile to women and their interests as fighting feminists believe. So maybe if we started marriage with the idea that men are good sports and like to play fair, they'd never play the game any other way. And then we could cut down our average of one divorce to every ten marriages."

LONG before women asked for rights, they took advantage of men and things. Now that we have achieved those "rights," including higher education, suffrage, the privilege of earning wages instead of praise, and legal status for contracts in our own names even after we have taken on others via marriage, what has become of our "special privilege"? Not a thing. We've still got it. But there's still one more advantage provided for us by either society or creation.

"'Everywhere on this old earth women live longer than men.'"

I quote Miss Bennett. She quotes life insurance tables which appear to support my claim that even nature is on our side. But life insurance companies are not. They don't write our policies at a lower rate than men's on the theory that our extra years make us better risks; but they do put a higher rate on annuity policies for women because those added years of ours indicate that we'll have to be paid for a longer period beyond a given age than men will. Not so good, but not so startling, either, when you realize that Lloyd's over in London grew out of a coffee house for shipping men back in 1688, and

Pictures by
CHARLES DE FEO



LONG ago Chivalry decided that we were poor darlings and must be protected. We've had special consideration ever since.

that insurance is old enough to have a few moss-grown traditions. Great-grandfather was insuring with a New York company way back in 1833, but mother would have thought she was signing a death warrant if anyone had suggested insuring her remaining years in 1900.

In other words, men have been taking out policies to protect their women folk for a century or more, and women didn't begin to have "dependents" until a pretty modern day.

But there are a lot of quirks in policy writing and not all of them are directed against women. Some time ago we wanted to take out travel insurance and a special policy to protect our valuables.

"I'll write those policies in Miss Lauferty's name," our broker said. "You'll get lower rates that way. And some companies won't take actors; they're always losing jewelry."

"My husband is an opera singer," I amended. "And he has no pearls to lose and no press agent to land him in the papers if one of his studs rolls under the bureau."

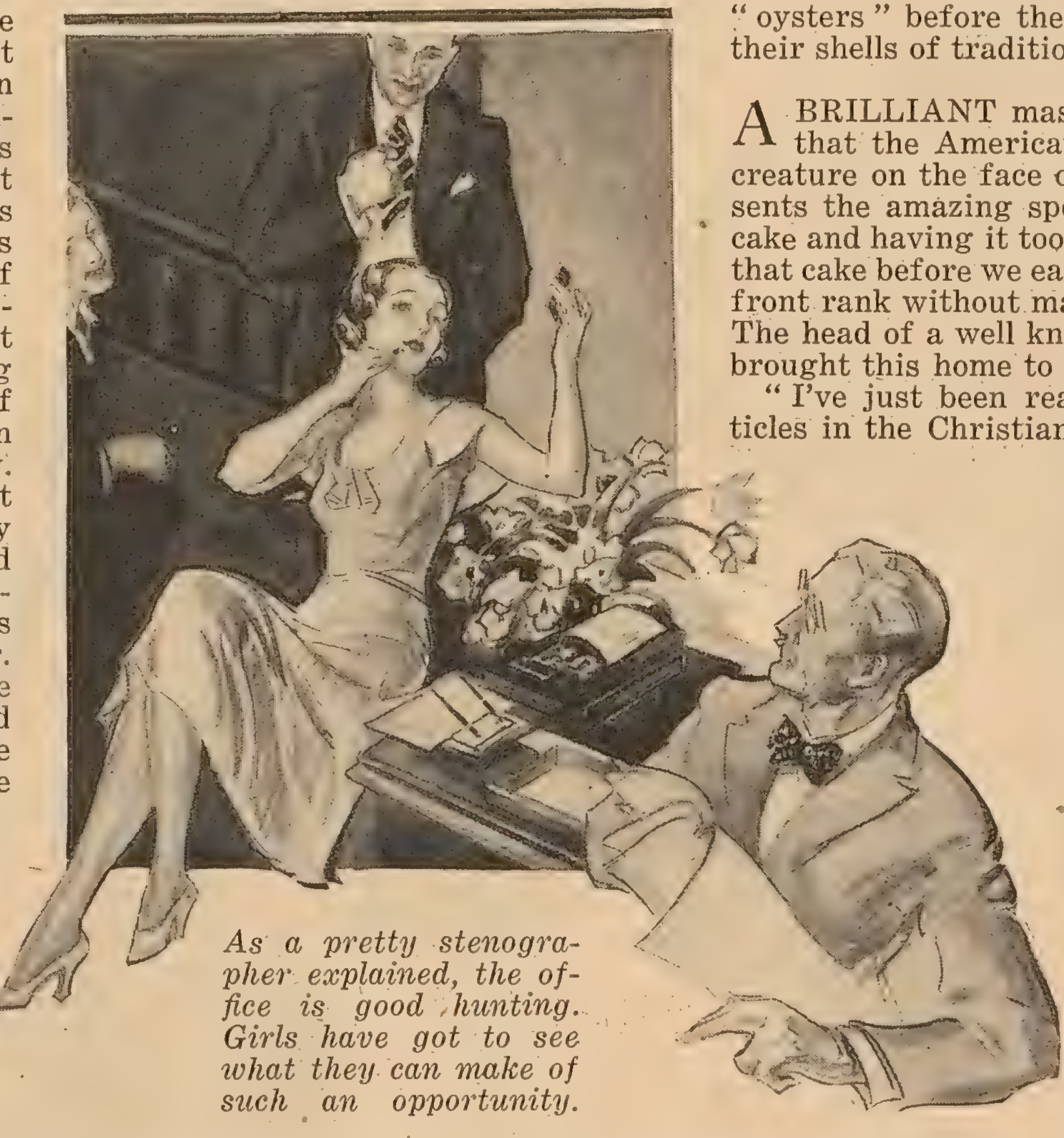
But the agent was firm. We'd get a better rate with the policies in my name. So I insist that if insurance statistics are quoted to prove that this isn't a woman's world, they must also be cited to show that it isn't Ronald Colman's or Lawrence Tibbett's world either.

And while we are in the theatrical zone let's look into the notion that women haven't a fair chance there. Miss Bennett quotes Jessie Bonstelle of the Detroit Civic

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THIS IS A WOMAN'S WORLD
Continued from page twenty-three

Theater who says: “There are three men called for in plays to one woman.” I insist this proves that women have much the best of it on the stage. How do I make this out? By getting mathematical. Women are 27.1 per cent of the workers in “The World of Earning Dollars.” This means one woman to every three and seven-tenths men. Then what becomes of that seven-tenths of an actor if there are only three men to one woman in every play?



As a pretty stenographer explained, the office is good hunting. Girls have got to see what they can make of such an opportunity.

Practically every little statistic used to show that woman doesn't get an even chance in the world actually indicates that she gets extra chances. Take that little matter of undies which seems to give Miss Bennett such a sense of unfair and oppressive social conditions. I can't work up a sense of being poor Little Nell because of the more or less silken fluffs I wash out daily. This task consumes just ten minutes out of my waking eighteen hours and I find a bout with suds refreshing between periods at the trusty typewriter. Nothing would induce me to send those peach-colored wisps to be mangled by the laundry which is quite good enough to be trusted with the cotton shorts Himself wears. But when I hang up those luxurious bits of silk to dry it is with a glorified sense that this is a woman's world and that we're the very much spoiled darlings of life for whom extravagance is postulated whether we earn it ourselves or get it for birthday presents.

Until we got women jurors, women could get away with just about anything, including murder, if the plea was: “He wronged me.” As a matter of history, Hagar didn't have to go out into the wilderness and be branded outcast until Sarah ruled against her. In the old melodramas it was always the stern and cruel father who said: “No longer child of mine, Hazel Kirke.” But in real life women have the casting vote. If they say, “Thumbs down,” Hazel goes out into the modern substitute for the blizzard of long ago. When they decide to show mercy, nobody objects.

WOMEN have erected most of the barriers between themselves and their “fallen sisters.” Victor Hugo put it into four words: “Man begs; woman sells.” And women have always been hard on the gamblers who sold short and broke the market on wedding rings.

Until the beginning of this century the great mass of women were content to rule as the power behind the throne or to be blissfully dominated by what was tagged a cave man. Things began to change when women decided they might enjoy running the body politic as well as the social body. We sold ourselves the idea and got dramatic about it: we were in bondage and must escape; we and “those others” alike were being exploited by man's greed and lust. Down with tyrants! Give us the vote, which will change everything, including human nature.

One paper was all for suffrage and sent its girl reporter to interview the famous leaders of Woman's Cause. Several of them thought Dorothy Dix should have been sent to cover their story and refused to waste time on merely me. But two or three broad-minded and articulate leaders voiced their ideas, and the colorful Elizabeth Freeman told me:

“Our message to the world is that we are people, not parasites. Our message to women is to stand together. Our warning to men is: ‘Give us the vote. We'll come and take it if you don't. We are determined to stop being camp followers and to start marching along at the side of our husbands and sons.’ ”

But after we got the vote Gertrude Atherton had to call the women of California “oysters” before they would come out of their shells of tradition and go to the polls.

A BRILLIANT masculine observer says that the American woman is the only creature on the face of the globe who presents the amazing spectacle of eating her cake and having it too. Nowadays we earn that cake before we eat it. And we make the front rank without making the front page. The head of a well known advertising firm brought this home to me not long ago.

“I've just been reading a series of articles in the Christian Science Monitor on The Effect of Woman in Business, and it gave me a jolt,'' he said. “There were fully three hundred topnotchers mentioned and I'd never heard of half of them. What's the matter with me?”

“It isn't you,” I told him. “It's us.”

“Meaning you're going so fast I can't keep track?”

“Meaning we're going so quietly and with so little fuss that we're being taken for granted. We're folks, not females.” Being statistical-minded, he decided to look into this. So he took a list of outstanding women: owners of shoe, ink, mirror, glue, and button factories; the head of a shipbuilding concern; our one woman federal judge; and Susan Brink who organized a million-dollar turkey shipping combine a few years ago. He showed his list to twenty professional men and women and to ten business friends. Twelve out of thirty had heard of Judge Cline; nine knew Susan Brink by name. His other “celebrities” were pretty generally unknown. All of which seems to indicate that there is nothing to the statement that when a woman makes $10,000 a year she is “marked.” For the most part she isn't even noticed.

We go softly but with important effect. Women practically own the cosmetic business of the country today. Wall Street was once a man's street, and we're willing to let men have it, but just the same we own 54 per cent of the stock of the American Telephone & Telegraph Company, 52 per cent of the Westinghouse, and 50 per cent of the Pennsylvania Railroad stock. So far I've heard of only one railroad president who is a woman, and that is Mrs. Phoebe Clark of the Tennessee, Kentucky & Northern; and I know of only one woman who heads a mining company, but that is the most peaceful one in the agitated Colorado field.

In a survey made this winter to determine what is happening to trained women in these times of vanishing jobs, twenty-nine out of 1,656 reporting were earning $10,000 or more a year, and they had gone about their careers so quietly that only four out of the twenty-nine were real celebrities, and twenty were practically unknown and unsung and not in any way marked.

If this has been accomplished in a hostile camp, then the stars in their courses must be fighting against our opponents, and it is not only a woman's world—it is a woman's universe.

The same statistics that figure us about 27 per cent of the workers here in the United States figure also that 85 per cent of the money spent in this country is handled by women. According to Mary Louise Alexander, who heads the advertising research department of one of the great advertising agencies:

"About the only thing men seem to choose for themselves is their hair-cuts."

Doesn't this go to show that the minute women stand together they can have everything their own way?

Women always get what they want when they want it enough to demand it in chorus.

Even when it comes to the scraps that mother eats for lunch, as Miss Bennett observes, I'm certain mother is never, under any conditions, "a human garbage pail." Most of us actually like a cold snack; and the rest of us know that if we cater to the little old tummy, it will feel all puffed up, and look it. So we save on lunch and the figure at once. We eat left-overs and dad wears them.

When we endure "martyrdom" in the home or in business it is not the men who impose it. It isn't even conditions that work against us. It's just that thing psychology calls our passivity and plain-spoken folks call laziness, and indifference to the fight, since we expect eventually to find a man to make it for us. Take the matter of salaries. Six months after I began drawing my thirty a week for girl reporting, I got ambitious and went in to ask the chief for thirty-five.

"When I was a beginner on the Sun," he told me, "I got twenty a week. I know plenty of city editors who don't get any more than you do right now."

I couldn't think of an adequate reply to Arthur Brisbane, which wasn't an unusual state of affairs among those seeking raises, so I went back to struggling along on my thirty per. But my immediate superior, who actually wasn't getting much more than I, thought it a shame that a girl should work so hard without the encouragement of a raise in salary and went to the owner of the paper about it. My next pay envelope contained forty dollars. I probably was not worth five dollars beyond my own estimate of myself, but I was overpaid because I was a woman.

WHEN women venture into new fields where their value is not yet proved, they may be temporarily underpaid. But practically all the women feature writers I know are on higher salaries than the men get; it seems to be the theory that they can land stories of emotions, personalities, private lives and their public results that would never be revealed to a man. And that higher rate of pay goes for buyers, fashion artists, stylists, designers, and workers in other branches where excellence and ability have been proved, not merely claimed.

I believe with all my heart and in terms of what hundreds of women have told me during my eighteen years in the writing game, that if a woman really has the goods to deliver, the gift of words or song, or any other marketable talent or idea, she can sell her product and leave herself out of the bargain. The "sex affront" reputed to lie in wait for woman when she comes into the marketplace never stalked me, and when I came to work it was with the gratifying if trivial knowledge that I had been voted the third prettiest girl in my class.

When decent men get "presumptuous" it is practically always because they have been "led on." And when a woman's vanity or flirtatiousness has led her too near the edge of adventure, she can ride back instead of walking if she is clever enough to be amusing instead of amorous. This is a tried and proved fact to which a dozen attractive feminists agreed when I put it up to them. And any number of young masculine beginners have found out that the old story of Joseph and Potiphar's wife is still being staged by attractive women in a position to say:

"Be nice to me, young fellow, and I'll see to it that the boss is nice to you."

And when the male "brute" and the female "stepmother" do exist in the business world, I've never been sure that the sex affront isn't invited by the sex approach.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

Recent photo by Preston Duncan

"I'm over 30" says ... Anna Q. Nilsson

Do you, too, look Younger than you are..?

How 9 out of 10 Screen Stars Guard Youthful Charm

"YES, I'm over thirty years old," says Anna Q. Nilsson, whose recent return from Sweden caused thousands of fans to rejoice. "Keeping youthful charm isn't a matter of birthdays, you know. It's a matter of knowing how!"

What is her secret? How does she stay so fascinatingly *young?*

"No woman need worry about growing old," this radiant star goes on, "provided she takes the proper care of her skin. Stage and screen stars have learned how to keep their youthful charm and freshness right through the years. A smooth and clear complexion always says 'youth.'

"It was years ago I first discovered what a wonderfully soothing effect Lux Toilet Soap has on the skin. I use it regularly to keep my skin always at its best."

Hollywood's favorite Complexion Care

Of the 694 important Hollywood actresses, including all stars, 686 use this fragrant soap regularly! It is official in all the great film studios for their convenience.

Gentle and so beautifully *white* that no other soap can rival it, Lux Toilet Soap is kind to every type of skin!

You will want to try it!

LUX Toilet Soap—10¢

THIS IS A WOMAN'S WORLD
Continued from page twenty-five

Years ago I asked a pretty little stenographer why most of the girls in our syndicate office wore their obviously best chiffon blouses to work, together with their tightest skirts and their thinnest stockings. And I'll never forget the look she gave me as she said:

"Doesn't it ever occur to you that the office is good hunting? But I suppose it doesn't. You probably meet worth-while men outside of business. We don't. We've got to see what we can make of an opportunity like this."

Dozens of other girls have verified this, not always with words, sometimes merely with sketchy and alluring clothes calculated to catch the roving male eye. When women want to advance by favor instead of by effort they know how to go about it. And when men want to buy their desires they, too, know how to go about it. When it comes to sex I'd say this is anybody's world.

"But even if women get a fair chance in life, do they get fair preparation for it?" the defenders of the man's world theory demand. And before you can reply, they quote the figures of Dean Raymond Walters of Swarthmore, which show that during 1931 there was a .6 per cent increase of men enrolling for colleges and a decrease of 1.6 per cent in the women's enrollment.

That doesn't sound alarming and isn't even as bad as it sounds. In this day of park concerts, symphonies, and operas via radio, and of art museums, public libraries, public lectures, and clubs, the gates to beauty open out on the world and not merely into the college campus.

A girl is not cut off from cultural opportunity, mental growth, and spiritual emancipation when she does not go to college, and it has been found that she does not need formal education to fit her to cope with today's conditions.

Last winter the American Woman's Association of New York made an extensive survey of "The Trained Woman and the Economic Crisis." I am taking a paragraph from the 100-page book of its interesting findings:

> Education without question increases the probability of a woman earning large amounts. . . . Nevertheless, that unusual native ability may compensate for slight academic training is apparent from the fact that women who did not even graduate from high school are found in all vocations except dentistry, law, and medicine and in almost all earning classes including the very highest.

So when woman's college enrollment falls off less than 2 per cent in times when everything else has fallen off more than 25 per cent, this can scarcely be interpreted to mean that life is stacking the cards against sister. What it probably means is that she is eager to begin earning and is too independent a thinker to believe that she cannot reach a high goal without an A. B. to tack on to her name.

WOMEN get what they want today just as they always have. We swim the Channel and fly the ocean. We claim equal rights as human beings. Our pound of flesh, no more, no less.

But on what basis of "equality" do we base the breach-of-promise suit and the alimony racket?

For centuries women accepted the theory that they had nothing to offer a man except sex and a first unsullied love. So a marriage that didn't work left a woman shopworn and in need of recompense for her depreciated value.

But today we are marketing brains instead of bodies. And we've come out of the house and into the competitive world, where we are capturing a lot of prizes.

Any number of men don't like it. I don't blame them. I'd be disconcerted if our wire-haired terrier began to act like a fox.

The world has seen a lot of changes since 1914. Thrones and institutions have tottered and fallen. Russia and youth and dollars have revolted. Maybe our hard-pressed men will be the next to lead a revolution.

But it's too late for that. It wouldn't stop us. This is a woman's world, and we are beginning to realize it and to claim the earth and the fullness thereof.

THE END

WHAT A FOOL SHE IS!
Treats Baby like a king
Neglects her own Gums
. . . and she has
"Pink tooth brush"!
Copr. 1932, Bristol-Myers Co.

NO *wonder* everybody says, "Isn't he darling!" But the trouble it takes to keep him so spick-and-span and smiling!

Considering all the time you spend on *him*—couldn't you take a couple of minutes a day to keep your *own* smile attractive?

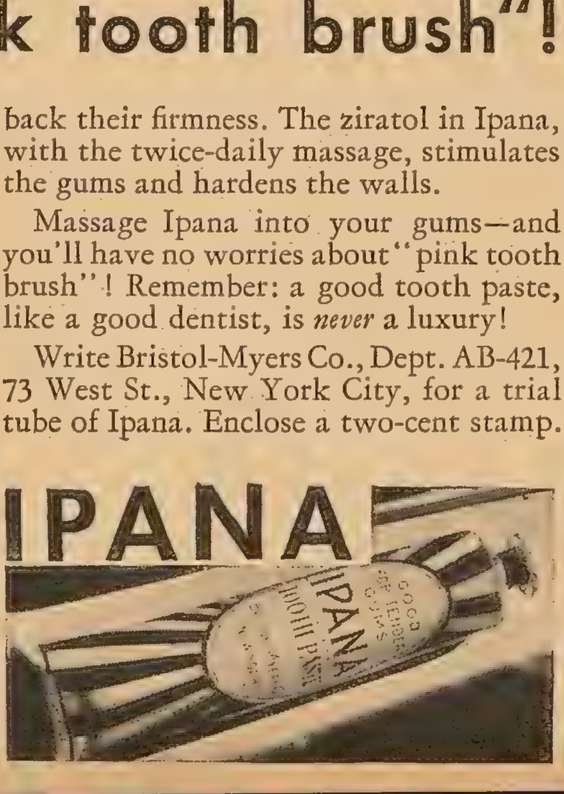
Consider your gums. If they get much softer, you're going to have "pink tooth brush." That means that your teeth may become foggy-looking. You may develop gum troubles such as gingivitis, Vincent's disease or even pyorrhea. And the soundness of your teeth may be endangered!

The soft foods of today, you see, don't exercise your gums—and when they become really tender, they begin to bleed.

Don't risk "pink tooth brush." Get Ipana Tooth Paste. It will keep your teeth shining white. And if you'll rub a little extra Ipana into your gums, they will get back their firmness. The ziratol in Ipana, with the twice-daily massage, stimulates the gums and hardens the walls.

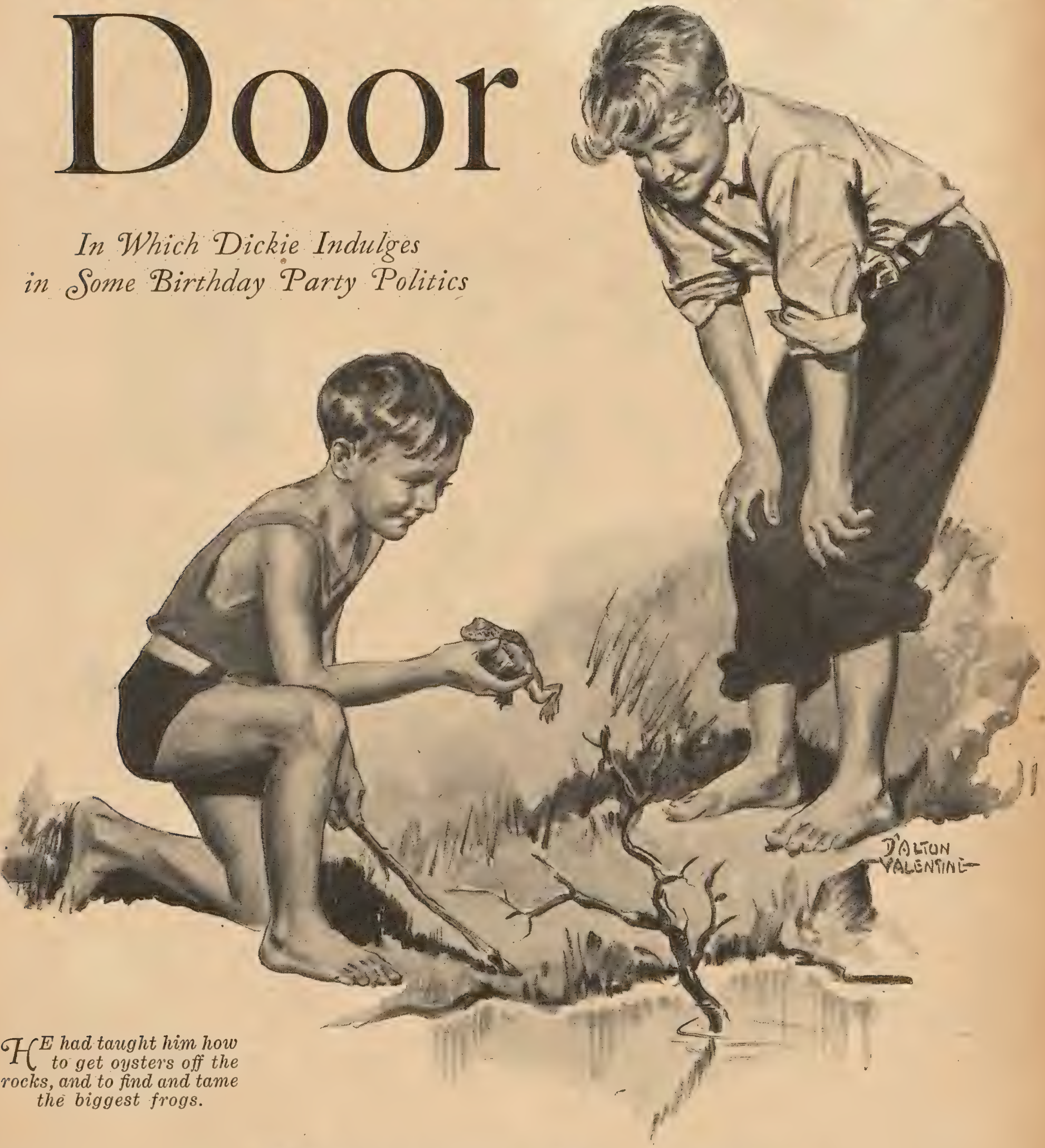
Massage Ipana into your gums—and you'll have no worries about "pink tooth brush"! Remember: a good tooth paste, like a good dentist, is *never* a luxury!

Write Bristol-Myers Co., Dept. AB-421, 73 West St., New York City, for a trial tube of Ipana. Enclose a two-cent stamp.



The Actress Next Door

In Which Dickie Indulges in Some Birthday Party Politics



HE had taught him how to get oysters off the rocks, and to find and tame the biggest frogs.

By DOROTHY COTTRELL

Pictures by D'ALTON VALENTINE

(Reading time: 17 minutes 7 seconds.)

THE Sanitary Boy's kindly Swedish face shone rosily with anticipation. He said:

"We'll have a swell time at your yolly birthday tomorrow night!"

And Dickie had a horrid clutch of fear at his heart, for he knew that unless a miracle happened the Sanitary Boy would not be there.

The line of social demarcation, as everyone knows, is

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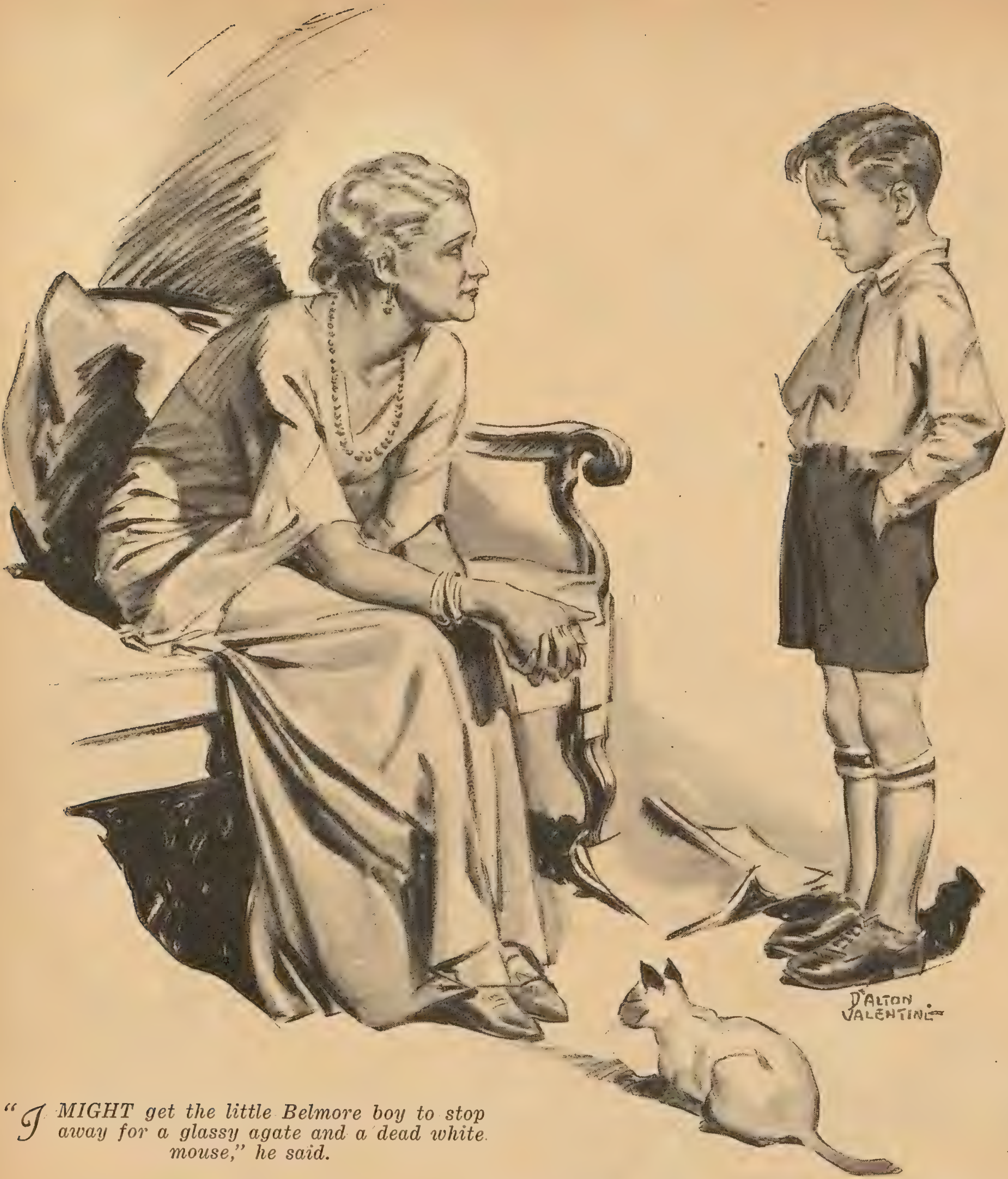


"I MIGHT get the little Belmore boy to stop away for a glassy agate and a dead white mouse," he said.

THE ACTRESS NEXT DOOR
Continued from page twenty-seven

drawn at different levels in different strata of society. There are still places upon the earth where it is mildly improper to earn one's living in any way whatsoever; others where it's all right to earn one's living as a banker but rather common to do it as a grocer; others where the grocer is, as it were, in the upper layers, but the saloon keeper isn't; still others where the bootlegger is rather a social leader.

EOLIAN might be a tiny town of seven hundred people lost in the sleepy lavishness of the tropical North Queensland coast, but it had its proper pride. It couldn't snub people for earning their livings, because it was so rural that nearly everyone was more or less useful. It couldn't use much discrimination about the way livings were earned, but it had its social barrier.

On one side of this was almost everyone. On the other was Old Olsen, the Sanitary Man, and, rather more sharply still, his son Nils, the Sanitary Boy.

The trouble was that neither of them seemed to realize the fact that they were outcast. Old Olsen, who was ruddy, with quantities of fair, grayish curls, was always interested in civic matters, and he always subscribed generously to tennis courts upon which—perhaps to his mild surprise—he was never asked to play, and to civic picnics to which the committee forgot to invite him, and to the library where Miss Cecilia MacLarron handed him out his books with a far-away expression and faint elevation of the nose which he falsely attributed to short sight.

Because of his subscriptions it must not be thought that he was rich. Indeed, considering the indispensable nature of his occupation, he received quite astonishingly little. But he lived inexpensively in a neat small house of his own building, with his motherless son Nils, and they grew their own vegetables and had their own fat Jersey cow, and as they were forcibly prevented from making any social outlay, Old Olsen had enough to give "some little t'ing" to everything.

The Sanitary Boy took after his father. He was rosy and had fair, ill-brushed tawny curls, and when he was left out of things he had no resentment.

He would come home one day with his eyes shining and announce to his father:

"I say! There is to be a yolly bean roast next week! The Presberterian ladies give it! Most all us kids is going from school, and there are to be firecrackers!"

When the bean roast was near, Old Olsen would ask:

"Vat vill you wear to the yolly picnic?" And Nils would say:

"They haven't exactly said *I'm* going yet."

When the day came, he would say:

"Well, I guess they forgot to ask me—there was such a lot to do!"

And Old Olsen would answer:

"Never mind! There will be many more yolly picnics."

And they forgot all about the disappointment—which of course paved the way for another.

Thus it was that Nils spoke with rosy and shining face of Dickie's birthday feast.

Dickie had social perception, however. And he knew that, while he had occasionally been allowed, under protest, to go out with the Sanitary Boy to the Old Hulk rotting in the bay, people didn't "have" the Sanitary Boy; and that although the Sanitary Boy had been more kind to him than any other boy in Eolian, the Sanitary Boy would never, never be asked to his birthday celebration. It was this knowledge that sent his small heart down with such a horrid catch.

The Sanitary Boy had been *so* good to him ever since, small and lonely, Dickie had come to Harp Street, Eolian, to live with his aunts.

He had taught him how to get oysters off the rocks, and to find and tame the biggest frogs, and had stopped the other boys pulling his almost irresistibly red hair, and had even offered to get Dickie a ride upon the black and fearful wagon whereon Old Olsen, Nils' father, rumbled through the predawn streets.

After all this, how could Dickie say that he didn't think the Sanitary Boy could come to the birthday party?

HE had boasted about asking his friends—and hadn't mentioned the important fact that his list was to be severely censored by the Board of Aunts before it became active.

"Who else are you asking?" said the Sanitary Boy interestedly.

Dickie was looking down, with his small face flushed beneath its freckles.

"Buddy Jones, and Mark Stewart, and Sandy Mackenzie, and Bobby MacNeil—" said Dickie. "And of course my aunts have made me ask the little Belmore boy."

"It will all be swell," said the Sanitary Boy. He added:

"I must be getting home now to get dad's supper and to iron my best suit. It is a fine suit." He went a few steps, and then turned a flushed and friendly face. "I vill bring you the swell present, Dickie," he promised happily. "You'll like it! I bought it yesterday."

Dickie stood in the middle of the little side street of Eolian and prayed:

"O God, please let me think of some way to get the Sanitary Boy invited to my party!"

THEN he put his hands in his sailor pockets and, with a strangely nautical roll and a trouble-furrowed brow, he set out for MacLarron House and the four aunts who were "trying to bring him up to be a gentleman."

He had once asked his friend the old Scotch minister: "Did God make Adam a gentleman?"

The minister wasn't sure, but, apparently remembering many things for which Adam was responsible, said that he didn't think so.

"Well," Dickie had said, "I wish no one else had thought about making one!"

Now he pattered into the solemn precincts of MacLarron House. In the dark, shining hall he hesitated. Which aunt? Aunt Cecilia perhaps spoiled him most; but then, she was terribly afraid of his "getting too intimate with undesirable people." And the Sanitary Boy was perhaps the undesirablest! Aunt Judith? Aunt Judith was less concerned about his morals, but when she said no she meant it. Aunt Vera? Aunt Edith?

He decided to begin with Aunt Edith. At her door he met a strong,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

One of Life's

BEAUTY CONTESTS

and her husband was the judge!

Each hour—each day—eyes are appraising you—all your life you are in a Beauty Contest! Today, get a dozen cakes of Camay, and your skin will be so lovely and fresh that you'll *win* your Beauty Contest!

When he looks at you—when anybody looks at you—you are in the Great Beauty Contest of Life. Keep your skin exquisitely clean and fresh and soft with Camay, and you'll always be fascinating to him—and to the world!

Fresh, glowing cleanliness—it is the first step toward natural loveliness. Camay lather—a soft cloth, warm water, then a cold rinse—and your skin is immaculately clean, fresh and flower-like.

Camay the Soap of Beautiful Women! The safest of beauty soaps. Camay is creamy white—no coloring matter—no "chalky" filler.

CAMAY The Soap of Beautiful Women will help you win!

Copr. 1932, Procter & Gamble Co.

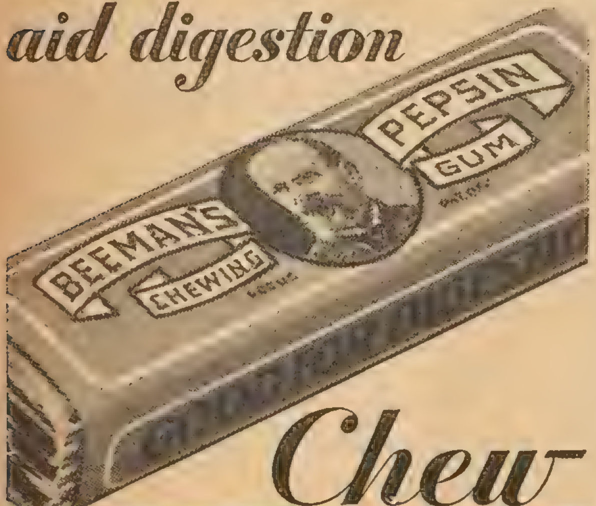
Pathetic little Alice

chosen Queen!

THEY called her names, they teased her and left her out of their games and class plays. "She is such an unattractive child" the teacher said . . . And then Alice's mother found a way to end the child's indigestion.

The difference is great between a smiling, healthy person and one who is handicapped by indigestion, but the cause may be slight. Often Beeman's Pepsin Gum will relieve the condition. Dr. Beeman had a great idea in putting pepsin in this gum. Chew it every day. The flavor is delicious.

Especially made to aid digestion



Chew BEEMAN'S PEPSIN GUM

THE ACTRESS NEXT DOOR
Continued from page twenty-nine

unpropitious scent of menthol. Evidently she was having one of her aches.

He slipped in quietly.

Aunt Edith raised the wet cloth from her right eye but left her left eye covered. She said:

"Good afternoon, dear."

(It is rather hard to confide in a lone right eye, but he prepared to try. The case was desperate! It would have been hopeless anyway, but it was made more hopeless still by the fact that the little Belmore boy—son of Eolian's social leader and wealthiest widow—was coming to the party. He was not allowed to go to every party, only to the "very best" and "most carefully chosen" parties, and the aunts had bought the best "guest present" for him.)

Dickie knew what he was up against.

"Aunt Edith," he said, "if I never had the Sanitary Boy here again, *couldn't* I have him to my birthday party?"

Aunt Edith replaced the wet cloth and said coldly:

"You have been told a dozen times that he cannot come! And you are a very selfish child to disturb your sick aunt about it any more!"

"But, aunty, he *thinks* he's coming! *He's gone home to iron his clothes!*"

Dickie's hands were clenched. His face was red.

"You are a bad and obstinate child," said Aunt Edith. "And *if* he thinks that he is coming it must be because you have deceived him."

"I didn't 'ceive him," said Dickie. "I couldn't tell him he wasn't—that was all."

"Then you have very little strength of character," said Aunt Edith. "Now go out of my room, please."

HE went, his lip protruding slightly, his head drooping with the shame of his six-year-old vacillation.

In the kitchen, Aunt Judith said:

"If you mention that once more I will take down your trousers and give you something to remember him by!"

"But, Aunt Judy! *Dear* Aunt Judy, he has bought me a present!"

Aunt Judith swished him firmly out of the kitchen with the broom.

"Don't be a pest," she said. "I am baking."

"Aunt Vera," he said presently, standing minutely at the door of the only aunt who was still young enough not to like her age to be discussed. "Aunt Vera, if someone had been very, very, dread*fully* nice to you, and made you a Bloody Pirate, and given you a real bit of dead Blackfellow's bone to wear round your neck—"

Aunt Vera sat up agitatedly on the couch upon which she had been lying in much the attitude of the World's Sweetheart in one of the latest film magazines.

"You are not wearing it *now?*" she asked.

"Oh, it's not round my neck," he said hurriedly, seeing that that bone would have been better unmentioned. "I put it in the biscuit canister in the kitchen nuntil I could find a string for it."

AUNT VERA shrieked and turned pale. He decided that it was useless to press his problem further in her direction. With the hesitance of fear he went to Aunt Cecilia. He had been keeping her for the last, for if she failed him there was nothing more to be done—and he could not bear to think about the Sanitary Boy hurrying home to iron his best suit!

"Aunt Cecilia," he said, "you want me to like my birthday, don't you?"

Aunt Cecilia gathered him to her knee.

"Yes, pet, of course we do!"

"Well," he said desperately, "I *won't* like it nunless I can have the Sanitary Boy here! I haven't got nany strength of character an' I haven't told him he can't come an' he thinks he *is* coming an' he is ironing his suit!"

Aunt Cecilia was troubled.

"I understand, dear," she said, "that it was hard to disappoint him. But—well, there are other things to consider, and your aunties know best. Listen! When he comes we will give him a *nice big* slice of cake in the yard!"

There was something so utterly dreadful about the thought of the Sanitary Boy coming in his best suit, with his wide smile that never knew when it wasn't wanted, and being given a nice slice of cake in the yard, that Dicky shrieked.

"No!" he yelled. "*No!*"

"Now," said Aunt Cecilia, "you are being naughty!"

His deep-blue eyes filled with desperate tears, his red-rose lip shook.

"Come with auntie," she said, "and see the lovely cake."

This caught his interest. He went with her and beheld a miracle of pink icing and green candles with even pink roses on it. For a space he forgot all about the Sanitary Boy. For while, in the old gay world which had been his before his young parents died, he had always had hilarious birthdays, there had never been money enough for a real party or special cakes—and despite himself he was thrilled to the soul.

It was only when he was alone again, out under the evening sky, that the sinking feeling came back, with treble force because of the treachery of his having even temporarily forgotten his friend and because of the anguish of having the joy of the cake diminished.

He wandered blindly out into Harp Street.

He had never had a cake like that, or a real party, before. It was to be spoiled! He began to cry. He stood in the middle of Harp Street, Eolian, and bawled.

Miss Fleurice Marrete, next door, looked over her hedge of salmon-pink-flowered double hibiscus, and saw him.

Miss Fleurice had left Eolian, years and years ago, to go on the stage—when the stage was still regarded as the beginning and end of damnation. And she had become the town's great scandal, and then the town's principal advertisement—writing its name in beauty across the face of the great world as the birthplace of Fleurice Marrete—and she had at last come back to it, a gentle, elderly lady who was so honored that she was actually asked to lay corner stones.

Only the Miss MacLarrons still remembered, with a little elevation of the eyebrows, that "after all" she had been an actress!

A few moments after she saw Dickie she stood at his side. "Whatever is the matter?" she asked in her deep voice which was oddly nice to hear. "Why are you crying?"

He looked up at her, his face red and swollen and all messy with streaming tears.

"Because," he gasped, "tomorrow is my birfday—"

"That is a most remarkable reason!" said she. "Are you not going to have a cake?"

"Yes," he sobbed. "A great *big*, big cake, with candles and roses! The biggest cake you ever *saw!*"

"Well," she said, "since you are apparently going to both have your cake and eat it, I still don't see why you are crying."

"They won't ask my bestest friend!" he said. And, as she led him up to her path and into her small gay house, he poured out the story—not omitting the fact that the Sanitary Boy was even now ironing his best clothes.

"Do you think," she asked, when he had finished, "that it would do any good at all if I talked to your aunts?"

"I don't think," he said dismally and quite without irreverence, "that it would do any good if God talked to them! You see," he added, expounding the full hopelessness of the matter, "the little Belmore boy is coming, an' there's his mother to think about as well. They would never listen!"

"I'm afraid that perhaps you are right," she said. "We must think of something else."

SHE took her firm chin into her hands, and sat looking out at the great lilac and pink and faintly silver reaches of the bay.

"The world so lovely," she said deeply and dreamily, "and yet mankind—" She did not finish the puzzling remark.

"How many boys are coming?" she asked decisively.

"Ten," he said, his eyes wide with the dawn of intangible hope—this lady looked as if she could do anything!

"Could you possibly persuade one of them to stop away? Without anyone else knowing, I mean."

He thought earnestly—standing with his legs comically far apart and his forehead furrowed with concentration.

"I might get the little Belmore boy to stop away for a glassy agate and a dead white mouse," he said. "You see, he gets lots of cake but not many dead mice."

"A terrible commentary upon the upbringing of wealthy children," she said. "Is he about the same size as the—hm—the Forbidden Fruit?"

He understood what she meant this time.

"Yes," he said promptly.

"Then," she said, "I have a notion—it's only a shadowy one as yet, but it's at least a notion! Go and see if you can buy him off. The white mouse (deceased) should be hard to resist!"

Her strange brown eyes smiled at him as if she took him and everything else up in her hands into a secret

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

I'll tell you how to LOSE FAT a Pound a Day on a Full Stomach

Do just these two simple things . . . fat melts away

Recent, important discoveries make it easy for the average fat person to take off fat—a pound a day, four to seven pounds a week—and regain energy with never a hungry moment.

Here's what you do: Take a teaspoonful ordinary Jad Salts in a glass of water a half-hour before breakfast every morning. This reduces moisture-weight instantly. Also cleanses the system of the waste matter and excess toxins that most fat people have, and banishes puffiness and bloat.

Then do this about eating. FILL YOUR STOMACH—eat your fill—of lean meats, vegetables like spinach, cauliflower, cabbage, tomatoes, etc., and lots of salads. Eat a lot. Eat all you can hold. Don't go hungry a minute! Cut down on butter, sweets and desserts, bread. Eat any fruit for dessert.

That's all you do. Fat seems to melt away. The coarse lines of overweight give way to the refined ones of slenderness. You lose as much as a pound a day. You feel better than for years. For in this treatment you achieve two important results. The Jad Salts clear your system of toxins. *The diet takes off fat with food that turns into energy instead of weight.

If you're tired of being embarrassed by fat, try this way. You'll be glad that you did. You can get Jad Salts at any drug store.

*Note particularly—Jad Salts is urged purely as a poison-banishing agent—not as a reducing. The change in food does the work.

FITS LIKE THIS BEHIND YOUR FRONT TEETH

● Before you buy, make this convincing "hand-test". It shows how Tek fits your dental arch—a proof of Tek's BETTER SHAPE. Later, feel the difference in your mouth. Tek cleans teeth completely, massages gums naturally. BETTER SHAPE and BETTER BRISTLES, but priced as low as ordinary brushes. Tek is sterilized, Cellophane-sealed, guaranteed. Tek Jr. for children.

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY

Tek
THE MODERN
TOOTH
BRUSH

[THE ACTRESS NEXT DOOR
Continued from page thirty-one]

place and laughed with them and dared them. He did not know that once kings would have paid for such a look, but his little heart fell down and worshiped her.

"It *is* a lovely mouse," he said.

Half an hour later he was back.

"He would stop away for the mouse and the glassy agate," he said. "And he wouldn't tell anyone!"

"Well, then," said Miss Fleurice, "why not all of you go in fancy dress? Make it a rule of the party that no one is called by their own names, but by the names of the characters they represent. I have lots of old costumes here!" she said, opening a glittering piled trunk. "And if you come round to me before the party I will help you all make up. Bring the Sanitary Boy last and I will guarantee that his father would not recognize him!"

Dickie clasped her about the skirts.

"FANCY costumes? And *he* could come and no one would know? Oh! Oh! Not *really!* You will dress us?" he asked inarticulately.

She laughed and patted his crimson cheek. "Of course," she said. "Mind you, there may be a day of reckoning later! But I think it's worth it, don't you?" Then she added, "I must insist on one thing, however. I want the Sanitary Boy to go as Baa Baa Black Sheep."

Dickie's face fell slightly. "I think he would rather be Cap'n Kidd," he suggested.

"No. I feel I have some rights in the matter and it amuses me—you know, there's a saying about 'entertaining a wolf in sheep's clothing.' I rather like to think of your aunts doing that." . . .

VERY late upon the night of the birthday, a flushed, rapturous little boy burst in upon Old Olsen. His hair was still rumpled from recently removed lamb's wool.

"Father," he said, "you will not believe how nice was the party! It was such as the angels might have had. And, father, they were nicer to me than to *anyone!* And I got the best of all the yolly presents! *Look!* A yolly shining mouth organ! The others got only tops and whistles!"

Father and son regarded each other with equally shining pride. Neither knew of the care with which the aunts had questioned the small host as to the identity of this and that arriving Pirate, Indian, or Soldier, and had finally deduced that the Lamb, who came last, must be that sacred calf of infantine society, the Belmore boy.

Another story about Dickie by Miss Cottrell will appear in an early issue.

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We cannot undertake to enter into correspondence concerning these stories.

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 18

1—Annapolis.
2—Diamond.
3—The Sick Man and the Angel, by John Gay.
4—Aspirin.
5—Bauxite.
6—Utah, Colorado, Arizona, and New Mexico.
7—John Adams.
8—Morpheus, the god of dreams.
9—A bird.
10—Yellow.
11—Hegira.
12—Theodore Roosevelt.
13—Penmanship; especially, fine penmanship.
14—New Mexico and Oklahoma.
15—Countess.
16—Canberra.
17—A spice prepared from the berry of the pimento; also the berry itself.
18—Subject and predicate.
19—The art of developing or improving the memory.
20—Days of youthful inexperience.

The Fourth Degree

A Short Short Story

By

JEROME BARRY

(Reading time: 5 min. 19 sec.)

"I THOUGHT I'd better frisk him first," Sergeant Friedman said deferentially. "He looks mean. But there ain't a gun or knife anywhere on him."

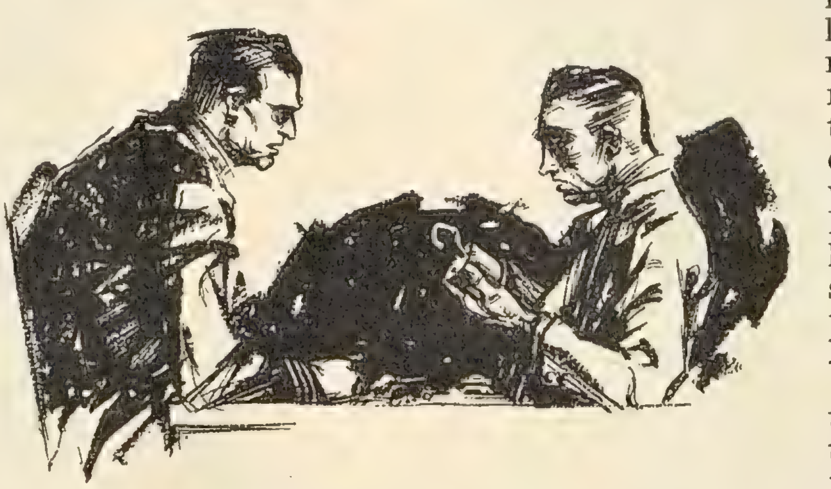
Chief Mangan nodded. The sergeant stepped out, and Potter entered the room. He was forty-five, with the eyes of a fox and the square, sensitive hands of the skilled worker. One hand, that is. The other was a wooden stump ending in a hook. He took the chair to which Mangan nodded, and laid the wooden wrist on the desk.

"Look at that," he said. His eyes had a feverish shine.

"Well?" The chief was a broad block of a man, with a steady gray gaze.

"I made it myself."

"You always were clever with your hands, Potter. Especially on bank-note plates."



"I didn't have enough scratch left after Jim's trial to buy a regular artificial duke. So I put this one together out of odds and ends. Look at it. It's as much your work as mine."

Mangan frowned. "What? Oh—you fell downstairs during the examination, didn't you?"

"That's what they said in court. They broke that wrist making me tell where Jim was! Gangrene set in afterward. It was taken off in the hospital. And you know who gave them their orders, Mangan. It was you."

The chief shook his head. "Not for that, Potter. The boys were crazy to get Jim after the way he killed Hallahan. Surrendered, and then shot him through the body with a sleeve gun. They didn't care much for orders."

"And what did they do to Jim when they got him?" Potter cried savagely, unlistening. "It wasn't the first time they went to work on him, either. He wasn't used to it. I never lifted a hand to him since he was a little kid."

"No," the chief said levelly. "You trained him to pass the queer bills you engraved. And when we took you up, you handed him over to Red Guszki to train as a punk in his mob. You took care he was in fine hands while you did your stretch! If you'd given him a good cuffing or two as a kid he mightn't have come— Why, isn't it today?"

"Yes," said Potter, watching Mangan sidewise. "They hanged Jim this morning. . . . And do you think I blame a few flatfeet for what's happened to him and me? One man's been after us—hunting us down."

"It's my job, Potter," the chief answered patiently. "I'm sorry for you today."

Potter's voice dropped to a harsh whisper. "You've seen Jim hanged. But you did worse to me when you had them beat me till I told where he was, like—like a Judas. But I'll make up for it. See this, Mangan? See it?"

He put his hands together in a grotesque and curious gesture. The real hand clasped the wooden stump, and he held the two out before him in a gesture as if begging for something. "Look at it! What do you see, Mangan? Just below the hook?"

The chief said slowly, "There's a small hole."

"Big enough for a bullet, Mangan. When I press this —spring"—his fingers shifted their grip deftly—"that bullet is going to crash through your brain."

They stared at each other—hard gray eyes and feverish, wide ones.

"Jim was in the death house for weeks," Potter went on in a vicious whisper. "I want you to see the end coming at you that way—gradually. I'm going to start counting— Wait. You have a gun in that side drawer. Take it out. Very slow. Lay it on the desk. I don't think this thing will miss fire, but I'll take no chances."

Mangan laid the revolver on the desk and withdrew his hand from it slowly, reluctantly. That tiny black opening, like the eye of a snake, looked unwaveringly into his face.

Potter, in a fierce ecstasy, caressed the wooden wrist.

"I'm going to count to a hundred," he whispered. "Sit there and wait for the end, like Jim did. At a hundred I press the spring."

He counted slowly, tasting the numbers one by one on his tongue. Mangan's fingers lay on the desk, helpless, unmoving. At fifty Potter was rocking slightly from haunch to haunch, caught up in the delectable rhythm of his vengeful tally. At eighty, his eyes half closed with delight, he swayed just enough so that for a brief moment the wooden hand wavered off line.

Mangan's fingers darted, twitched up the revolver as the hand swung back. A sharp report shook the air.

In the outer room Friedman was talking stiffly with Mr. Horace Gaillard, leader of the reform faction, who had been making capital of police brutality.

At the sound of the shot, Friedman ran into Mangan's office, and close on his heels followed the lawyer, Gaillard. The chief stood beside the desk, the revolver smoking in his hand. On the floor lay Potter.

"GOOD God!" the lawyer said. "So it's come to outright murder!"

Mangan's eyes darted at him. "What are *you* doing here?"

"Potter begged me to come. You had summoned him, and he feared for his safety, his life. With reason, it seems!"

"I hadn't summoned him. He threatened to shoot me," the chief said. "Friedman, see if there's a gun built into that wooden hand."

The sergeant stooped, probed, flashed a torch. "No, sir. There's just a hole drilled in it that don't lead anywheres. The rest of it's solid."

"The old police trick!" Gaillard taunted acidly. "Trying to plant a weapon. It's lucky I'm here, Mangan. I'll see you hanged for this!"

"It was a job," the chief said slowly. "The poor, crazy devil wanted to die, and he wanted to see me suffer the way his son did in the death house."

"And you'll go there," Gaillard stated icily. "A more cold-blooded killing—"

"Killing?" Mangan said. "I knew there was something wrong when he left that gun in my reach. I took a chance and wasted a shot to find why he wanted me to use it. The bullet's up there in a ceiling beam. When he saw he'd failed, he came at me with the hook, and I knocked him cold.

"His eyes are opening now. . . . Friedman, show both these gentlemen out."

THE END

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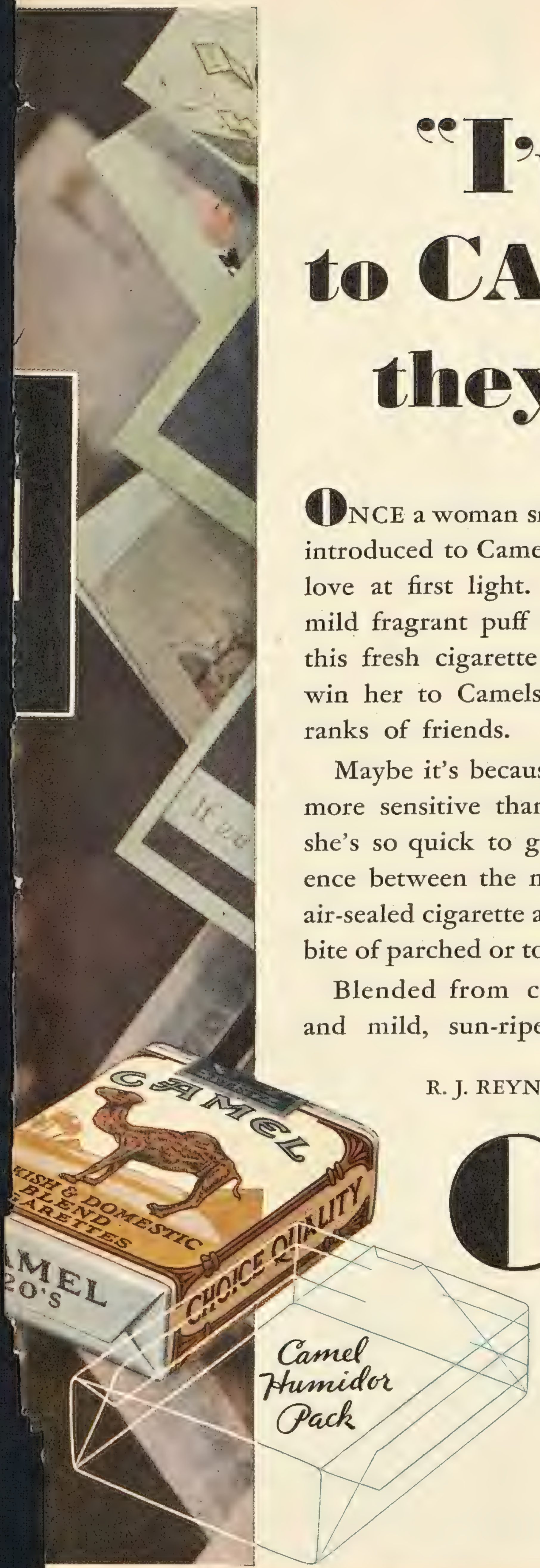

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This offer expires at the close of business Thursday, May 12, 1932.

HERE IS YOUR CHANCE TO SELL YOUR FIRST STORY AND WIN EDITORIAL RECOGNITION!

Acme photo

President Wilson at his desk in the time of stern differences with the Allies about our neutral shipping.

Were We *on the* Verge *of* WAR *with* England *in* 1916?

The Astounding Inside Story of What Went On Behind the Scenes, as Revealed by the President's Correspondence and Conversations with His Confidential Adviser

COLONEL E. M. HOUSE

to GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK

(Reading time: 32 minutes 55 seconds.)

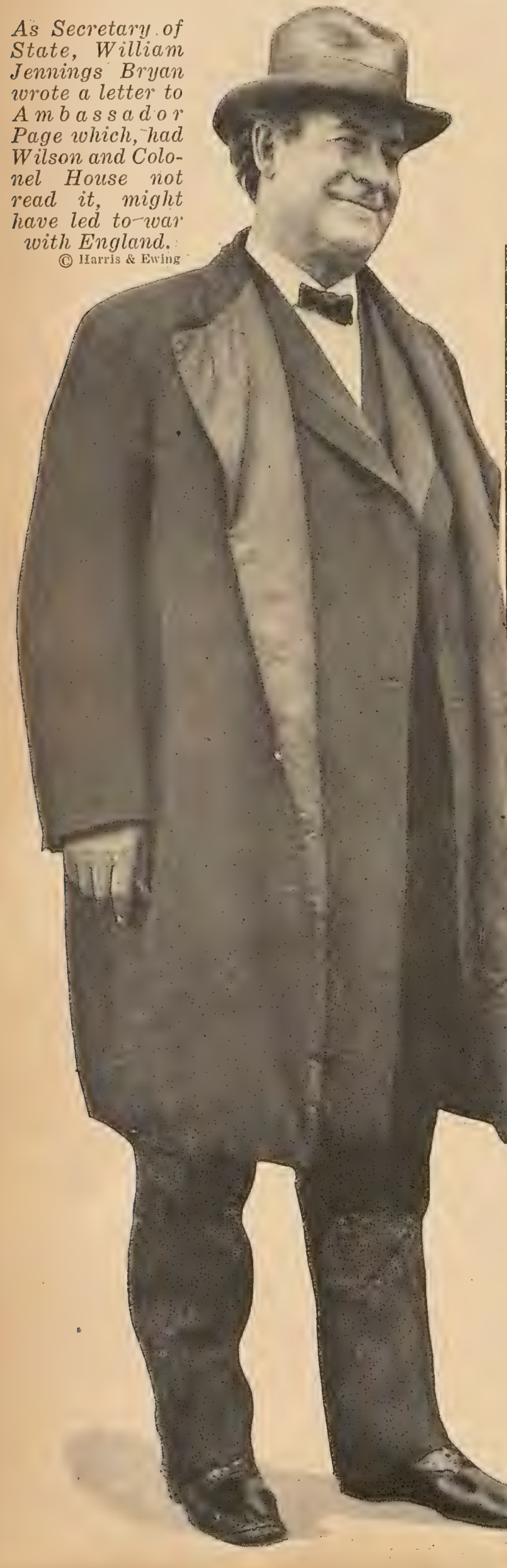
COLONEL HOUSE'S interview with the Kaiser on June 1, 1914, an interview which almost prevented the World War, as both men believe to this day, was made public with their approval in last week's installment of this series, which told also of Colonel House's audience with King George on the subject of Freedom of the Seas, and of the Colonel's efforts

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

WERE WE ON THE VERGE OF WAR WITH ENGLAND IN 1916?
Continued from page thirty-seven

to get that doctrine accepted by the British government.

Revelations in previous installments had included the secret gentleman's agreement of 1916 between President Wilson and the Allies, the period "when a woman was President" in 1919-20, and the break between the President and Colonel House.



As Secretary of State, William Jennings Bryan wrote a letter to Ambassador Page which, had Wilson and Colonel House not read it, might have led to war with England.
© Harris & Ewing

PART SEVEN

DID THE HISTORY OF 1812 REPEAT ITSELF?

WILSON'S enemies called him "the best President England ever had." This sarcasm is undeserved. America, under his administration, was repeatedly on the verge of war with Great Britain.

A sitting room in the White House, September 30, 1914. The duumvirs, WILSON *and* HOUSE.

WILSON: *(with a sigh of relief)* I am glad we caught that message.

HOUSE: *(quietly)* It certainly would have raised the devil in London.

WILSON: *(earnestly)* The language of the note was undiplomatic, but it espoused an unimpeachable principle. The United States *(he speaks with considerable asperity)* never accepted England's theory that the ocean is her back yard. We were confronted by the same difficulty one hundred years ago. Then, as now, England was at war with a great empire. England's policy was a war measure against Napoleon, not against us, but it cut America to the quick. Then, as now, a Princeton man was President—

HOUSE: Was Madison a Princetonian?

WILSON: *(smiles)* Madison and I are the only Princeton men that have become President. The circumstances of the War of 1812 and the present time run parallel. I sincerely hope that they will not go further. Madison, like myself, was a peace-loving man, but he was forced into the war by public opinion. History may repeat itself.

Brown Bros. photo.
Sir Cecil Spring-Rice, the British ambassador whom Colonel House was obliged to call to order.

HOUSE: God forbid!

WILSON: If I were superstitious—

HOUSE: But you are not.

WILSON: Hardly. Except *(he laughs)* about the number thirteen.

HOUSE: You, Governor, are singularly favored of fortune. A number termed unlucky by most people seems to bring good luck to you. There is no reason why you should not extricate yourself from the fate that enmeshed Madison.

WILSON: Still, it is interesting to indulge in historical speculation. You know that I have written a History of the United States. I am not very proud of it. I wrote it largely not to teach others but to teach myself.

HOUSE: I am more familiar with your thoughts than with your books. I shall remedy this fault presently.

WILSON: Don't trouble. It is a work in five volumes. Here *(he takes a volume from the desk)* is the one that deals with the War of 1812. It may amuse you to listen to a few passages. *(He reads.)* "Mr. Madison loved peace as Mr. Jefferson did, and was willing to secure it by any slow process of law and negotiation. But presently he found himself caught in the tangled network of policy which as Secretary of State he had woven for Mr. Jefferson. . . . Mr. Madison was left to face two unfriendly powers, to the more false and dangerous of whom it was his cue, it seemed, to play the complacent servant.

"For a brief space affairs seemed to clear very hopefully, as if the old tangle were about to be unraveled and dealings with England brought to a right posture again. Mr. Erskine, the British minister at Washington, young, sanguine, and inexperienced, agreed to a withdrawal of the Orders in Council, and Mr. Madison gladly suspended the operation of the Non-Intercourse Act in respect of Great Britain, as the terms of the Act permitted. But it turned out that the young minister had acted without authority. He was recalled, the Act was again put into force against England (August 9, 1809), and affairs looked uglier than ever."

HOUSE: I hope history, the old plagiarist, will not repeat herself.

WILSON: "Napoleon promised that his decrees against American shipping should be revoked on the 1st of the following November, provided England would before that date withdraw her Orders in Council. England replied that she would rescind the Orders when informed that the Emperor had revoked his decrees. The Emperor sent word to Mr. Madison that his decrees were in fact revoked, and should cease to have effect after the 1st of November, if in the meantime the United States should 'cause their rights to be respected by England.' Napoleon's decrees, like the English orders in Council, had been nothing less than acts of war against the United States from the first, though not primarily aimed at her, and would at any time have justified a declaration of hostilities.

"BUT Mr. Madison did not want war. The United States were not strong enough,—particularly now that the party in power had disbanded its army, dismantled its navy, and reduced its revenues to a minimum. The President's principles clearly forbade war, besides. He wished to fight only with the weapons of nominal peace: embargoes and retaliatory restrictions. If Napoleon would yield his decrees, so much the greater pressure could be brought to bear upon England to yield her Orders in Council, and the vexatious game might at last be won."

HOUSE: I don't recollect the exact course of events. We can no doubt learn from the mistakes of your predecessor.

WILSON: Listen to this: "The 1st of November having come and England's Orders not yet being withdrawn, on the 2d he made proclamation that intercourse with Great Britain and her dependencies would again be suspended on and after the 2d day of February (1811) following, until England should yield."

HOUSE: What was the effect on the country?

WILSON: It's all here. *(Stressing every syllable.)* "Ill feeling between England and the United States was seriously deepened, as the astute and unscrupulous master of France had meant that it should be; and every negotiation for an amicable settlement grew the more confused and doubtful. Every sinister influence seemed to draw Mr. Madison towards what he most dreaded and condemned,—towards a war of arms, brought on by a programme of peace. *(A pause. The President rests his eyes, then continues.)*

"Negotiations dragged very slowly then, with the coming and going of tardy ships, which had oftentimes to steal like fugitives in or out of port. But all through the long year 1811, though hopes and plans and anxious fears came and went with doubtful ebb and flow, and no one knew what either England or France would do, it grew more and more evident that the government of the United States must do something, if only to keep itself in countenance. It had pledged itself to believe that France had in good faith yielded to its demands. England made no pretense of having yielded or of intending to yield.

"Evidence multiplied that France was playing a double and lying part. Mr. Madison's mortification was complete and very bitter; but no one deemed it possible that the United States should fight both France and England at once. Men's minds were slowly made up to stomach France's deceptions and fight England. At least it was so with the President, who saw no way of retreat not too humiliating to be borne; and it was so with Congress, which had passed under the control of new leaders."

International photo

Count von Bernstorff, who was Germany's ambassador in Washington before the United States went to war.

HOUSE: And Congress was, of course, against England?

WILSON: *(Reading.)* "Mr. Clay was chosen Speaker and organizer of the House, and it proceeded to the business which led to war. These men had made up their minds that the country should fight. The President could not but take their purpose, having no alternative to suggest. The tangle of French diplomacy could not be straightened out, the stubbornness of England could not be budged: the country, as if by hereditary choice, chose to fight England and let France go her way for the present."

HOUSE: Put William in place of Napoleon, and Germany in place of France, and you have the situation today. Fortunately history is not prophecy.

WILSON: The historian is often a prophet.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

JACK HARDING COMES BACK TO FAVORITE SMOKE

Fancy-Priced Mixtures Fail to Woo Him Away

No explorer in search of a new country could be more zealous than is the ardent pipe smoker in his search for the perfect tobacco. For that reason, pipe smokers—and perhaps even those who have not yet been initiated into the joys of a pipe—will be interested in the experience of Mr. Jack Harding, who returned to his first love after "unusual blends" and "fancy prices" failed to woo him away from Edgeworth Smoking Tobacco. Here is Mr. Harding's letter:

Harding Advertising Company
Board of Trade Building
Indianapolis, Ind.
December 10, 1931

Larus & Brother Co.
Richmond, Va.

Gentlemen:

I have never become sufficiently enthusiastic about a product to give the manufacturer a friendly pat on the back—until I gave Edgeworth a thorough trial. But if I were making a product of exceptional merit I'd appreciate it if some one would write now and then to tell me I had rung the bell.

The list of tobaccos I have used at various times reads like the Social Register of Tobacco. It has been one of my extravagances, and I have paid fancy prices for unusual blends and well advertised brands. And of course, like every confirmed pipe smoker, I have fiddled about with my own mixtures. *But I always come back to Edgeworth.*

More power to you—and may you never buy a bottle of red ink in 1932.

Very truly yours,
Jack Harding

A pipe smoker rarely accepts another man's verdict about the "perfect tobacco." Like Mr. Harding, he must explore until he has found that perfection himself.

Are you one who has never known the genuine satisfaction of a good pipe and good tobacco? Have you never felt the relaxation, comfort and companionship they can bring? Then let this neglect go no further! Take your pen right now and drop a line to Larus & Brother Co. at 107 S. 22d St., Richmond, Va., and ask for a free sample packet of Edgeworth Smoking Tobacco. After the first few puffs you'll know how Mr. Harding could go through the "Social Register of Tobacco" yet "always come back to Edgeworth."

You can buy Edgeworth anywhere. Look for the blue tin. It is sold in two forms—Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed and Edgeworth Plug Slice. (You can smoke this form in an automobile without flying sparks.) And you'll find it in all sizes from the 15-cent pocket package to the pound humidor tin. Some sizes come in vacuum tins. Edgeworth is always the same.

The Dixie Spiritual Singers are on a network of the National Broadcasting Company every Thursday evening, sponsored by the makers of Edgeworth. See your local newspaper for time and station.

WERE WE ON THE VERGE OF WAR WITH ENGLAND IN 1916?
Continued from page thirty-nine

HOUSE: Madison failed because he vacillated. He lacked a positive policy.

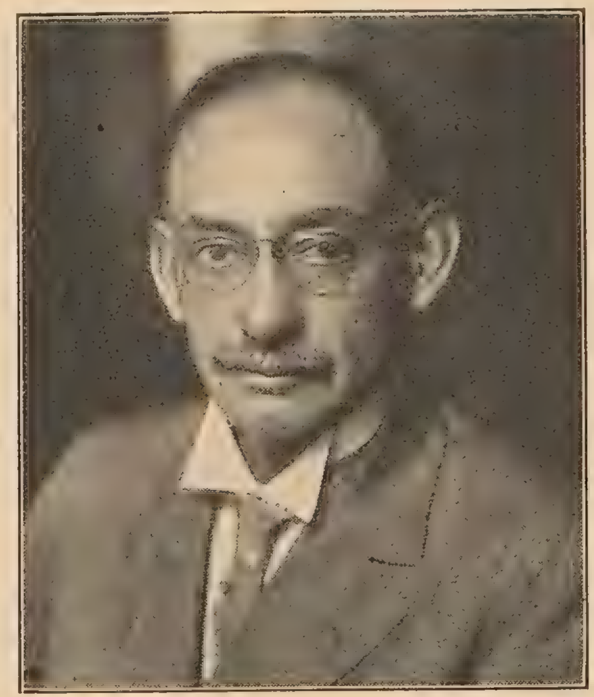
WILSON: I hope we may be able to hold a course that will keep us out of war.

II

HOUSE transmitted the warning conveyed in Wilson's recapitulation of American history to Sir Cecil Spring-Rice, the British ambassador, who was profoundly stirred and immediately dispatched a cable to Sir Edward Grey calling his attention to the ominous parallel.

Sir Edward would have been dumfounded if he had received from the State Department the message which Woodrow Wilson and Colonel House had discussed the night before. House himself tells what happened.

The nuts had been cleared from the table. Mrs. Wilson and the family withdrew to enable the President and his duumvir to examine the contents of a large portfolio marked "Urgent" which had just been delivered by a messenger from the Secretary of State. The two men got down to work. House reached in the pouch from the State Department; fished out a long letter from X (Bryan) to Page. The document dwelt with considerable emphasis on the Declaration of London and neutral shipping. As the Colonel read the letter his face became very serious.



Brown Bros. photo

Walter Hines Page, who was United States ambassador to the Court of St. James's.

"Governor," he said, "do not permit this to be sent."

He cited a few passages which aroused Wilson.

"Shall I talk it out with Spring-Rice?"

Wilson consented; and the duumvirs went to bed that night tired and worried.

Colonel House met the ambassador at the residence of William Phillips. When Sir Cecil read "X's" instructions to Page he almost jumped into the air. "My dear Colonel House," he said, "one paragraph in this document amounts almost to a declaration of war!" The two men discussed various ways of meeting the situation.

"Never," avowed the ambassador, "would this have arisen if the State Department had talked the matter over with me frankly in the beginning. It will be difficult to handle now in a way to save the face of my government."

Then followed one of the most grotesque, certainly one of the most extraordinary situations in the history of diplomacy. Sir Cecil Spring-Rice and Colonel House together outlined a dispatch from the United States government to Page and another from Spring-Rice to Sir Edward Grey.

"I do not know," Spring-Rice said as he bade good-by to Colonel House, "what you have accomplished in your busy life, but I feel sure that you have never done as important a piece of work as in this instance."

Colonel House had prevented a break between England and the United States.

When the pro-Germans acclaimed Wilson's neutrality proclamation insisting upon absolute impartiality, they did not know that he was afraid of a quarrel with England, not with Germany. Wilson did not at that time envisage a conflict with Berlin.

"It would have been easier," Colonel House said to me, "to have steered the American people into war against England than against Germany if Germany had shown more moderation."

"Did Wilson seriously consider a break with England?" I queried.

House shook his head dubiously. "He was exceedingly angry with the English. I don't think he contemplated actual hostility. But it is only one step from a severance of diplomatic relations to war!"

Early in 1914 the ghost of Madison stalked. On May 7, 1915, he vanished, frightened away by the ghosts of the Lusitania. But after that case was settled, trouble with England entered once more into an acute stage.

The issues between the United States and Great Britain were clearly defined. For centuries Britannia had arrogated to herself the right to regulate the traffic of the seas. In her desire to cripple Germany, she stretched the meaning of contraband beyond the limit. She claimed the right to seize and search all vessels, both outgoing and incoming, carrying such articles as copper, rubber and foodstuffs, utterly oblivious of the fact that she had signed the Declaration of London, which limited the contraband list and reduced interference with neutral shipping to a minimum.

Immediately on the outbreak of the war Germany agreed to abide by the declaration. When the United States asked the English to do likewise, Britannia turned a cold shoulder to Uncle Sam.

Sir Edward Grey would have taken the admonitions to respect the Freedom of the Seas more seriously if he had not been strengthened in his resistance by the American ambassador. When the State Department protested against the illegal seizure of our ships and the violation of our mails, the wires bristled with lamentations from Walter H. Page.

III

THE echo of Wilson's lecture on the War of 1812 still reverberated in Colonel House's mind. He accepted with alacrity the argument of Spring-Rice that modern conditions of warfare required changes in the old definition of contraband, but rejected the same argument when it was advanced by Bernstorff on behalf of the submarine. When he realized the litter of trouble likely to spring from these contradictions, Colonel House renewed his effort to inveigle the dove of peace. He negotiated with Spring-Rice and with Bernstorff. But he could not persuade Sir Cecil to meet the German ambassador.

Bernstorff, the Englishman insisted, was "thoroughly unreliable." What would Sir Cecil have said if he had known that Wilson considered *him* "childish"?

Wilson mistrusted Bernstorff; but he despised Sir Cecil and repeatedly urged his recall. House, for reasons of policy, did not press this point in his conversations with Sir Edward Grey. In the meantime Sir Cecil constantly pumped into the ears of his government mischievous notions of Wilson's pro-Germanism. The impression created by Spring-Rice was largely responsible for England's refusal to trust Woodrow Wilson. He evidently convinced Sir Edward Grey. Early in 1915 House labored eagerly to destroy Grey's grotesque misconception of Wilson. He assured his British friends that Wilson's heart beat for them. But he warned them that their lawless interference with American cargoes and American mails might lead to grave consequences.

"How," he asked Sir Edward, "is it possible for the President to protest with vigor against German infractions of the law of nations so long as Germany has some ground for complaint that he permits the British to alter maritime regulations at will? Washington is faced by a strong wave of popular resentment. It may not be possible to prevent the passage by Congress of an embargo on the shipment of arms. It was such an embargo that brought on the War of 1812. The President will try to prevent it. But the danger exists."

Sir Edward Grey sympathized with the attitude of the Colonel personally. But officially he remained unmoved.

The Lusitania catastrophe shifted the emphasis of America's indignation from England to Germany. England serenely continued her lawless course until even her friends in America were disgruntled.

"The English," Secretary Lane, a Canadian by birth, wrote to House, "are not behaving very well. They are holding up our ships; they have made new international law. . . . You would be interested, I think, in hearing some of the discussion around the Cabinet table. There isn't a man in the Cabinet who has a drop of German blood in his veins, I guess. Two of us were born under the British flag. I have two cousins in the British army and Mrs. Lane has three. The most of us are Scotch in our ancestry. And yet each day that we meet we boil over somewhat at the foolish manner in which England acts. Can it be that she is trying to take advantage of the war to hamper our trade?”

House waved this letter in the face of Sir Edward Grey. Sir Edward smiled apologetically and pigeonholed every American protest. Now, as in the War for Independence, in the War of 1812, and in the Civil War, an intelligent minority in England supported America. These minority opinions fortified the duumvir's soul. He sought out Grey once more and showed him a personal letter of the President protesting against the use of the American flag by the English to protect them from German torpedoes.

“HELLO, all you dear old boobs in America!” said Bernard Shaw in a radio broadcast on October 11, 1931. As this article reveals, President Wilson termed the British “poor boobs” on July 27, 1916—beating G. B. S. to the epithet by more than fifteen years.

“You are playing into Germany's hands,” insisted House.

Sir Edward was polite and regretful. But the practice continued.

To take the sting out of the controversy, House worked out an arrangement with Grey by which Great Britain was to give up her food blockade if Germany stopped her submarine warfare. Grey again personally approved.

But somehow he was unable to convince the Admiralty or his colleagues in the Cabinet.

IV

THE pro-British Page scented serious trouble. “We are in deep water with this government,” he groaned. “They made the mistake of putting themselves legally wrong by the Order in Council of March 11, and the cotton men and the meat men are being stirred up (being already angry) to keep our State Department active. I fear this government will have to put cotton on the contraband list. The agitation for it has become almost irresistible.”

Impressed by Page's jeremiad, House advised the English to throw some of the onus for their high-handed seizures upon the French. The Colonel would hardly have fathered such an idea if he had not considered the situation desperate.

Snubbed on every side, however politely, House nevertheless urged Wilson not to press Great Britain too hard. When England, still extending her contraband list, waged war against American cotton, he insisted that a break with the Allies must be avoided.

“In no event,” the Colonel wrote, “should we take a course that will seriously endanger our friendly relations with Great Britain, France, or Russia, for . . . our friendship with Germany is a matter of the past.” Still mindful of Madison, Wilson agreed. But his patience was worn to a frazzle.

In this crisis any false step might be fatal. House, unable to endure the summers of Washington, could not come to Wilson. Wilson did not dare to join House, because he feared to create the impression that he was not finding Bryan's successor, Lansing, satisfactory. He asked House to talk freely to Lansing.

NOTHING illuminates more vividly the complete control of our foreign relations by the duumvirate. The Secretary of State was compelled to go to Colonel House for instructions and information!

After a long talk with House, Lansing wrote another note to Page. Page saw Sir Edward. The Foreign Secretary, as usual, comprehended the gravity of the situation and, as usual, took no action. To open trade to Germany or to the neutral countries about her would practically, he asserted, remove the economic pressure upon Germany and therefore prolong the war.

“Did Wilson accept this argument?” I asked House.

“He admitted that it was true, but insisted that it did not satisfy the American government. ‘How far,’ he asked me, ‘do you think they will yield?’ He was determined to press for the utmost without seeming unreasonable.”

Even in private correspondence Wilson dared not express the thought in his mind. Incredible as it may seem today, in July, 1915, hardly ten weeks after the sinking of the Lusitania, he trembled at the thought of “war with Great Britain.”

Late in 1915 more trouble brewed. England decided to arm her merchantmen. This made impossible the search of a merchantman by a submarine, upon which Mr. Wilson insisted. The Senate and the country were aroused against England.

House formally presented the American argument to Lord Reading. Lord Reading listened politely. But England continued to arm her merchantmen. House counseled Wilson that it was “inadvisable” to insist upon the American contention. His advice prevailed. Once more he had prevented a serious clash between England and the United States.

Poor Wilson was torn by conflicting emotions. Two souls dwelt in his

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Regains sparkling eyes,
velvet cheeks,
thanks to DR. EDWARDS

INSTEAD of rouge and powder, many women need internal cleansing. That is why you should know about Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets. A safe, efficient substitute for calomel, much easier to take. They gently regulate the liver and intestines, help nature clear the way for a lovely skin and the alluring glow of health.

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It peels off aged skin in fine particles until all defects such as pimples, liver spots, tan and freckles disappear. Skin is then soft, clear, velvety and face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out your hidden beauty. **To remove wrinkles quickly** dissolve one ounce Powdered Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel and use daily. At all drug stores.

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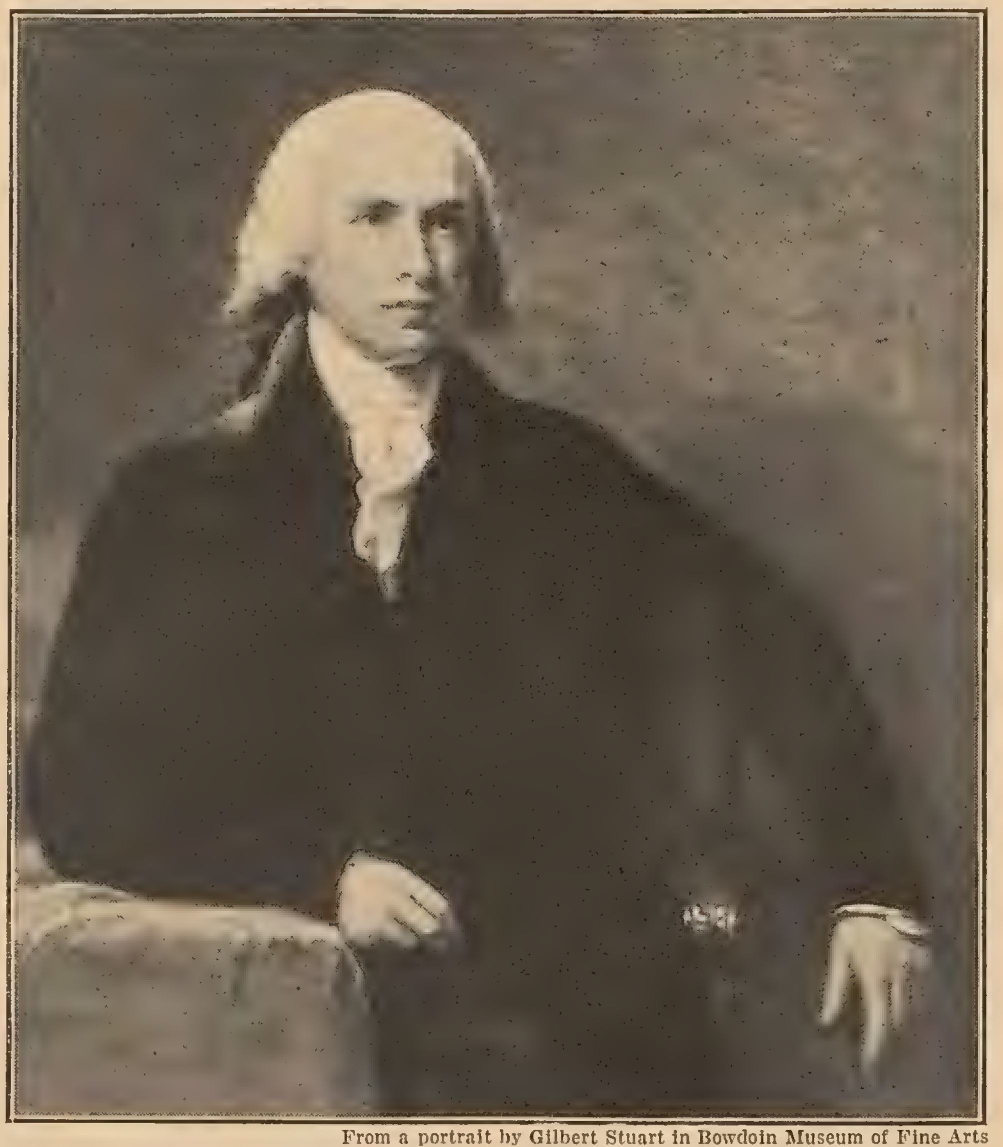
WERE WE ON THE VERGE OF WAR WITH ENGLAND IN 1916?
Continued from page forty-one

bosom. War with England, war with Germany, were the horns of his dilemma. He tried to escape from both by mediating between England and Germany. Every now and then his British ancestry stirred his blood. He surprised House by his vacillations and contradictions.

To the annoyance of House, both Sir Cecil Spring-Rice and the French ambassador, M. Jusserand, still reiterated in their reports home that the President was "pro-German." Colonel House lost his temper only once throughout the World War. It was Spring-Rice who furnished the provocation. "The ambassador," House reveals, "started to talk in a very disagreeable way about the United States."

"I presume," declaimed Sir Cecil, "that the record will stand forever: when the laws of God and man are violated there is no protest from the United States; but when your oil and copper shipments are interfered with, you protest most vigorously."

House pointed out the number of protests sent to Germany. Sir Cecil, ignoring the Colonel's argument, lost his head completely. "No matter," he shouted, "how low our fortunes run, we will go to war before we will admit the principle of blockade as your government wishes to interpret it! If we acquiesced, it would be all to the advantage of Germany, whom you seem to favor."



From a portrait by Gilbert Stuart in Bowdoin Museum of Fine Arts

James Madison, during whose Presidency the United States, as a long-suffering neutral, was in much the same situation that arose during Wilson's. In Madison's time the outcome was war with England, the War of 1812.

"Why not submit the controversy to arbitration?" suggested House.

This infuriated the ambassador. "At one time," he fumed, "this country was composed of pure rock. But now it is composed of mud, sand, and some rock; and no one can predict how it will shift or in what direction."

Sir Cecil's loquacity increased. House grew more and more taciturn. When the ambassador subsided, Bernstorff's name escaped from the Colonel's tongue.

"I would be glad," Sir Cecil bellowed, "if you would not mention Bernstorff's name in my presence again! I do not want to talk to anyone who has just come from talking to him or to Germans. At this moment I do not know how many of my relatives have been killed in England by the raid of the German Zeppelins last night."

THIS was pretty strong language for an ambassador to address to the President's "other self." The vein in the Colonel's forehead stood out. His hands shook a little.

"I regard your remark as an insult and I will not permit you to say such things to me. You represent neither your chief nor your government. Your views are not their views. I know of no official anywhere who serves his country so badly as you."

"In that case," Spring-Rice replied, "I had better relinquish my post and go home."

"Use your own discretion. As far as I am concerned, I do not intend to have any further discussions with you."

Crestfallen, Spring-Rice humbly asked the Colonel's forgiveness. If such a thing had happened between House and Bernstorff, there is no question that the German ambassador would have been instantly recalled. Sir Cecil stayed. Sir Edward Grey, alarmed by his reports, complained: "It looks as if the United States might now strike the weapon of sea power out of our hands and thereby insure a German victory."

House took Grey's letter to Wilson. He spoke strongly in favor of a "positive" policy, which he outlined. It meant American intervention. The Colonel embarked for England, with Wilson's blessings, to present his idea, which assumed the shape of the gentleman's agreement, to Sir Edward Grey.

V

"POOR boobs!"

This is what Wilson called the English in a letter to Colonel House. Hardly four months after he had formally approved of the agreement, President Wilson was exceedingly wroth with Great Britain. His notes to London were meticulously polite. But in his confidential communications to Colonel House the President did not conceal his indignation.

He was now on the point of demanding from Congress retaliatory powers against the British blockade of neutral commerce. He wrote House that Frank L. Polk, legal adviser of the State Department, had intimated as much to Spring-Rice, and had perceived that the British government was not a little disturbed—"and surprised, poor boobs!" This letter is dated July 27, 1916.

The German government having backed down in the submarine question, the various controversies with Great Britain clamored for Wilson's attention.

The gentleman's agreement nearly precipitated a conflict. The obstinate refusal of the British government to avail itself of Wilson's offer irritated the President. It increased his suspicion of the selfishness of the Allies.

Sir Edward Grey very cleverly assured House that he could not take up the American offer with the French unless they first raised the topic. The French, acting no doubt in consonance with another gentleman's agreement, were careful not to permit the slightest whisper on the subject to escape their lips. At a great Allied conference the opportunity for bringing America into the war was passed over in silence. "Perhaps," Seymour says, "they hoped the German submarines would drive the United States into the war without conditions."

By the middle of 1916, when the forthcoming Presidential election began to loom large in the public mind, the correspondence with London became exceedingly acrid.

"What change," I asked Colonel House, "had come over Woodrow Wilson?"

"Woodrow Wilson," House replied, "felt that America had come to the turn in the road. The German question was no longer acute. We must now, he wrote to me, get down to hard pan with the Allies."

"What did Wilson propose?" I asked.

"Wilson felt that the United States must make a decided move for peace on a permanent basis. Failing in this, she must insist to the limit upon the recognition of her neutral rights. He was determined to defend the Freedom of the Seas with the same blunt speaking, the same indomitable firmness, with which he had maintained our rights against von Tirpitz. This is the vein in which he talked and wrote to me. He felt that our choice must be made at once. 'Which,' he asked, 'does Great Britain prefer? She cannot escape both. Inaction is no longer possible.'"

"How did the plan Wilson urged differ from the peace accepted in Versailles?"

"The settlement he proposed in no way involved the United States in the territorial adjustment between the belligerents. Mr. Wilson, then as later, refused any material advantage for ourselves. We were, he considered, in no sense a party to their quarrels. In this I did not agree with the Governor. But I entirely agreed with him when he said that our primary interest was to secure permanent peace, based upon a universal alliance assuring the Freedom of the Seas and outlawing all wars begun in violation of treaty rights and without preliminary warning. He included in his program the idea that had been promulgated by Bryan of a 'cooling-off period' before the sword should be unsheathed. He proposed a new world resting upon mutual guaranties of political independence and territorial integrity. 'It is imperative,' Wilson impressed upon me, 'that Sir Edward Grey should understand all this. The crisis cannot be postponed.'"

House immediately prepared a cable embodying the President's suggestions. Unfortunately, he weakened Wilson's idea by embodying in his cable the statement that he did not insist upon an *immediate* peace conference. This robbed the note of its effectiveness. It was no longer an ultimatum.

"Did Mr. Wilson approve of your message?" I asked.

HOUSE smiled. "He called it 'admirable' and said there was nothing which he could add or wished to take away. The English, he insisted, had been 'blindly stupid' in the policy they had pursued on the seas. Now they must take the consequences. He doubted that they would be either able or willing to be even-handed with us in the trade rivalry which must follow the war."

© Harris & Ewing

President Wilson and his Cabinet in the summer of 1916. Lower row, left to right: Secretaries Redfield, Lansing, and Houston; the President; Secretaries McAdoo and Burleson. Upper row: Secretaries Daniels, W. B. Wilson, Baker, Gregory, and Lane.

Wilson meant business. Determined to speak his mind before the League to Enforce Peace, the President swept aside the duumvir's contention that the European nations would not consider the establishment of an international tribunal at this time.

House argued and cajoled to secure the adhesion of the Allies to Wilson's plan.

"You see," he remarked to me, thumbing his Intimate Papers, "I did all that was possible. In a note written on the same day on which the President made his speech [before the League] I called Sir Edward's attention to the statement of the German Chancellor that Germany would make peace on the basis of the map. 'This,' I suggested, 'cannot mean anything except a victorious peace for Germany. If England and France, under our invitation, should go into a peace conference now, it would probably lead either to Germany's abandonment of this position or war with us.'"

"And what," I asked, "did Sir Edward reply?"

"He said that he could not act without the consent of France. 'No Englishman,' he wrote to me, 'would at this moment say to France, after Poincaré's and Briand's speeches, "Hasn't the time come to make peace?"' He suggested that we should negotiate directly with France in order to impress the French government with our good faith. I sought out Jusserand. But the French ambassador pooh-poohed any suggestion of peace. The Allies, as well as the Germans, underestimated our strength. And in Allied closets rattled the skeletons of their secret treaties."

VI

THE campaign of 1916 unleashed storms of hysteria. The slogan "He kept us out of war" enraged the Allies.

It almost seemed as if the Allies were bent upon forcing a break. In the very midst of the campaign England issued a black list of American firms with whom English subjects were forbidden to trade. British steamships and British merchants were compelled to boycott the firms thus proscribed. Neutral lines accepting freight from the suspects were denied bunker coal in British ports. Intimidated, neutral bankers denied loans to the blacklisted firms. The British government used the black list to club American merchants into submission. Practically no ship could leave an American port without a release from the British consul.

The country rumbled angrily. But no one was angrier than Wilson. The black list, he exclaimed, was the last straw; he was at the end of his patience with the Allies! He did not say this in public; he confided it in private to Colonel House. The President and Polk had Spring-Rice and Jusserand on the carpet. Both, Wilson wrote to House, considered the black list "a stupid blunder."

Wilson, like Madison in the same quandary, seriously considered the advisability of legislative action to restrict exportations. The measure he contemplated included the proscription of loans. He was compounding a very sharp note with Polk. He might feel obliged to make it as "sharp and final" as the one to Germany on the submarines. What, he asked, was House's judgment? Could we any longer endure "their intolerable course"?

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

WERE WE ON THE VERGE OF WAR WITH ENGLAND IN 1916?
Continued from page forty-three

To House the Allied action seemed a criminal folly. But considering war with England even more foolish and more criminal, he once more thrust himself into the breach. He advised Wilson to let Jusserand and Spring-Rice inform their governments of the contemplated embargo unless the Allies immediately toed the mark. This was in the last week of July. By August no reply was forthcoming, and House reluctantly admitted that "a club" might be needed. The following month Congress granted the President drastic retaliatory powers and voted prodigious naval appropriations. The contemplated program would wrest the trident from Great Britain. It would make America the second, maybe the first, naval power. Like Madison before him, Wilson was now in the mood to assert our rights on the high seas by force.

House saw the whole structure of Anglo-American coöperation tumbling. He pleaded with Wilson and enlarged upon the peril of disputing with Great Britain the mastery of the seas. Wilson seemed indifferent. Unmoved by the arguments of the duumvir, he was prepared to face the consequences. Never since 1812 had the United States been closer to war with Great Britain!

HOUSE did not conceal his fears from Woodrow Wilson. "Our only difference with Great Britain now is that the United States is undertaking to build a great navy. We are rapidly taking the position Germany occupied before the war. No one in England would probably admit it, but the growing irritation against us is underneath."

"Then," said Wilson, "let us build a navy bigger than hers and do what we please."

House noted this reply in his diary.

England, beset by trouble in Ireland, refused to budge from her position. She had learned nothing and forgotten nothing since 1812. The ruthless suppression of the Irish Easter Rebellion provoked resentment in the United States. Resolutions expressing sympathy with the Irish were adopted in the United States Senate. The United States government seriously contemplated a convoy of warships for American merchantmen through long lanes on the ocean grimly guarded by British dreadnoughts and British cruisers. That would mean either the instant collapse of the blockade upon which the Allies staked their hope of victory—or war.

While Wilson was almost exploding with indignation, the pro-Germans throughout the country looked upon him as the supine tool of the Allies, smirkingly consenting to every violation of American rights.

Spring-Rice added fuel to the general conflagration by intimating in London that the United States was spoiling for a row.

To add diversity to our difficulties, the German submarine U-53 sank, off our coast, six vessels laden with contraband for the Allies.

All England was in turmoil over the matter. Lord Grey threatened reprisal. "If," he told Page, "a German submarine be allowed by the American government to sink neutral ships so near to American waters, the British Prime Minister will push the British government to search neutral ships for contraband in the same waters."

The U-53 conformed scrupulously to international law, but Captain Guy Gaunt was beside himself. House reported his remarks to the President, who replied: "If our relations with England should be imperiled, as Captain Guy Gaunt seems to think possible, it would only be another illustration of how difficult it is to be friendly with Great Britain without doing whatever she wants us to do."

Once more the ghost of Madison walked through the White House.

WILSON'S reëlection in November, 1916, aggravated the tension between England and the United States. In spite of the insulting attitude of the Allies, Wilson still attempted to hold an even keel between the two hostile groups. For there were rumblings that Germany might resume unrestricted submarine warfare. Madison felt that he had ample cause to break simultaneously with England and France. Wilson had equal cause to break with both England and Germany. It is futile to speculate on what would have happened if the President had sent both Spring-Rice and Bernstorff packing.

At this point cleavage between the duumvirs becomes clearly visible. Wilson wanted to force peace and was willing to go to war (if need be) with Great Britain. House also wanted peace, but a peace imposed upon Germany by a victorious if chastened England. He believed that the quickest way to achieve this end would be to go to war on the side of the Allies.

On January 21 Mr. Wilson made one of the finest speeches of his career on "peace without victory." This austere utterance induced Allied hysterics. Like another and greater prophet who wanted to bring peace to the world, Wilson was reviled and rejected. On January 31 Germany announced the withdrawal of her submarine pledge, and so America went to war with Germany instead of Great Britain. Poor Wilson, like Madison, was forced to make his choice between the devil and the deep, deep sea. In his chat with House, two months after the war began, Wilson expressed the opinion that President Madison went in on the wrong side. He strove with all his might not to repeat the error of his predecessor. History may decide that Wilson made the same mistake as Madison.

Revelations concerning amazing developments that would have followed had Hughes been elected President, and concerning the selection of Pershing to command the A. E. F., will be made in next week's installment of this series.

DETECTOGRAMS

By H. A. Ripley

PROFESSOR STIGGINS is head of the department of criminology at a famous university. As assistant to the police in particularly puzzling cases, he has earned a reputation as a master of deduction and "alibi buster." These little problems, taken from his case book, contain every clue necessary for solution, and there is only one possible answer to each.

No. 3—An Easy Combination

"I WAS working late, preparing an advertising campaign," said Fellows. "About ten fifteen I heard the outer office door click. Being unarmed, I hurriedly turned out the lights in my office and waited breathlessly, as there was a large sum of money in the safe. I knew my chances of attracting attention from the tenth floor were small, so reaching for the phone I hastily dialed headquarters and told them in a low voice to send help immediately. Then, creeping noiselessly to the open safe, I gently shut the door, twirled the combination, and crawled behind that big old-fashioned desk.

"In a few minutes the robber entered my office, flashed his light over the place, and went to the safe. He had it open in about two minutes, took the money, and left. That's all I know about it."

"What time is it now, Mr. Fellows?" inquired Professor Stiggins.

"Why, I haven't a watch."

"How, then, did you know it was about ten fifteen when you heard the door click?"

"I had gone for a sandwich and I left the restaurant next door at ten five. I had been back about five minutes," replied Fellows.

"You say the burglar was masked," continued the professor. "How did you know that?"

"As he put down his light to open the safe, I could see the mask," returned Fellows belligerently.

"Very interesting, Fellows," smiled the professor, "but you'll have to be a better liar than that to fool me."

WHERE DID THE PROFESSOR DETECT THE LIE?

The solution will be found on page 62

Diana's Diary

The Inside Story of Two Blondes and a Bank Roll

Words and Pictures by

BERT GREEN

(Reading time: 8 minutes 6 seconds.)

MONDAY: Had lunch with Mr. Turner today—saved forty-five cents. He's a perfume salesman. He took me to a snooty Speak called the Hot Foot Inn. Hot Zig! what a joint. But I didn't enjoy it much. It's just another one of those Speaks without a conscience. For twenty-five bucks they slipped me a chicken sandwich that would fit in your eye. The hideaway was all cluttered up with Yes and No executives and their office wives.

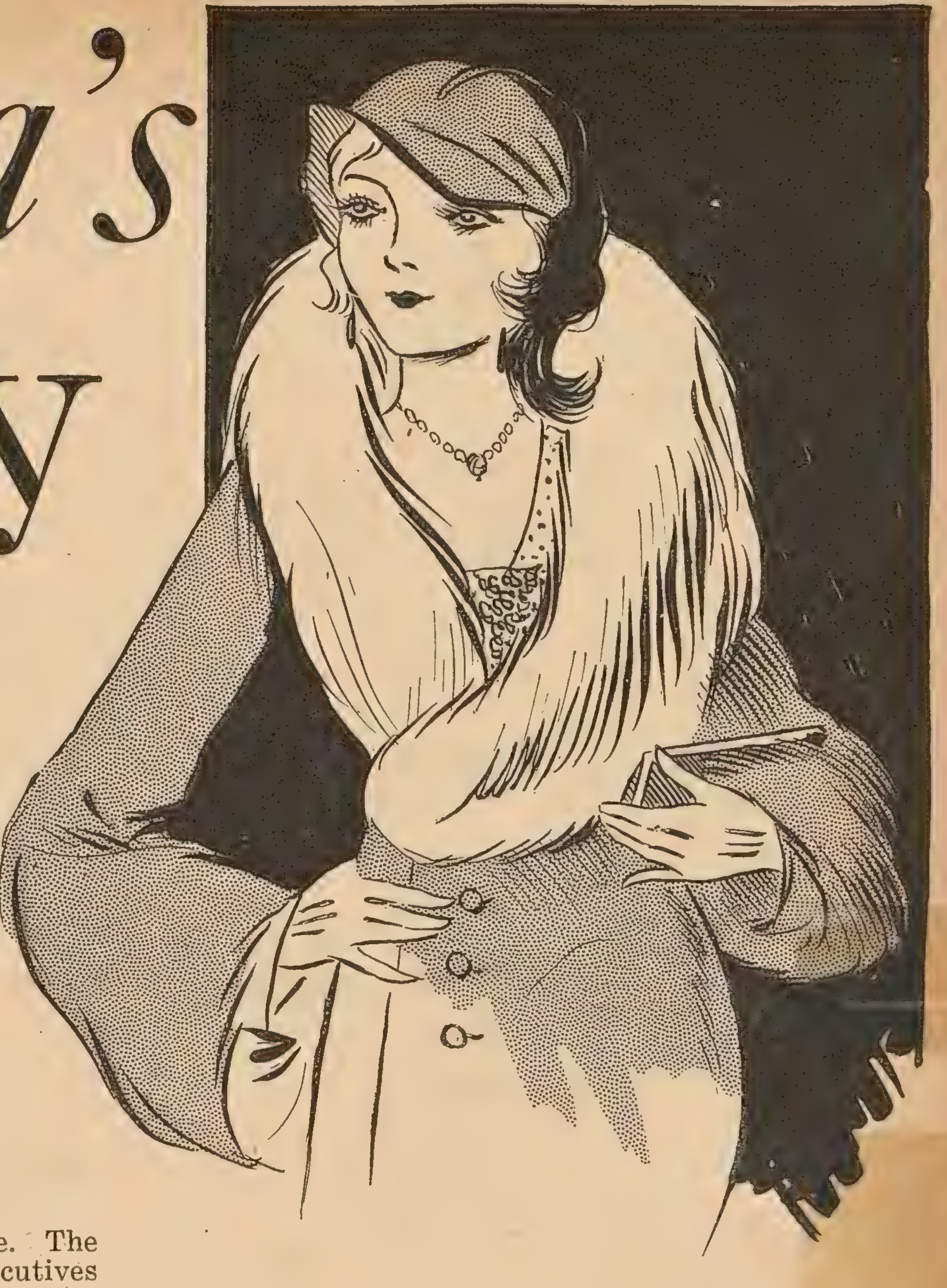
As soon as we were seated, Felix, the head waitor came over to our table and he was *so* polite. He said, "Why! how do you do Mr. Turner. That's the first lady I ever saw you with." I didn't know how to take that crack so I kept my trap shut. Mr. Turner's alright to kill a lunch with, but when he gets lushed, he's a perfect pest. When we left the joint, he tried to kiss me in the taxi cab. Gosh! a girl's got to nip these old guys in the bud these days.

Saw a good picture tonight with Mr. Wiseman, the batchelor that lives downstairs. Had a swell time—cried all through it. Well, good night Diary, I'm goin' to quilt myself down.

TUESDAY: Marion was up to see me tonight with her *new* boy friend, a *sailor*. She says he's a perfect peach. Gosh! he's some guy—young, good lookin' and *what eyes!* I'll bet he weighs two hundred an' ten pounds wringin' wet. Yes, an' all muscle too! Marion says he's trainin' to be a wrestler. He's been out in Oregon choppin' wood. Marion has a picture of him pullin' up trees with his bare hands. I don't know what a girl like Marion can see in a *sailor* because Marion loves to shop and a sailor never sees anything divine in things like that.

Marion makes me so depressed sometimes, I could yell. I told her she ought to get acquainted with a railroad president or an elderly gentleman who could take her to nice places where she could improve her mind but Marion only thinks of the Sailor.

WEDNESDAY: Gosh! that bootlegger, Mike Shea was in again today to get his pan fixed up. I had to put the clip an' file on him. He's gettin' to be a perfect pest. Gosh! a girl can't even go to the theatre with a guy eight or ten times these days without him thinkin' he owns her. They either get fresh or want to drag you to the alter. My Gawd! I had a terrible time with him.



Diana McCoy, manicurist, a de luxe edition of Joan Bennett, bound in silk. She keeps the frails in stitches and the boys broke.

THURSDAY: Well, I no more than got into the barbershop this morning, than here's what greeted me. F'eaven sake! this goof's drivin' me wild.

SPECIAL DELIVERY

Aberdaba Hotel, New York City.

MISS DIANA MCCOY
Arcade Barbershop, New York.
DEAR DIANA,

Ever since I saw you yesterday, I've been nearly craz Gosh! I wish you knew how I love you Diana? I suppose got no rite tellin you this just because we been to the theatr a coupla times but I can't help it. You know, I've been keepin somethin from you. I wanted to tell you before but I didn't want to crack until I was sure. Well, heres the dope.

It all started three months ago when I first met you. I figured, if I could get a break in another racket an make myself some dough, maybe you'd marry me? So I spoke to a pal of mine. He told me to grab a rassler an train him, so that night as I was sittin in a lunch wagon puttin the egg on, who did I see behind the counter but a big powerful Greek. Oh, whata man! Well, thinks I to myself, *theres a gold mine!* If I can only train that bozo for the mat, I'll get a big rep an *then maybe Diana will marry me?* Anyway, this particular bozo was very busy bathin cutlery an givin cups an saucers the rub down so I gets his ear an spills him the works about the big future. Oh, an did he go? He fell like a load of broken dishes.

The next day, after I had his moniker on the fractured line, I hired a joint near the waterfront an began trainin this box-office attraction to knock em dead.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-FIVE]

In two months time, he turned out to be a regular hell raisin, bone bustin brute.

He got so the sports writers were followin him around. Later on, me an the scribes cooked up a scheme to have my Greek, Moisha Poppinshil, meet the Worlds Champ, the Terrible Turk.

Well dearie, when my big foreigner walked in the ring an began spreadin his chest, there was nothin to it but curtains. What he did to the Worlds Champ was a shame for the publics bankroll. Honest Diana, this big dish bather of mine became the Worlds Champ over night, an *now—I'm rich!* I want you. I'll do anything! I wanna marry you? I'll slough the bootleggin rackit for good. Please say the word, won't you?

Yours always
MIKE SHEA.

P. S. Please don't think about Marg. We been fightin ever since we got married. She's goin to Reno with a snapshot hero from Hollywood. If he marries her, he better build a house an call it the Western Front.

Well, when I got home an' read Mr. Shea's letter to Marion, she *howled!* Finally, she said, "Why! you big sil', he's just the person we've been looking for. He's made to order. All we have to do is kid him into matchin' up *my boy friend* with *his Greek* and there'll be nothin' to it! Let's call up our friend, Teddy Brown, the sporting editor on the Morning Tab, an' he'll give us all the dope." So after speakin' to Mr. Brown, Marion an' I got our heads together an' wrote a lovely letter to Mr. Shea. Here's the copy.

MR. MIKE SHEA
Hotel Aberdaba, New York City.
DEAR MR. SHEA:

I was tellin' my girl friend, Marion Lane all about you an' what a wonderful success you've made of the wrestlin' business. You see Marion is quite smitten over a young sailor. Yes, he's been trainin' to be a big wrestler too. He hopes to be champ some day so Marion an' I thought that maybe if I *spoke to you*, you'd be dear enough to do somethin' for him, bein' a big Wrestlin' Promotor like you are. Then maybe, they could get married?

My friend, Mr. Teddy Brown, the sporting editor on the Morning Tab, says the sailor is a comer an' if we girls could arrange to have you, the sailor an' Mr. Brown meet each other, he would give us oodles of publicity in the papers. So Marion an' I thought that maybe you would like to come up to my apartment tomorrow night an' meet Marion's boy friend an' Mr. Brown. I think it will be fun, don't you?

Please let me know but don't phone the barbershop because when the phone rings, the boss gets wild. He's very nervous.

Sincerely, DIANA.

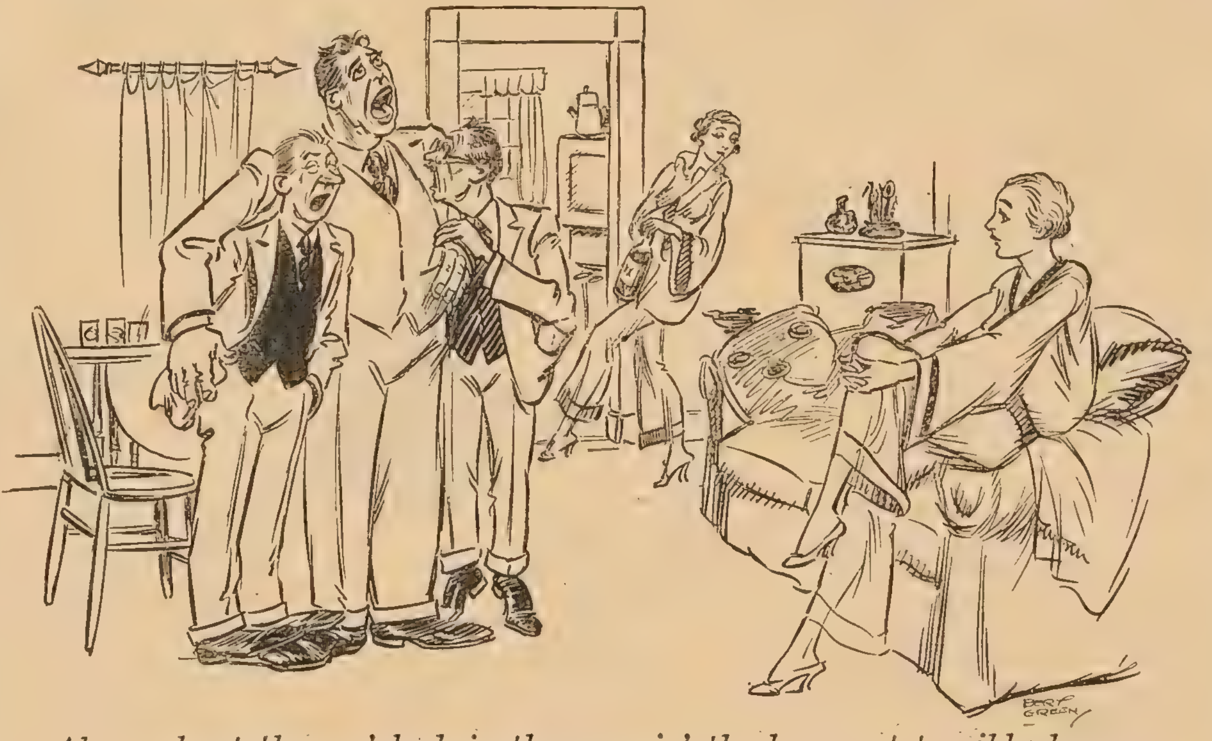
By the time we got through writin' an' mailin' that letter, Marion an' I were just dead. Let's see tomorrow's Friday? That's Mr. Zoty's day for a manicure. I'd better lay out my lavender dress. He loves to see me in lavender. He says it just matches my eyes.

FRIDAY (morning): When I reached the shop this mornin' the gang started to kid me about my lavender dress. They said it must be Friday! Anyway, when Mr. Zoty came in at 10:30 he said, "Well, how's my little lavender sweetheart this morning?" He's a great kidder, Mr. Zoty is. He knows all the answers. Well, after I fixed his nails, he gave me five bucks an' told me to keep the change. I guess after all, it wasn't a waste of time wearin' that lavender dress.

As soon as he left, this walked in.

WESTERN UNION
DL—31 NEW YORK N. Y. 12
DIANA MCCOY
ARCADE BARBER SHOP
WILL BE THERE WITH BELLS ON STOP WHAT SHALL EYE BRING STOP LOVE MIKE SHEA

Well, as soon as I read the wire, I went next door to the drug store an' called up Marion. She was thrilled pink.



Along about three o'clock in the mornin' the boys got terribly happy.

SATURDAY: Oh, I'm sunk this morning. We had the party an' the place is a perfect mess — empty glasses an' butts laying all over. Well, Mr. Shea met Marion's boy friend, the sailor and the sailor showed Mr. Shea all his newspaper articles but Mr. Shea wasn't so impressed. But after awhile Mr. Brown, the sporting editor began fillin' Mr. Shea's glass with highballs an' that seemed to loosen him up quite a bit. Along about one o'clock, Mr. Shea began to feel his drinks an' get very jealous. He said, "Why! that young punk couldn't throw my champ in a million years!" So Mr. Brown took another drink an' said, "Say, listen you, this kid has stopped 'em all! He'll *kill* that Greek inside of ten seconds!"

Oh! the way they began hollerin' was somethin' terrible. Finally, Marion butted in an' told the boys that they would have to keep quiet as the landlord threatened to throw Diana out because she hadn't paid the rent. So Mr. Shea felt very bad an' quieted down.

After awhile, he went over to Marion an' slipped Marion $50 an' told her to pay my rent as he couldn't bear to see me worried.

Along about three o'clock in the mornin' the boys got terribly happy.

They had their arms around each other an' Mr. Shea promised to arrange the match between the Greek an' Marion's sailor for the championship. So Mr. Brown said he'd get all the newspaper boys to give them plenty of write-ups.

SUNDAY (3:30 P. M.): Gosh, we sure were sunk this mornin'. Marion an' I slept all day. It's an awful strain on a girl to sit around with men so late when she has to be so careful of her English. Especially, with Mr. Brown who writes sports for the Morning Tab. By the way, he phoned early this mornin' and told I an' Marion to buy all the newspapers an' read the sporting news. So we sent the elevator boy down an' got them all.

Well, us girls went back to bed an' just laid around all Sunday reading the newspapers. Gosh! when we read all the stuff, we were just too thrilled for words. Mr. Shea was so delighted with the stories that he called up to thank Marion an' I, so we let him take us to dinner. Marion an' I have had a hectic week but everybody's happy an' we are all looking forward to next week to see what Mr. Shea's wrestler is going to do to Marion's boy friend.

Good night Diary, I'm exhausted.

Further adventures of Diana will appear in an early issue.

Gentleman Jim—the Heavyweight Phantom

The Ring, Inc., photo

"Built like a stag," and as fleet: Jim Corbett in 1892, the year in which he dethroned John L. Sullivan at New Orleans.

Ringside Recollections of the Triumphs of Corbett, Fastest of all the Champions

By

WILLIAM INGLIS

(Reading time: 20 minutes 45 seconds.)

WHEN we saw Jim Corbett box three rounds with Mike Donovan at Mike's benefit in 1890, every man in the hall marveled at his speed. No one had ever seen anything to compare with it. Mike, as teacher in the New York Athletic Club, was boxing every day, and he moved so fast with us that few could lay a glove on him. Corbett, in his twenty-fourth year, had come from San Francisco looking for glory. His ready smile and delightful manner won friends on all sides.

"Jimmy's a wonder, Bill," Mike told me later. "He wants to fight the Big Fellow, and, by golly, I believe he has a chance! If I can't hit him, how can Sullivan tou him? All he needs is to keep his nerve."

The youngster kept his nerve all right, for a year la he battled the great Peter Jackson to a draw in S Francisco in sixty thrilling rounds, Queensberry Rules, with gloves.

How had he developed the dazzling speed that puzzled the best men in the game? To begin with, he had the physical conformation of a stag or a race horse: long, slim, exquisitely proportioned legs supporting a wedge-shaped body that tapered from broad and muscular shoulders to a slender waist. But that was only a beginning.

"I was always a good runner," Corbett replied when I questioned him, "and from the time I began to box I made up my mind that footwork was half the game. If I could always keep away where the other fellow couldn't hit me, and jump in and hit him when he did not expect it, it was only a question of how long he could last in front of me.

"So I ran every day—distance to give endurance, and sprints for speed. I skipped the rope a great deal, too, so that I could move about on tiptoe for hours without getting tired. Then, in boxing, I never made a move without knowing exactly the angle at which I moved and how far each step took me. You might say I learned how to think with my feet."

Of all Corbett's successors few have given time and thought to such essential preparation. Tunney is the only one who has taken it seriously.

From the time Corbett left high school to work in the

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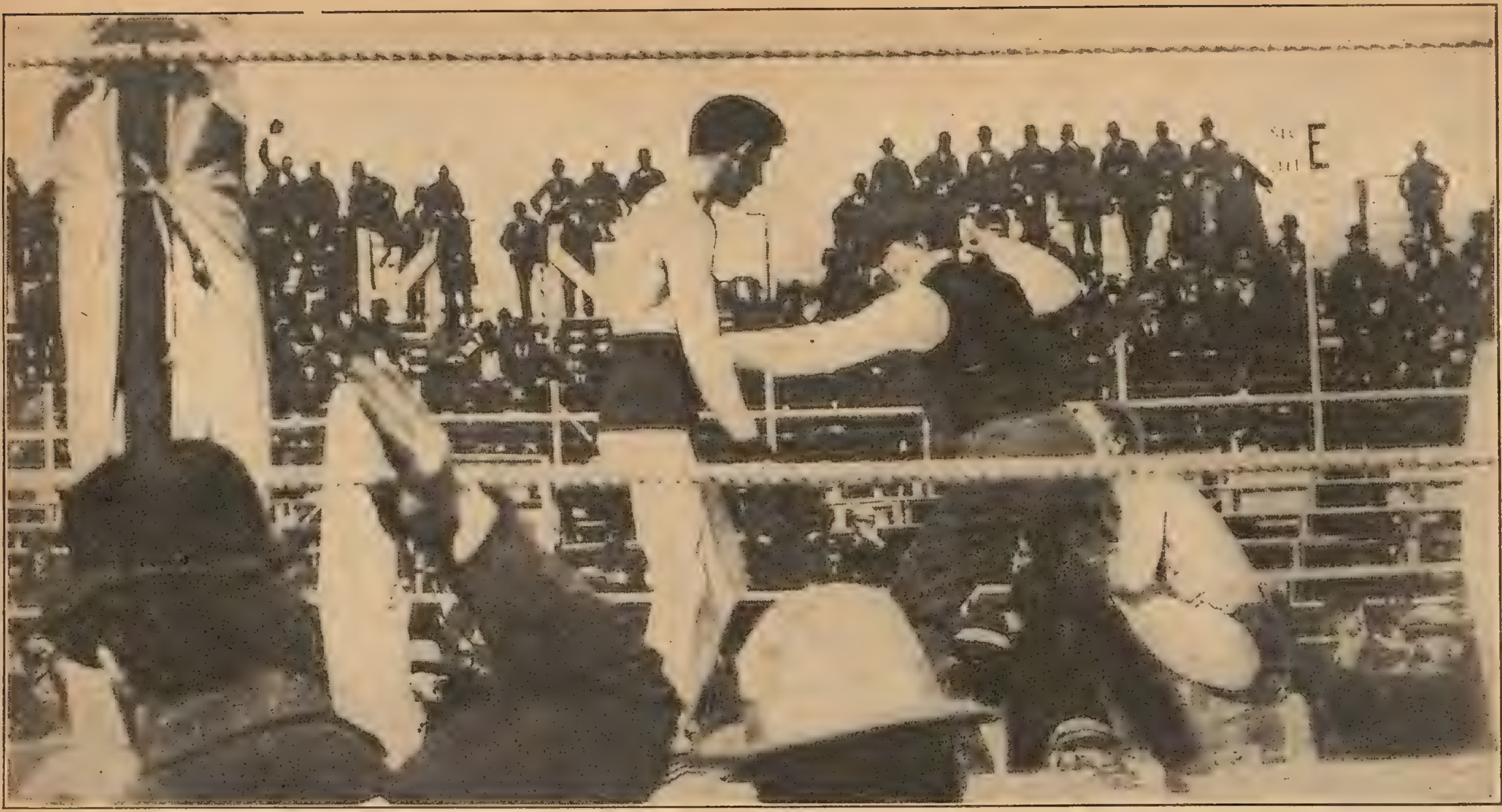

The Ring, Inc., photo

Here is a crucial moment in ring history. It came in the sixth round of the Corbett-Fitzsimmons fight at Carson City. As Referee Siler's left hand motioned Corbett to keep back, his right started a count over Fitz, who had already been down on one knee for some seconds but had been saving himself by clinging to Corbett's leg. The champion had not dared to shake him off, or Siler to start counting sooner, for fear of a gun play. "The 'long count' at Chicago was trivial compared with this," says Mr. Inglis, who saw both from the ringsides.

GENTLEMAN JIM—THE HEAVYWEIGHT PHANTOM
Continued from page forty-seven

Bank of Nevada, he was a member of the Olympic Athletic Club in his native San Francisco. Amateur boxing fame meant nothing to him; he was out for glory and dollars. Before he was twenty he had knocked out such big men as Duncan McDonald, Captain Daly, and the world-renowned William Miller, who had boxed and wrestled around the globe.

On his wedding trip he found himself short of money at Salt Lake City. All he needed to do was to telegraph home for cash, but he was too proud. He called on the manager of the variety theater.

"You pick out the three best big men in town," he proposed. "Bill them to meet the California Wonder [illegible] Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday nights. If I don't knock them all out, you needn't give me a cent. If I out them all, I get five hundred dollars."

When the three big fellows had a look at Corbett, saw his smooth-shaven face, saw how very well dressed he was and how slim he seemed in his clothes, they guffawed. But when they faced him in the ring, he danced and laughed around them, pausing occasionally to deliver a jarring punch that weakened them. He laid out the three punctually, collected his five hundred, and went on his way rejoicing.

BACK home, Joe Choynski, a neighbor who had been his rival since school days, challenged him. Joe was not so tall as Jim and he was six or eight pounds lighter, but he could go fast and hit hard and he was game. They fought four fast rounds before the police stopped them and had them bound to keep the peace, and a few weeks later they met on a barge with skin-tight gloves. Twenty-eight rounds it lasted before Corbett landed the winning punch. It was the hardest fight he ever had up to the last battle with the giant Jeffries.

Corbett toured the Pacific coast cities giving exhibitions, and found a tough customer in big Dave Campbell of Portland, Oregon, who stayed ten rounds to a draw. Then he heard that Jake Kilrain, fully recovered from his long battle with Sullivan, was still in New Orleans and willing to meet any good man.

He made up his mind to "go and get Jake." On paper that does not look half so bold as it was. But imagine some stripling coming on from the coast today, without agent or manager, to make a match with Jack Sharkey, who is about as near to the championship now as Kilrain was then!

Of course he got him.

"I beat Kilrain easily enough, just as I expected," he told me later. "He couldn't touch me. No one has ever bled my nose or marked my face, and no one ever will."

THAT was true then, and it remained true all through Corbett's career. But he paid a high price for his safety. He was so intent on escaping a counterblow that whenever he struck he had already started to dodge away before his punch hit its mark; therefore it lacked full force. This was Corbett's only defect in the ring.

It was no lack of heart that made him so shifty; for he had the courage of a lion. It was his pride—possibly a touch of vanity—that made him so careful to keep from being marked.

Of his victory over Sullivan I have already told in Liberty. After winning the championship he toured the country with several plays, in which his keen intelligence and graceful carriage brought crowds to the theaters, though thousands hated him for beating the beloved Sullivan. No one challenged him until Charley Mitchell, now a little shopworn but as full of fight and bluster as ever, came over from England and demanded battle. They were matched to meet at Coney Island, but there was so much public clamor that the police prevented it.

Mitchell met Corbett on the Bowery, accused him of starting the protests that had stopped the fight, abused him in words that cannot be hinted at here, and, when Corbett resented the abuse, kicked him in the groin and ran away.

Evenings after the theater, with his father-in-law, Pony Moore, Mitchell would entertain his friends in the Hoffman House café by telling them what he would do to "Miss Corbett" if he ever got him into the ring—all in his rawest Billingsgate. Brady telephoned me one evening, and I joined him and Corbett as they waited in the Bartholdi Hotel. They had scouts trailing Mitchell, so that as soon as he settled down to his program Corbett would happen in at the Hoffman House and give him a licking he'd never forget—and I'd have an exclusive story for the Herald. But someone must have warned Mitchell, for after the theater he went straight to bed in his hotel farther up Broadway.

Having fasted so that he could hit Mitchell with everything he had, Corbett remarked as we strolled up Broadway that he believed he'd better have a light bite before going to bed. So we went into the Arena on Thirty-first Street. While Brady and I had Welsh rabbits, Jim ate the following light bite: two dozen oysters on the half shell, six broiled lamb chops with a big platterful of French-fried potatoes, half a dozen soft-boiled eggs, which he mixed in a large bowl with a crumbled loaf of bread and butter, washed down with two pots of tea. There was only one flaw in the program—Jim made us take champagne with our rabbits instead of the ale we craved. You never cross a champion.

Mitchell returned to America in the winter of 1893, and boasted of what he would do to Corbett if he could only catch him in the ring. He believed that the champion was in poor health from dissipation, unable to defend his title. A group of Florida promoters formed a club and offered a purse for a finish fight, Queensberry Rules, with five-ounce gloves, at Jacksonville.

Brown Bros. photo

Jim Corbett with Jim Jeffries (right), from whom he twice failed to win back his title.

Corbett trained as hard as he had for the Sullivan fight—perhaps harder, for he wanted to make sure he would give Mitchell a lacing that would pay him for all his foul talk. Jim's brother, a baseball pitcher and fast middleweight, sparred with him for speed, and Dan Creedon, about Mitchell's size, was a handy target to hit down at and a rugged, willing fighter. Connie McVeigh, a 225-pound wrestler, was good at infighting and rough mauling in the clinches. The champion kept them all busy every day.

MITCHELL'S spies informed him that Corbett was not only as healthy as ever but in the very pink of condition. He eased off in his training, and someone started a tremendous publicity campaign to prevent the fight. A committee of self-styled best citizens begged the governor to stop it, and, when he refused, applied for an injunction. Suspecting that the Mitchell crowd was behind this agitation, Brady offered to slip over the line into Georgia and fight in a barn, accompanied only by the referee, seconds, and one reporter; but Mitchell refused.

It looked as if the fight was done for; but the court declined to interfere, the faithful fans breathed again, and visitors began to crowd into Jacksonville. Everybody was happy but Mitchell. He was resigned, though outwardly he was as cocky as ever.

On January 25, 1894, jaunty as a schoolboy on a holiday, he swaggered into the ring pitched on a platform in the Jacksonville fair grounds. You would have said that he had not a care in the world—though he knew to a certainty that within a few minutes he would be stretched cold on the floor. With all his faults, no one could help liking Mitchell for his gay courage.

The crowd roared its delight when the tall champion, Corbett, ran lightly up the steps and appeared in the ring. He would not look at Mitchell, who, perched on a chair in his corner, smirked at Jim mockingly and turned to joke with Bat Masterson about him.

Corbett's face was white with bitter wrath, but he preserved an appearance of calm. He stepped about briskly, trying the resiliency of the ring floor, testing the ropes. With that gloomy but relentless expression on his face, he seemed like a sheriff testing the gallows on which he was going to execute a condemned criminal. When the champion took his

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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A large bottle of Glostora costs but a trifle at any drug store.

Glostora
FOR THE HAIR

GENTLEMAN JIM—THE HEAVYWEIGHT PHANTOM

Continued from page forty-nine

corner, the announcer began, as usual, to introduce to the crowd a string of fighters who were present as onlookers. "Oh, cut out all that stuff, Bill!" Corbett called to Brady. "Come on; let's get this over with."

For two rounds he let Mitchell set the pace, studying him intently, making little effort to use his superior height and reach other than to block and hold him harmless, though he jolted him in the floating ribs now and then with a straight right to slow him down—the same blows that had robbed Sullivan of his strength. But Mitchell was no Sullivan. Three inches shorter than the champion, he skipped about like an impudent boy, trying to feint Jim into an opening, but getting nowhere.

In the third round Corbett shot a sudden left into the midriff that knocked Mitchell down, and stepped back to give him room to rise. Mitchell climbed halfway up and perched on his right knee. Then he began to operate on the boldest plan I ever saw to win a fight on a foul. He looked up at Corbett, winked at him, and spattered him with filthy insults. At the same moment he half rose, so that both knees were off the floor, but quickly sank down again, on the left knee this time.

INFURIATED by Mitchell's taunts, Corbett leaped at him with a right uppercut that barely grazed his jaw, and Mitchell's seconds yelled, "Foul!" Jack Dempsey (the Nonpareil) jumped in from Corbett's corner, cuffed Jim's cheek to rouse him out of his wild rage, and dragged him back. The referee very properly refused to allow a foul, having heard and seen the incident as I have told it here, and ordered the men to fight on.

Brown Bros. photos

The Jim Corbett of today with his wife at their home on Long Island.

Mitchell knew that his time had come, but he stepped in with a confident grin and started a left drive for the body. Corbett shot across his right in a counter on the jaw so swift and hard that Mitchell pitched forward and still slid after his face struck the floor. He was out—not only for ten seconds but for minutes. That evening his rowdy wit was as gay as ever, though he was refraining from jeers about Corbett. He treated the whole affair as a joke that had come off not quite as he expected, but a "good un" nevertheless.

All the way up the Atlantic coast crowds cheered Corbett at every stop of his train; but he refused to show himself and be a popular hero. "Oh, let them come to the theater," he said, "if they want to see me."

Sure enough, after his victory over Mitchell they came to the theater in droves. In Jim's mind the play was the thing. He lived to act, and regarded fighting as mere advertising. His ambition and enthusiasm for the stage, aided by William A. Brady's tuition, made him an excellent comedian. For two years he played in a series of successes.

Then Bob Fitzsimmons, who had easily won the middleweight championship and had knocked out such good big men as Joe Godfrey, Dan Creedon, and Peter Maher, challenged him.

It was annoying to have to leave the stage long enough to train, but Jim patiently made ready. Before they could pitch the ring at Hot Springs the governor of Arkansas called out the troops to shoo the fighters out of the state, and Corbett went back to his beloved stage. During this time he trained faithfully every day, running miles on the road and punching the bag. When Dan Stuart offered a purse for him and Fitzsimmons to battle at Carson City, Nevada, Corbett gladly took the engagement in order to dispose of Fitz and to get the advertising. He took a squad of trainers and sparring partners out to Carson City, and for six weeks went through such a hurricane of fast work that they all went to bed every night pretty well used up.

The Gentleman Jim of the stage of nearly twenty years ago, with Mary Pickford and, at the right, Donald Brian.

I arrived one morning, and lunched that day with Corbett and Brady. We talked, of course, of the fight.

"DON'T think for a moment that I hold Fitzsimmons cheap," Corbett told me. "He is foxy, and never more dangerous than when he seems all in. Maybe he has no more brains than a peanut, but in the ring he's a wizard."

"Then you won't out him in a hurry?" I said.

Corbett laughed. "The boys here are making pools on the fight," he said. "Each one writes on a slip of paper the number of the round I'll put Fitz out in, and the highest number so far is six. But I'm not going to bother about anything like that—just work on him till I get him right; then finish him. It won't be a picnic."

He had a keen nose for news. It nearly spoiled an exclusive story for me one day when I followed him to Empire, a little town where Dal Hawkins, a California boy, was training for one of the preliminary battles. When the champion left Dal's quarters to run five miles to Shaw's Springs, sports writers surrounded him, some mounted, some driving buggies. As I jogged my broncho beside Corbett, he grasped my stirrup, looked up, and inquired: "Why wouldn't it make a good story to run your horse against me and write about the champion's condition as he shows it in his running?"

"Sh-sh-sh!" I warned him. "That's what I'm doing. Don't queer it!"

He laughed and jogged on. No one else had thought of the idea. Bob Edgren was near us, but did not hear what we said or think of writing the story, and he and I ran our cow ponies all the way home with Corbett.

Corbett not only worked too hard in his training, but he worried because he feared that his wife would be distressed if by any chance he should lose. Brady telegraphed Mrs. Corbett to write Jim that she was not anxious, and when Corbett received the letter he felt surer than ever that she dreaded the worst. Brady telegraphed again, and she came to the training camp and stayed there, doing everything she could to reassure her husband; but those who were closest to him knew that he worried all the more. That worry was a heavy handicap to the proud champion. But there was no trace of it in his behavior when he met Fitzsimmons in the ring.

In the sixth round Fitzsimmons, weakened by Corbett's terrific body blows, clinched and slid to the floor, resting on his right knee and keeping his balance by clinging to the champion's leg. As the battle was lost and won at that precise point, it is worth studying in detail.

In Corbett's corner were five fearless men with six-shooters, led by tall, cold-eyed Wyatt Earp, who had earned fame as the quickest man on the draw the West had ever known and who as marshal of lawless towns had often shot his way to victory against heavy odds. Earp looked like a particularly dignified senator—and shot like lightning. In Fitzsimmons' corner sat an equal number of gunmen under the direction of chubby Bat Masterson, with big blue eyes and the ready smile of a merry boy, but with eighteen notches on his gun—record of desperadoes he had wiped out as marshal of Dodge City and other tough camps.

THESE groups were there to "see fair play"; that is, if either side thought their man was in danger of anything that could be interpreted as a raw deal, they would begin to shoot —and let others do the talking after the dead and wounded had been picked up. The two gangs watched each other warily.

If Fitzsimmons had not clung to Corbett's knee he would have pitched to the floor senseless, possibly out for the ten-seconds count; but he instinctively saved himself by hanging on.

Corbett dared not break the grip on his leg by which Fitzsimmons kept his balance; for if he should there would be yells of "Foul!" from Fitz's corner, quickly followed by the roar of six-shooters; and Jim, standing erect between the two batteries, would be in the path of the bullets. Under the rules he had the right to break Fitzsimmons' clutch, or even to step away and let him fall—but Queensberry Rules are no protection against guns. So the champion stood still and called Referee Siler to come and break Fitz away from his knee.

Siler, seeing Fitz almost out, approached the boxers as gingerly as a man stepping among high-powered electric wires. He did not dare to pry loose Fitzsimmons' grasp, but politely invited him to let go; for Siler, too, was in range of the guns. Fitzsimmons at last let go and balanced himself with his right hand on the floor, nodding to Siler to show that he was wide awake, while with his left glove he rubbed his sore mouth.

Now, for the first time, Siler began to count the seconds.

ALL these deliberate moves had occupied a quarter of a minute or more, during which Fitzsimmons had been regaining strength. If Siler had begun to count as soon as Fitzsimmons was helpless, the fight would have ended right there; but he acted for the greatest good of the greatest number. The "long count" that helped Tunney when Dempsey dropped him at Chicago was trivial compared with this. Brady promptly claimed the decision; but Siler waved him away, and the fight went on.

Corbett had shot his bolt, and he came out slow, weary, and flat-footed in the seventh round. Too long intervals between fights, too strenuous training, plus weeks of needless worry, had sapped his vitality; and in the fourteenth round Fitzsimmons shifted and drove home the winning solar-plexus punch. Corbett struggled up on one knee, his right foot striving in vain to raise him and his features contorted in agony.

The happiest man at the ringside was Jack McAuliffe, former lightweight champion, who had traveled across the continent to see his friend Sullivan avenged for the defeat at New Orleans. "Did you see him?" Jack chanted as he whacked my shoulder. "Did you see him? Oh! Oh!" Sullivan, silent, had only pity for his fallen rival.

Sure that Corbett would win, the Hearst papers had provided a special Pullman to carry him home in triumph to San Francisco. Poor Jim made the journey in the care of a doctor. But in a few days he was himself again, making no excuse for his defeat and intent only on forcing Fitzsimmons into another match. This the new champion wisely declined; so Corbett went back to the stage, where he found himself more popular than ever.

The New York World wanted a story from Corbett a few months later, and I found him on the Jersey shore, starting for a walk. In tennis togs and sweater he looked twice as big and husky as at Carson.

"If you could go on with Fitz now!" I exclaimed.

"I'd have to train a while," he laughed. "I weigh two hundred and eight in these clothes. But don't you worry. I'll get Fitz. I'll shame him into a fight."

But he never got Fitz, so it is vain to say what would have happened if they had met. One thing is certain:

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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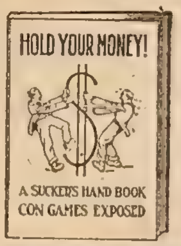

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GENTLEMAN JIM—THE HEAVYWEIGHT PHANTOM
Continued from page fifty-one

there would have been a much better Corbett in a later fight. It looked as if Fitz felt that way, too, for he let Jim severely alone. And after Jeffries knocked Fitz out for the title, in the next year, there would have been no point in wasting time on the beaten man.

Instead, Corbett planned a long and careful campaign to recover the title from big Jeff, who had been one of his helpers at Carson. I played handball with him one day, and found him fast, with not so much as a hurried breath.

"You're as good as you ever were," I remarked. "Going to challenge Jeff?"

"Don't try to kid me," he replied. "I'm just building up a little."

It was all of a year later that Elisha Kelly, our sports editor, borrowed me from the city staff to go to Lakewood and write about Corbett, who was matched to box Jeffries at Coney Island, twenty-five rounds for the title.

"How good is Corbett?" I asked Lish.

"I won't tell you," Lish replied; "for if I do you'll call me a liar. I've just come back from looking him over, and I don't believe my own eyes."

Feeling sorry that friendship could have so warped Lish Kelly's judgment, I went to Lakewood among the Jersey pines to make a critical survey—and simply gasped when I met Corbett, tanned and glowing with energy. A careful program of building up vitality and gradually increasing the amount of exercise had made a new man of the ex-champion.

And when he fought Champion Jim Jeffries at Coney Island, in May, 1900, Corbett went at him like a master giving a pupil a severe lesson. In spite of his 215 pounds, Jeff was very fast; but Corbett ran rings around him, chipping and jolting him and escaping every effort of the big fellow to hit him. Round after round the giant plunged in, smiling and shaking his head when Corbett's glove rapped him, and always trying to land a counterblow. But not one punch could Jeff land.

Nobody had ever seen such fast boxing kept up for so long a time, and in the twentieth round, after more than an hour of hot work, the men were moving as fast as at the beginning. They were quite good-natured, and each smiled amiably at the other; but they were trying in deadly earnest. The roars of the delighted crowd could be heard far out at sea, especially when the old champion landed blow after blow. He would easily have coasted through the last five rounds and finished far in front.

But Corbett's pride ran high and he kept on making the pace, though the terrific effort was beginning to dull his speed. In the twenty-third round he jumped backward so fast to avoid a straight left that he hit the ropes and rebounded a little out of balance. Instantly Jeff hooked his left to the chin—once—and Corbett pitched down and out. "That was the sixty-seventh time I tried that punch," Jeff told me in his dressing room. "Jim certainly is a wonder."

SURPRISED but not disheartened by his defeat, Corbett immediately began a new campaign to regain his title. I found him one day busy on the parallel bars in Wood's Gymnasium, working like a *Turn Verein* gymnast, something that I had never seen him do before.

"Don't print this," he said. "I'm developing a new way to beat Jeff. I work on the bars, do hand stands and push-offs from the wall and the floor hundreds of times a day, so as to strengthen my arms. I'm punching twice as hard as ever, and, even though it has slowed me a little, I'm fast enough to nail Jeff. And next time I'll jar him every time I hit him."

They met in San Francisco, after Corbett had spent two years strengthening his arms into heavier punching power. But the extra muscular tissue robbed Corbett of his speed, and Jeffries put him out in the tenth. Thus ended Corbett's fighting career, at the age of thirty-seven. He was the cleverest and speediest of them all, regardless of size. His best qualities were his high intelligence, persistence, and a stout heart that never failed.

This is the third of a series of articles by Mr. Inglis on giants of the ring whom he has known. A fourth will appear in an early issue of Liberty.

Spring Is Here

A New FOR THE LOVE O' LIL

SALLY JONES has been handling all of her erstwhile next-door neighbors' affairs—and the job hasn't been any too easy. To begin with, Sally dislikes secrets. They are a painful burden to anyone, particularly to a girl with as joyous and free and open a nature as her own. More than once Sally has found herself lying her head off to throw people off the scent in their search for Sandy and Lil.

She hasn't heard from them since they left. She hardly expected to, but she has written to Lil's mother, giving her whatever information she gleaned, and inclosing letters to be forwarded to Lil and Sandy if and when Lil's mother heard their address. Lil's mother had written her that the two children arrived safely and seemed to be perfectly happy in their grandmother's home.

These secret machinations led Sally straight to the door of a romance! The most peculiar kind of romance—a handsome romance in a gray uniform and purple tie, looking very moving-picturesque on his coal-black horse.

Ralph Blue of the State Police, who, believe it or not, had come on the trail of the Jenkinses straight to Sally's door. She dodged his questions as neatly as possible. It *was* suspicious that the Jenkinses and the Smitherses had evacuated at the same time. The Smitherses had not gone permanently, as they had left the maid, Tess, to keep the house open.

"They're travelin' on a little vacation—motorin' down South," was all they could get out of Tess.

This week's cover picture.

Sally went with Officer Blue through the Jenkinses' house while he covered it for possible clues. There was something about his gray eyes, about the cut of his mouth, that stirred Sally deeply. Ralph Blue came down and showed a surprising and tenacious interest in the Jenkinses' case. Eddie Bruce, Sally's chief admirer, was incensed.

Blue lived in a town about thirty-five miles away. He took Sally over to Sunday dinner to meet his mother. The two lived alone in a little house that had been in their family for generations. Its garden, its window boxes, its sweet hominess won Sally's heart, and driving home she listened to Ralph tell of his boyhood and of his future dreams.

And not for a long while had she been so moved, and yet, was this the sort of thing she wanted? Didn't she herself have entirely different views and hopes for the future?

Sally was chosen as the soloist for the Easter cantata at her church.

Many in attendance who were not usually churchgoers were stirred to reverence and awe by her sweet beauty as she stood behind the gorgeous mass of smilax and lilies and lifted her soul in the glorious message that Christ had risen.

(Next week's cover adventure: Happy Birthday)

Why Is a Mother-in-Law?

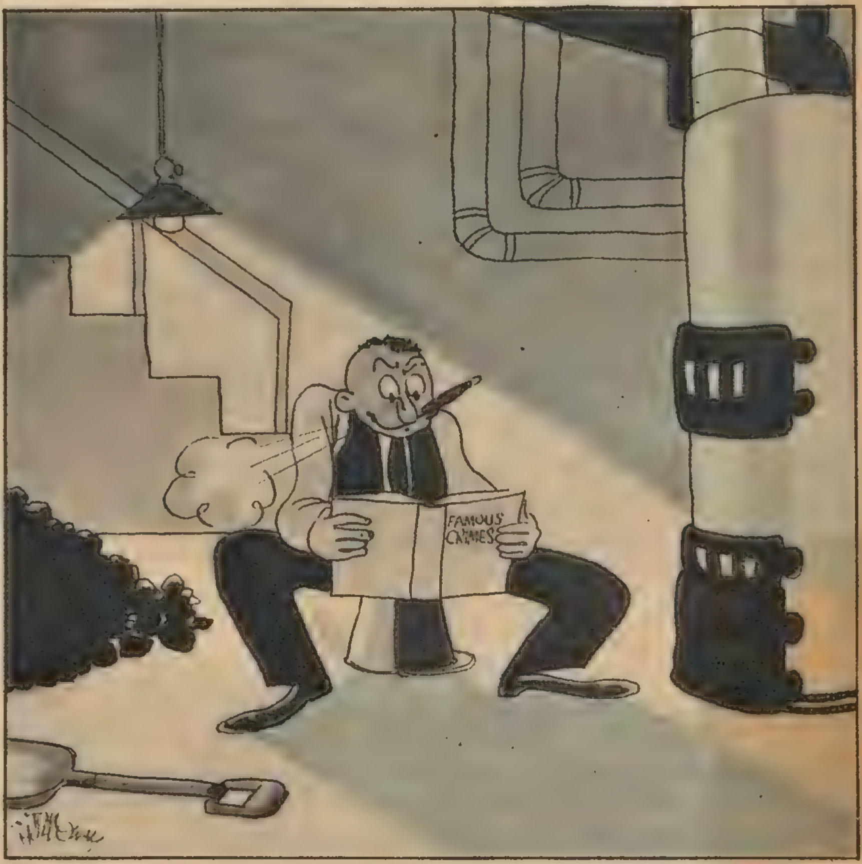
UNBURDEN YOUR HEART FOR LIBERTY

WE WILL PAY

$500 IN CASH PRIZES

FOR WISE-CRACK ANSWERS

LADIES and gentlemen! Here's your opportunity to take a crack at the mother-in-law—provided you make it a wise crack. And in safety, too! Better yet—if anything could be better—you can collect a substantial cash award for indulging in the privilege. Simply answer this week's contest question, "Why is a mother-in-law?" with not more than twenty words of wise crack. We're sorry to limit you, but, after all, we don't want a book. Send your wise crack to Liberty as instructed in the rules. If you win you can use the money to salve the feelings of the better half whose mama you may have unintentionally (?) offended. Anyway, you'll have had the fun of saying your say—in complete safety! This is the chance of a lifetime. Do it now!



WEEKLY CASH PRIZE SCHEDULE

FIRST PRIZE	$100
SECOND PRIZE	50
THIRD PRIZE	25
Two FOURTH PRIZES, each $10	20
Seven FIFTH PRIZES, each $5	35
Fifty SIXTH PRIZES, each $2	100
170 SEVENTH PRIZES, each $1	170
232 CASH PRIZES, TOTAL	$500

The RULES

1. Anyone, anywhere, may compete in this contest except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their immediate families.

2. Each week until further notice Liberty will print a contest question. Write what you consider the most ridiculous possible answer to it. Your answer must be accompanied by a suggested question usable in a future edition of this contest.

3. Each answer must not exceed twenty words. Each suggested question must not exceed twenty words. Use the coupon, a copy thereof, or a plain sheet of paper. Use typewriter or pen and ink. Answers in pencil will not be considered. If you do not use the coupon, write on one side of your sheet of paper only.

4. The answer which, in the opinion of the judges, is the most ridiculous and is accompanied by the best suggested question for a future edition of the contest will be awarded the first prize. The next best entry, judged on this basis, will be awarded second prize, etc., according to the prize schedule on this page.

5. Mail all entries to ANSWERS, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

6. Entries for this week's contest must be received prior to the close of business on Monday, April 4, 1932.

THIS COUPON IS FOR YOUR CONVENIENCE

Why Is a Mother-in-law?

Answer ....

....

....

New Question ....

....

....

Name ....

Address ....

City ....

State ....

FOR FEBRUARY 13 WISE-CRACK WINNERS SEE PAGE 62. ANOTHER $500 PRIZE CONTEST NEXT WEEK!

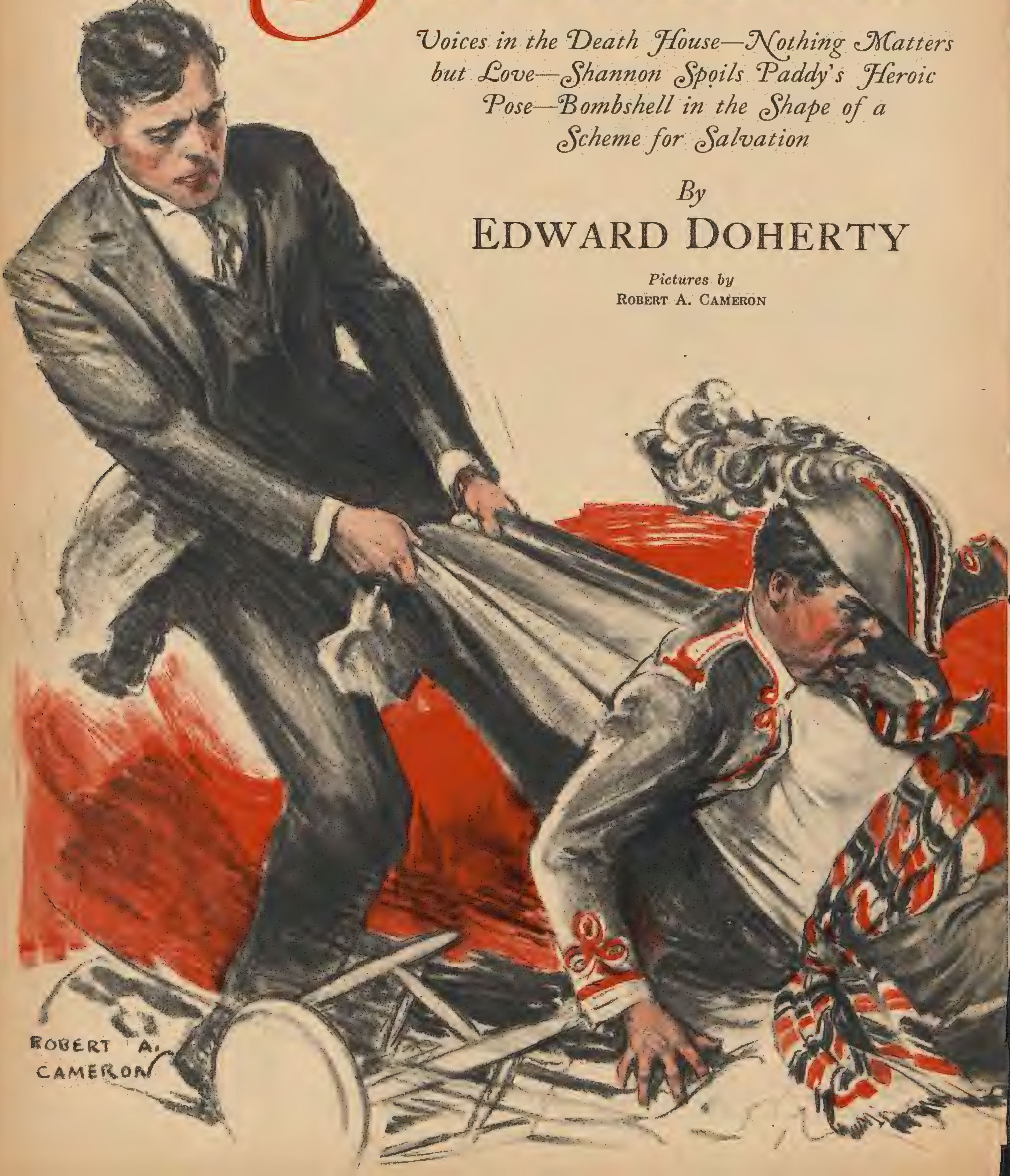
The Shackled

Voices in the Death House—Nothing Matters but Love—Shannon Spoils Paddy's Heroic Pose—Bombshell in the Shape of a Scheme for Salvation

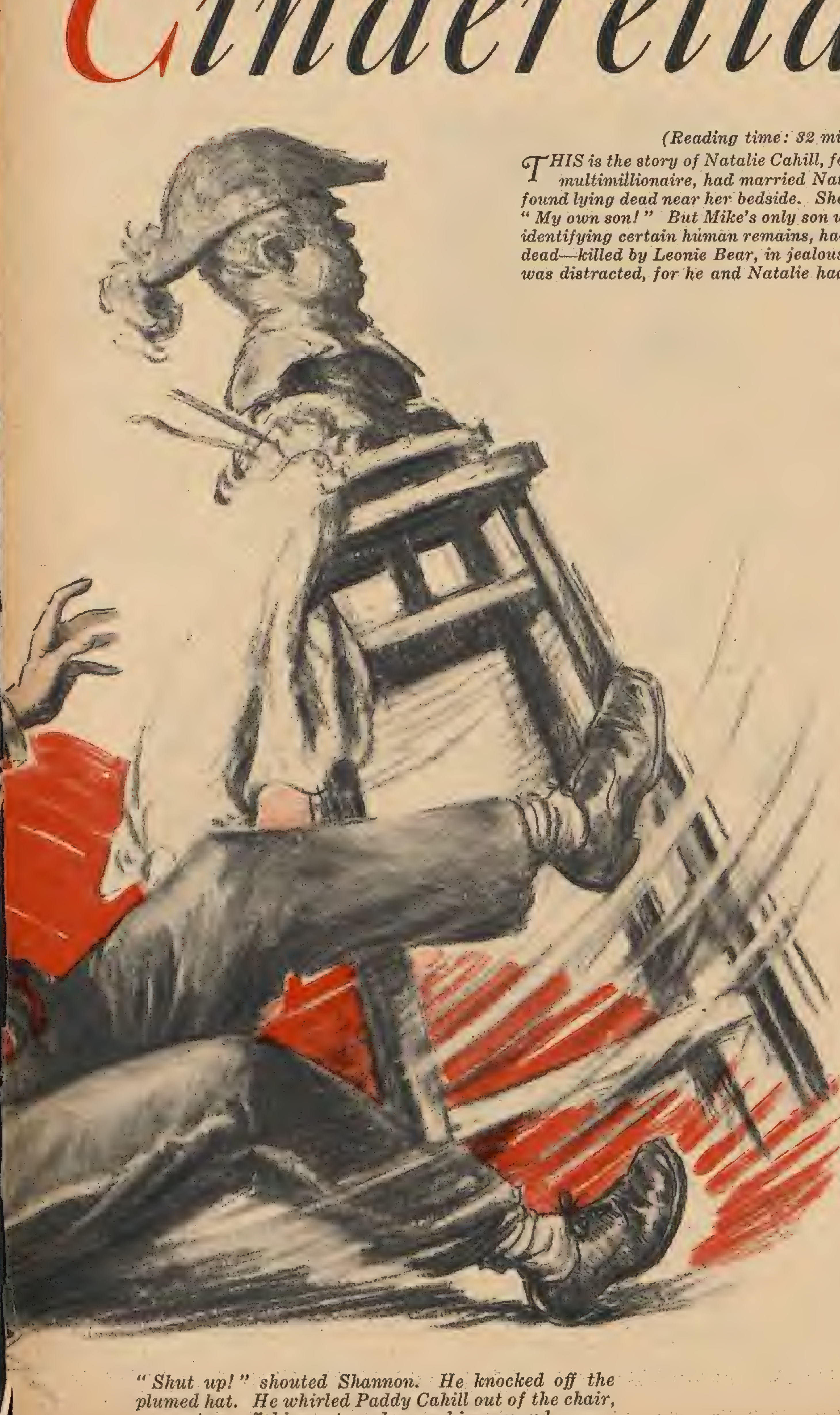
By

EDWARD DOHERTY

Pictures by
ROBERT A. CAMERON



Cinderella



"Shut up!" shouted Shannon. He knocked off the plumed hat. He whirled Paddy Cahill out of the chair, tore off his coat, and spun him around.

(Reading time: 32 minutes 45 seconds.)

THIS is the story of Natalie Cahill, found guilty of murder. Mike Cahill, multimillionaire, had married Natalie, and on the wedding night was found lying dead near her bedside. She insisted she had heard him cry out, "My own son!" But Mike's only son was dead—or so Linklater, a dentist, identifying certain human remains, had declared. And now Linklater was dead—killed by Leonie Bear, in jealousy. Bob Shannon, Natalie's lawyer, was distracted, for he and Natalie had learned the meaning of love.

PART EIGHT—FOR DEAR LIFE

"MY move?" Leonie asked. She reached an arm through the bars of her cell and moved a black checker. The checkerboard rested on the top of a stool placed midway in the corridor between the two cells. "There," she said. "Jump it."

Natalie extended her arm, jumped two black men, and put a red checker in the king row. "Top that," she said.

Leonie's hand moved awkwardly. It tilted one edge of the board, and board and checkers slid to the steel floor, the checkers wheeling in all directions.

"Damn," Leonie said. There was no heart in the word, no heat, nothing but listlessness. "You'd of won anyway, Cahill. You always do. The hell with it. The damn' game gets on my nerves."

She stood up, body pressed against the bars, and raised her voice. "It reminds me of this dump too much. Black squares. Red squares. Bars. Cells. Shove a girl from this cell to that. Jump one. Jump two. Move them off the board. Move them out of here. Move them into the chair. Cripes, Cahill, why don't they just shoot us and have it over with? I'm going crazy, waiting, waiting—waiting for the damn' chaplain to say, 'Sorry, deary, but the time has come,' and the lousy warden to take me out of here, and march me down there—through that door."

Gradually her voice had risen to a scream.

From beyond the partition came a yell:

"Hey, pipe down! Sell that to the tabloids. Let a guy sleep."

Another voice, male, musical, African, rang through the death house:

"Eyes ain't nevah seen, and ears ain't nevah heard de glories o' de lan' to come. Call on de name o' Jesus, white girl. He go'n' to wash you clean lak snow."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE SHACKLED CINDERELLA
Continued from page fifty-five

“Shut up!” Leonie cried. “Shut up, you fools.”

Her body shook as though she were suffering from chills. Her hands gripped the bars tightly.

“Sing, Emanuel,” Natalie called. “Sing Jerusalem!”

Natalie had never seen Emanuel. He was to her only a man's voice in the dark beyond the partition, a Negro's voice, melodious and brave, awaiting the day of silence.

Natalie had wondered about him, imagined him as very dark, strong, tall, massive of chest, with great long arms and shining teeth. She had heard him say he had killed his wife, slashed her throat with a razor. She had heard him say that he had made his peace with God. She had heard him sing many times during the weeks she had spent in this place, and had never detected fear in his voice.

Last night, when those two had been led down the corridor to the “little green door” at its end—the door that was not green but brown—Emanuel had sung Nearer, My God, to Thee! and Natalie had found herself singing the words with him.

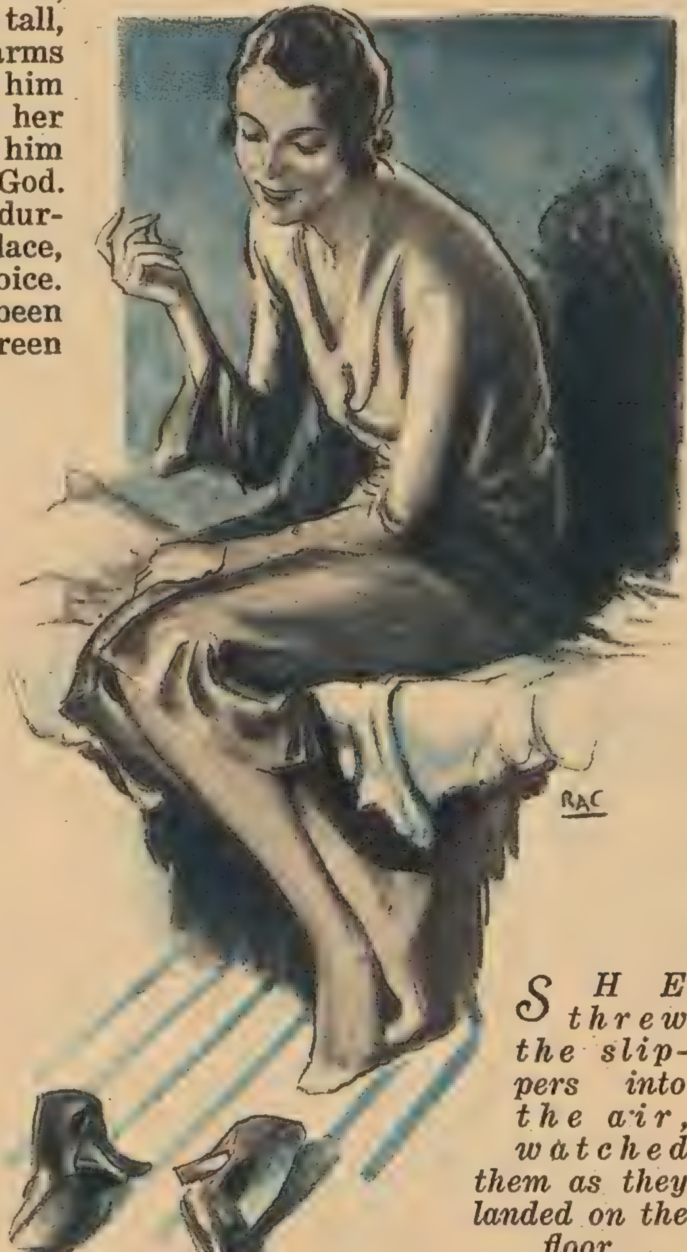
Emanuel was singing now, bringing back calm to all the doomed who heard him, bringing back courage to Leonie, stilling her shaking body, loosing her hands of their clutch upon the bars.

“Oh, happy land, Jerusalem,
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys, when shall I see?

“Oh, happy harbor of God's saints.
Oh, sweet and pleasant soil.
In thee no sorrow can be found,
Nor grief, nor care, nor toil.”

“Thank you, Emanuel,” Natalie called when the rich voice faded and died. Silence returned to the death house.

Leonie was sitting on the edge of her cot, taking off her slippers. She threw the slippers into the air, and watched them as they dropped and landed on the floor.



SHE threw the slippers into the air, watched them as they landed on the floor.

“Some day they'll fall right,” Natalie said softly. “Shall I read to you?”

Leonie shook her head. “You're a peach, Cahill,” she said. “I'd go batty if it wasn't for you—and that—that psalm-singing black cutthroat. I'll go batty anyway when you—when I'm here alone.”

“It won't be so hard,” Natalie said. “You can't live forever.”

“IT isn't that,” Leonie explained. “It's the waiting—being locked up here for days, weeks, months, knowing you got to go. It's having no windows, no pictures, no lights but that damn' dim bulb in the ceiling; nobody coming, nobody writing, nobody giving a damn.

“I wish I was like you. You say you're innocent, and sometimes I believe you. But me—hell! I killed the son of a dog. I'd do it again. All right. Maybe you're innocent—”

“Leonie—that boy that went down the corridor last night—he was innocent too, I think. He swore he was.”

“Maybe. They all swear they are. Me, too. I swore I was. What the hell does anybody care? They shove you through that door just the same—like they shoved that kid. But the man with him—he was guilty as hell—and he laughed when he said good-by.

“It's just the opposite with us. I'm afraid. But you—What keeps you up, Cahill? Your no-good lawyer? Cripes, if I was you, I'd hate him.”

“It wasn't his fault,” Natalie said. “He did all he could. Look at him when he comes in today, how thin he is, and pale. His hair is turning white, and there are bags under his eyes. He suffers more than I do. But watch his eyes light up when he sees me. And listen to his step when he enters the corridor, when he's coming to me! I could tell it from that of a million other men, if I were blind and deaf.”

“If I were in love, I'd kill myself.”

Again Leonie tossed the slippers and watched them drop.

“No, you wouldn't. You'd know then that nothing matters but love. Not life, not prison, not death itself could make you afraid. Only if he stopped coming—”

“But, good God, don't you want to live?”

“I—don't know. Sometimes I do. At other times I think it's better to die knowing how much he loves me than to—to live a hundred years and know that he was false.”

LEONIE sighed, threw herself full length on her cot.

“I give up,” she said. “I loved a guy too—the dirty louse!—and I killed him. What is love? Don't ask me riddles. It certainly makes a sap out of a girl, though, doesn't it?”

Natalie laughed. “Love is peace,” she said.

“Peace? You make me sick. Don't you feel no passion for your lover? Don't you want to hurt him? Don't you want him to hurt you? Don't you ever get tormented about him? What are you? A cold, unhuman slug?”

Again Natalie laughed, but this time not gayly. “You think you knew passion? You think wanting to hurt somebody is passion; wanting to kill? Maybe it is. I don't know. I never felt that way. Passion is joy to me, beauty, warmth, giving. You call me a slug. The district attorney called me an evil woman.”

“The hell he did!” cried Leonie, sitting up. “That's what he called me. He quoted Shakespeare at me all through the trial. And that dish-faced mouthpiece they gave me never said a word. Hey, matron”—Mrs. Peabody had just come into sight—“light me a skag.”

Mrs. Peabody held a lighted match to the tip of Leonie's cigarette, blew out the flame, put the match stick in her apron pocket, and turned to Natalie.

“Mr. Shannon's with the warden now,” she said. “He'll be up directly.”

Natalie beamed. “Thank you. And how's the baby today?”

“Much worse, Mrs. Cahill; thank you for asking. It's only the bit of money standing between me and the doctors that keeps the poor thing sick. Ah, money can do anything, no matter how much we despise it.”

“When Mr. Shannon comes up,” Natalie whispered, “I'll ask him to loan you all you need.”

“I wasn't hinting,” Mrs. Peabody said quickly. “But thank you, just the same. And if you do speak to him—Ah, no, it's too much I need.”

“How much is too much?” Natalie asked.

“You know the wages we get. You know we can't save a nickel. But do the doctors care about that? ‘Where's the money?’ they say. ‘He needs an operation,’ they say. ‘Have you got five hundred dollars?’ they say. Me have five hundred dollars!”

Natalie had heard a step in the corridor, a quick, light, eager step. There were other steps too, but Natalie didn't hear them. “He's coming!” she said, and pressed her face to the bars.

II

IT is not twenty miles from the state penitentiary to the hotel that housed Paddy Cahill, yet it took Bob Shannon a little more than an hour to travel between the two places.

Malachy McLaughlin admitted him to Cahill's suite, whispering news. "Geoffrey Lynch is gone," he said, making a grimace at the name. "He and Paddy quarreled over Mrs. Cahill. And Lynch left. He's taken a little old house in Larchwood, in the woods. There's not another house within three rosaries of him."

"Larchwood? Where's that?"

"Out beyond the flying fields, Mr. Shannon."

"Did you tell Jim White?"

"This very morning, as soon as I learned of it. I heard them quarreling when I let myself in. I listened. Then I went out and phoned."

"Good. What were they quarreling about?"

"It seems Lynch wants her out of the penitentiary; and Cahill wants her to stay there—and burn, God bring him to no good end!"

"When thieves fall out— Is Cahill busy?"

"He's having a bust of himself made. Maybe he'll donate it to the poor. It's all he'll ever give them. The sculptor's with him now, making mud pies. Aye, molding Cahill's ugly face in mud. Yes, he's busy, but I think he'll see you, Mr. Shannon. He's seen plenty today—cutthroats, rummies, politicians, Inspector Sichel, Judge Kishniff. He has no shame in him at all, talking to everybody, and the sculptor goin' about his work all the time. 'Hold still, Mr. Cahill. Turn more to the left, if you please, Mr. Cahill. Elevate the left eyebrow a bit, Mr. Cahill.' You'd think it was the Holy Father, himself he was sculping! Just sit here a moment and I'll see him."

"Come in, man," Paddy Cahill bellowed a moment later. "Come in."

Shannon stood in the doorway of the red room and turned. "Have you turned Mason?" he asked.

"A Mason? A Mason, is it? Me a Mason—me that has kissed the hand of the Holy Father, and that in the throne room? Sure, man, what are you saying?"

Shannon smiled.

"But all the fancy regalia," he said. "The uniform. The sash. The plume on the hat. I thought at first you were a Knight Templar—but now I see—"

"Just a little straighter, Mr. Cahill," the sculptor said, a little man with a short red beard, a swarthy man in a gray smock, a lump of modeling clay in his left hand. "And keep the chest out, please, Mr. Cahill."

"I'm starting a new order, I am," Cahill explained. "Bobby, what is the curse of the counthry?"

"Prohibition. Politics. Injustice. Graft. The depression."

"No, no. You're wrong, Bobby. The curse of the counthry today is not prohibition. Sure, prohibition's a blessin', a holy blessin' on ivery man, woman, and child in Americky today."

"It's made you hog rich," said Shannon.

"There you go. Hog rich. Everybody thinks I'm rich. I'm a poor man, Bobby, a poor man. Sure, it isn't silk I wipe me nose with. I can't afford it. It's cotton, Bobby, cheap, common cotton."

"You're breaking my heart, Paddy. But what's the new order? You are going to campaign to keep prohibition, is that it?"

"It is that. And I'm having a bust made of meself in me uniform of Grand Exalted Chief Templar, to send back to me native town of ould Ireland. Sure, they've begged me these many years for a statue of meself. Ah, they're loyal to the Cahills, they are. And is it me poor brother's money ye came to see me about, Bob Shannon?"

"No. That'll take care of itself. I'm not worried about that. Delay matters as long as you can, Paddy, you'll never get a penny of it. What I came to see you about is Leonie Bear."

"Leonie Bear? That'll be the poor colleen that shot Linklater? She that's waiting now, with me sister-in-law, for the chair?" Sly, malicious humor gleamed in his little eyes.

"The same. I understand you are going to get her a new trial, Paddy. And I don't like it. You're doing it to spite me."

"Sure, there's no spite in me at all, at all. You should know that be now, Bobby Shannon. I haven't lifted me hand to save her. I give you me sacred word, man."

"You lie," said Shannon angrily. He stepped close to the man, to the annoyance of the sculptor.

"You're going to take Leonie out of the chair, and put Natalie Cahill into it—to spite her and to spite me—to show us you could have saved her too if you'd wanted to."

SUDDENLY his long arms reached out, caught the sides of the sky-blue coat, and ripped them apart, shooting buttons all over the room.

"In the name of all the saints," cried Cahill, "have you gone insane, man?"

"Shut up!" shouted Shannon. He rent the red-white-and-blue sash in two and threw it on the floor. He knocked off the plumed hat. He whirled Paddy Cahill out of the chair, tore off his coat, and spun him around.

"Model him with nails and safety pins in his pants!" Shannon cried to the sculptor who was looking on in amazement and fright. "See how he holds them up! They'd love that, in Ireland, where they're so loyal to the Cahills."

He yanked hard. The nails and safety pins tore through the cloth, bringing yells of anguish. Shannon laughed and sat himself in Cahill's chair, and threw Cahill over his knees and began to spank him hard.

Malachy McLaughlin peered in, and grinned, and hurried away. The sculptor hurled his gob of mud, but

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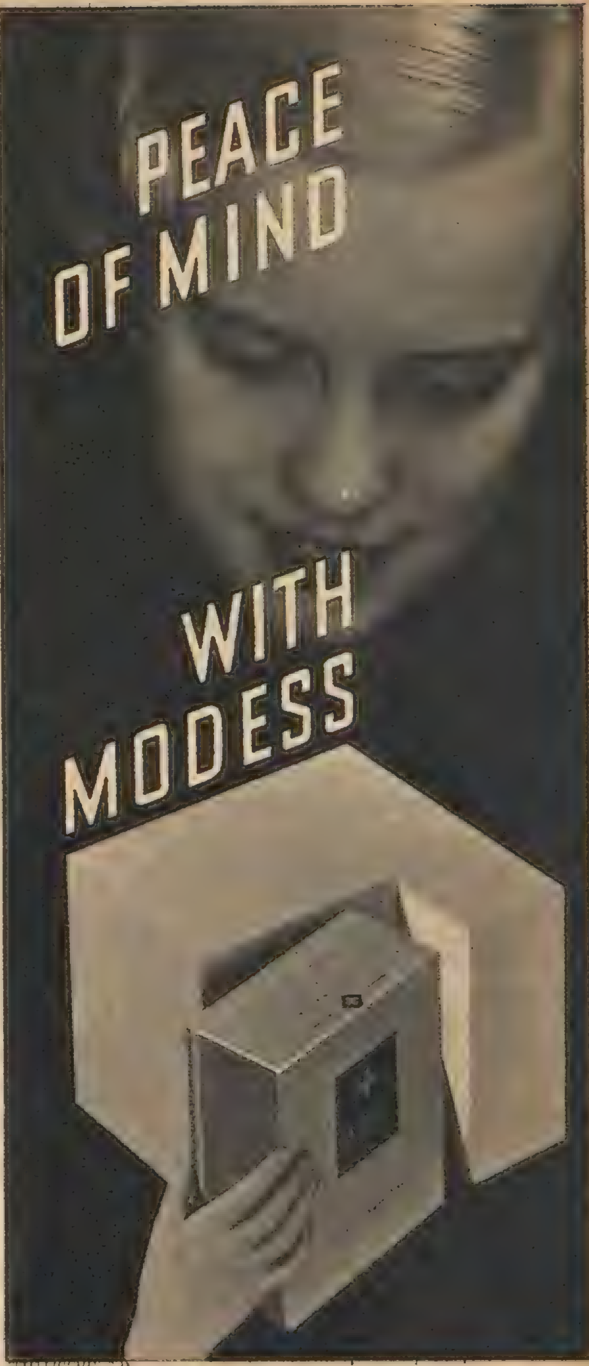

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SANITARY NAPKINS

THE SHACKLED CINDERELLA
Continued from page fifty-seven

his hand was shaking, and his aim was bad, and Shannon laughed and continued the spanking with vigor and with glee. The sculptor ran, shouting for help.

"Hold still, Mr. Cahill," Shannon said. "Don't wriggle, please, Mr. Cahill. Hold the pose, Mr. Cahill. Throw out your chest if you can, Mr. Cahill. How can I sculp you if you fight?"

Mr. Cahill's remarks were muffled and obscene.

"You know what you mean to me now, Mr. Cahill. Don't try to bite my leg, Mr. Cahill. I'm just getting even in advance."

III

FOR an hour, in his office, Shannon conferred with Jim White, after which he called a taxi and went to call on Governor Rollins.

Winnie saw him coming up the front stairs, and let him in.

"Did you come to see the governor," she asked, taking his hat, "or the governor's little girl?"

"Well, I hoped you'd be around," he admitted, getting out of his heavy coat.

"What did you do to Paddy Cahill?" she asked.

"Nothing much. Just initiated him into the ranks of the Holy Knights of Prohibition. How did you know I'd done anything?"

"He called up just after you left. He told dad you'd attacked him, and dad went to see what it was all about. I think he was glad to avoid seeing you. He expects you want to plead Natalie Cahill's case—but, Bob—it's hopeless."

Bob sank into an easy-chair, reached for a cigarette, lit it, and tossed the match into an ash tray.

"You might have lighted mine," Winnie reproached him. She held her cigarette to her lips—waiting.

"Good God, no!" Bob said, his facial muscles twitching. "You're not in the death house. It would give me the creeps."

"What do you mean?"

"The prisoners there are not allowed to have matches. They can smoke, but a keeper has to light their cigarettes or pipes or cigars."

"But why?"

"I can't say exactly. Maybe it's to keep some poor, desperate, frightened wretch from setting himself afire—and cheating the chair. They tell me a man once made a deep gash in his arm and rubbed the sulphur heads of matches in the cut, to poison himself; and that some ingenious wretch once made a bomb out of match heads and did some damage with it before he died."

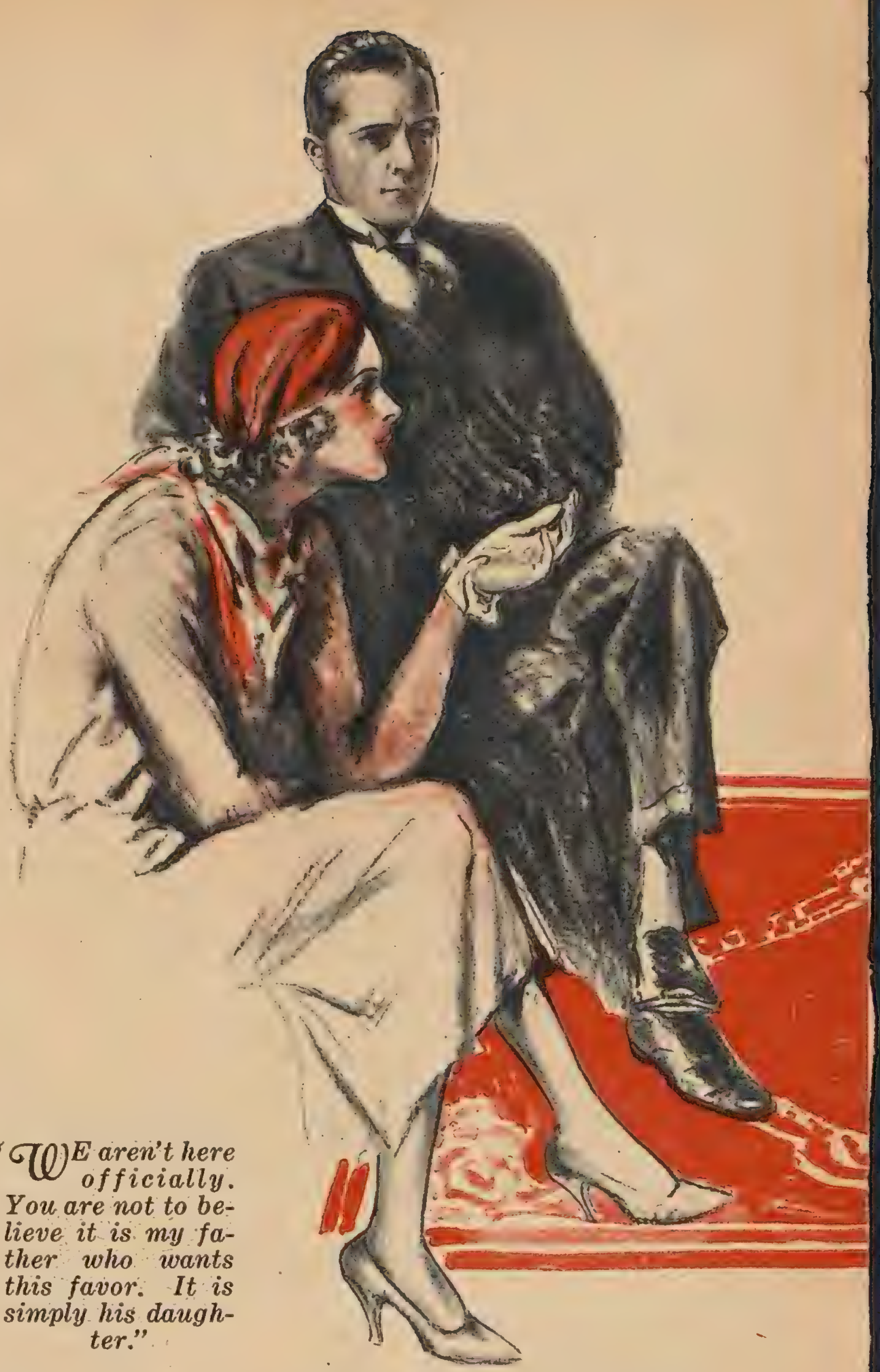
Winnie thumbed her silver-monogrammed lighter and held her cigarette to the flame.

"What is it like—the death house?" she asked.

"It's a long narrow corridor in the oldest part of the penitentiary. The cells are the old-fashioned kind, but with running water. They have no windows, and it's always dark. The only light comes from a dim electric bulb, protected so the prisoner cannot break it to cut his wrist or his throat. It hangs from the ceiling. There's a cot in each cell, a chair, a little shelf of books.

"Last night two men were executed. One of them was a boy, no older than you. He crashed a chair against the steel floor when they came to take him, broke off a leg of it, and tried to fight off the butchers. Poor kid, he didn't have a chance. They carried him, half conscious, through the 'little green door,' and turned on the juice before he realized he was about to die. I suppose they'll put in wicker chairs now.

"You see, Winnie, the state keeps jealous and careful watch over these lost souls. Doctors and nurses and dentists make frequent examinations of their bodies. They are bathed, shaved, hair-cutted, coifed—treated almost with the reverence the Aztecs used to give those doomed for sacrifice on the high altar. Every precaution is taken to keep them alive and well until the night they are to be executed. Even their clothing is selected with care. No belts. No suspenders. They might hang themselves. No buttons they might use with suicidal intent. No strings. No shoes. A boy tried to beat out his brains with the heel of his shoe some years ago. They now wear soft felt slippers.



"WE aren't here officially. You are not to believe it is my father who wants this favor. It is simply his daughter."

"There was a Chinaman who once threw his slippers up, to see if they would land on their soles. They did. The next day he got a new trial. Leonie Bear will get a new trial, I think, no matter how her slippers land.

"THE prisoners sleep in the daytime, with the light lit. In the nights they are awake, talking to one another, singing, shouting, swearing, boasting, or crying with fear. They are afraid of the dark.

"Natalie and Leonie Bear are separated from the men by a temporary partition. The men are nearest the door that opens on the execution chamber. Warden Gronblad explained that there were no accommodations for women in the death house. That's why he put in that partition."

"I know Gronblad," Winnie said. "They call him 'High Neck,' dad says, because he's so tall he cannot go through doors without bending his head so far that his neck is the highest part of him. He's nice, High Neck is, but greedy."

"He'll have to tear that partition down when—if—Natalie goes."

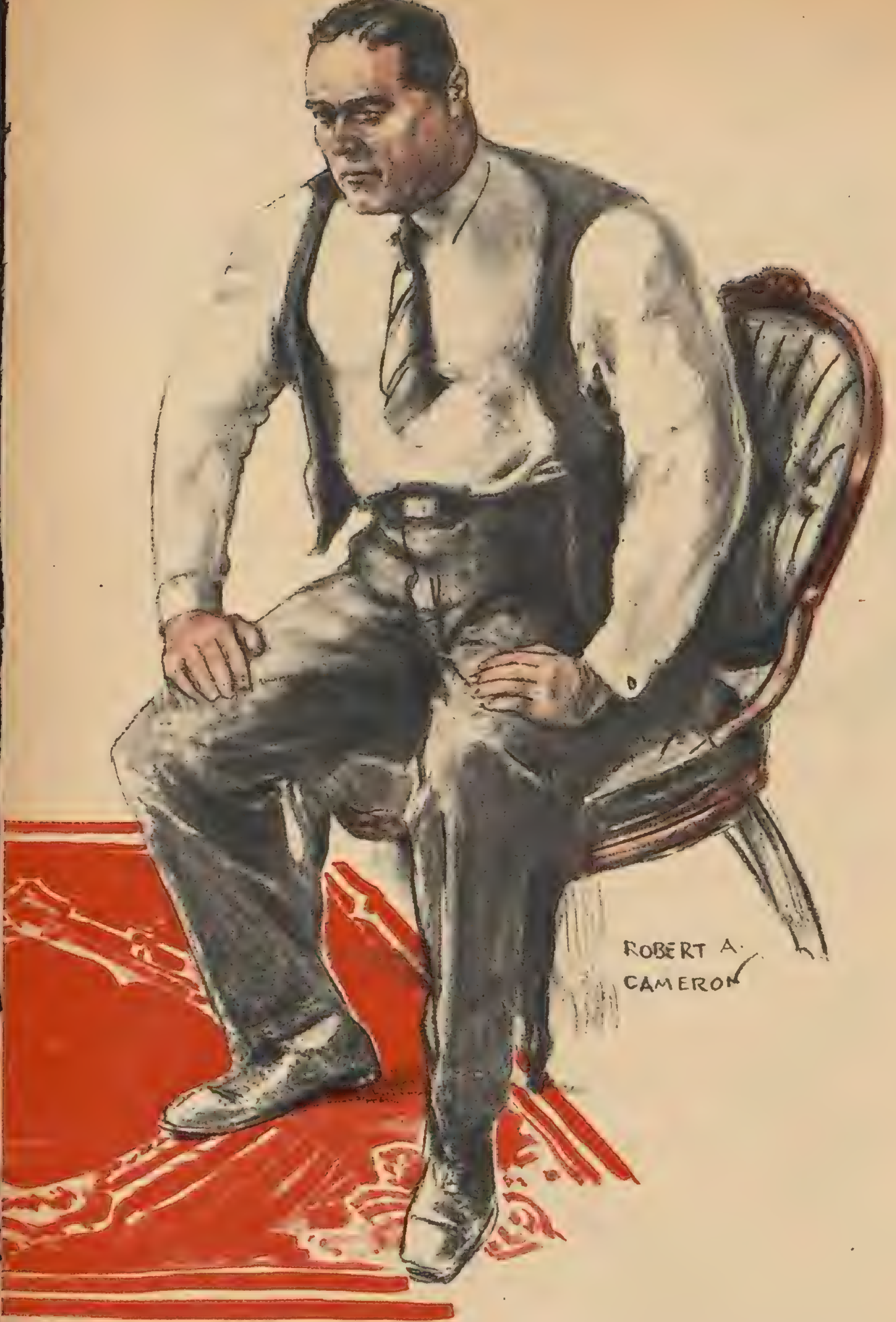
"She won't go."

"I wish I felt that way."

Winnie stumped out her cigarette.

"I've got a scheme," she said.

"If your father—"



Winnie got out of her chair and stood in front of him. "Please, Bob, listen to me. He'll not do anything for her, unless— But I'm not going to tell you now. Bob, will you let me take you to the penitentiary tomorrow?"

"Sure, if you like."

"And we'll have a talk with High Neck. When he sees me, he'll think dad sent me to him, unofficially, to get certain privileges. And I'll get them."

Impulsively Shannon seized her hands and squeezed them. "You're the sweetest thing in the world, Winnie," he said.

"Don't! Please don't," she said. "You're—you're hurting me."

Bob let go her hands. "I wish I were Malachy McLaughlin," he said. "I'd pray for you."

WINNIE laughed. "And tomorrow you'll be calling me names," she prophesied.

"Tomorrow? Oh—when you tell me your scheme. Why don't you tell me now?"

"I can't now—not until we've seen the warden and corrupted him."

"It sounds interesting."

"It's the most interesting idea I ever had. It will certainly interest you and Natalie. How is she, Bob? Frightened?"

"No. Thank God. But Leonie—"

"Can't you do anything for her?"

Shannon smiled. "I spanked Paddy Cahill for her!"

"You what? Tell me about it."

Bob told her, but omitted a few details.

"But he'll be furious, Bob. He'll—

"He's called your father. He'll call in some of his pet judges. He'll call in Wheatley. He'll get Leonie Bear a new trial—for revenge on me—and she'll go free."

Winnie lighted another cigarette and brooded.

"How will Natalie feel with Leonie gone?" she asked after a time. "I imagine the two are company for each other—they sort of split the gloom of the place. But when she's alone—"

"She asked me to get Leonie another chance," Bob said.

"She did? I like her better and better. I'll be honest with you, Bob. I hated her once. You know why. Oh, I did love you so! But I've got over it. Don't go feeling sorry for me. It was my pride that was hurt most, I guess. I'm glad Leonie is coming back into circulation. That will help my scheme."

"What the devil is your scheme?"

"You'll find out. Stay for dinner. Dad may be home."

"Thanks. I do want to see him. There's always a chance he may do something."

Winnie shook her head sadly. "Twenty times he's read the transcript of the evidence in the case," she said. "Every reading has strengthened his belief in her guilt. And then—oh, Bob, I do hate to say this—he's never forgiven you for jilting me. Please—I had to tell you. You know how he is about me. He thinks that woman took you from me 'with her eyelashes,' and that my heart is broken.

"Oh, you can plead with him, Bob. You may move him with emotion. But you'll never, never convince him that he isn't right. But please trust me. If you do what I tell you, Natalie Cahill will not die in the chair."

"I trust you, witch."

"Good. Today is Saturday. So there'll be roast chicken for dinner. And pot roast tomorrow. Don't you detest roast chicken?"

IV

SIXTY-FIVE, Winnie's speedometer read. Sixty-six. Seventy. Seventy-two.

"Slow down," Shannon said. "You're coming into a town where the cops are death on speed."

Winnie slowed, but went by a red light before she could stop the car. A whistle went tweet-tweet-tweet in back of her. She twisted her neck to see the majesty of the law bearing down upon her.

"Pull over forninst the curb," said the law; "ye're in Americky now."

"Indade and it's I that knows it," said Winnie with a solemn face. "An' I c'u'd kiss ivery inch av the ground, begorrah and bedad."

The heavy scowl of the law relaxed.

"Sure, is it Irish ye are, miss?"

"Sorry the day I'm not. I'm as American as yerself, I am; and proud of it, too."

"Sure you are. And pretty as a morning in the County Clare. But your faither sh'u'd tell ye about the red lights we do be havin' in this counthry, and not to pass them until they turn to green. Off with ye now. If ye'd been a furriner I'd have had no mercy on ye."

"Half the fun of motoring," Winnie observed a quarter of a mile and a few seconds later, "is fooling the cops. That one thought you were my father. I don't blame him. You look old as the hills."

"I wish I were your father," Shannon said. "I'd not let you speed like this. You're doing eighty! Brakes. We're almost there."

The high walls of the penitentiary jumped at them from around the next dip and curve, and the car wer through the gates before the fair chauffeur could brin it to a stop.

Winnie gave her escort a mock salute.

"Sir, the marines are stranded, and the situation is—twenty-three and four-tenths miles in twenty-nine minutes flat. And here, on your right, is High Neck Hall, which we shall take by subterfuge and guile. Well, what are you sitting there for, I ask? Come, come! Wipe off the gloom and look your honest simpleness of soul."

"High Neck Heinie" Gronblad, warden of the state penitentiary, a giant black-haired Swede, received his guests with a powerful smile and a limp handshake.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE SHACKLED CINDERELLA
Continued from page fifty-nine

"It is a pleasure and an honor too," he said.

"If we're late," said Shannon, "don't blame Miss Rollins, warden. Blame the cop who stopped her."

"I know," Gronblad laughed. "The only time in my life that my hair stood up with fright was when Miss Rollins drove me here—and there was no cop to stop her."

There was roast chicken on the table, and Winnie exclaimed over it.

"Roast chicken, Bob! Aren't we in luck? Don't you adore roast chicken? And see how Warden Gronblad carves. You should have been a surgeon, warden."

"Ummm," said Shannon—using his nose to stress the word—"and onion dressing!"

All during the dinner Winnie babbled brightly, talking of the ride, the Irish cop, the taste of the chicken and the stuffing, the beauty of the dining room, the excellence of the service.

"And the waiters and cooks are all convicts? How charming! That does solve your servant problem nicely. But aren't you afraid they'll put something in your soup?"

It was not until coffee time that Winnie became serious.

"Warden," Winnie whispered in the voice of a conspirator, "we have come to ask a very great favor of you."

The warden rubbed his hands and bared his discolored teeth.

"Anything," he said. "Anything you ask, Miss Rollins."

"It's about Mrs. Cahill. There's nobody listening?"

The warden walked to the door and closed it.

"Nobody can overhear us now," he said. He pulled a chair close to hers, and leaned toward her.

"Last night"—Shannon could see her groping for the right words, the right expression—"Mr. Shannon had a long talk with dad. Of course this is confidential, you understand."

The warden nodded his big head thrice.

"We aren't here officially. You are not to believe it is my father who wants this favor. It is simply his daughter."

She winked her right eye meaningly. The warden winked too. "I understand," he said. "Your father's wishes are orders—and yours, too, Miss Rollins."

"Good. You know Mrs. Cahill inherited a very large estate, and she must dispose of it before—well, she must get rid of it—the stocks and bonds, the house, the hunting lodges, a sheep ranch in Montana, a cattle ranch in Wyoming, a bank in Chicago, a row of flat buildings in New York, a skyscraper in Detroit. Really, it's a mass of detail. It will take weeks to get everything disposed, so—so—" She gave the warden a little smile.

"SO—" he prompted her.

"So, unless she can have a time and place to dispose of these things properly, the hundred-million-dollar estate will be—how shall I put it?—in chaos."

Again the giant nodded, and he rubbed his hands.

"So dad—I mean so I thought if you could let Mrs. Cahill and her attorney, Mr. Shannon, have the use of some room—where they could have absolute privacy—say for an hour a day—until—"

The warden hastened to her aid. "You want me to take Mrs. Cahill out of her cell for an hour a day, and leave her, unguarded, with her lawyer. Is that it?"

Shannon's heart was beating fast. He arose quickly, and went to the window, coffee cup in his hand.

If he could see Natalie alone every day! If he could spend a whole hour with her, undisturbed, with no one to pry! It was too much to hope for. The cup trembled in his hand. He set it on the window sill, and stared at a man in uniform walking the top of a high wall, gun on his shoulder.

"You could have the guards outside," Winnie pointed out. "You see, it is essential nobody know Mrs. Cahill's financial secrets. A word overheard might cause a run on a bank, a drop in the market, a decrease in the value of certain property."

Winnie was using her imagination, Shannon knew. Would the warden be simple enough to swallow that explanation?

"A fortune can suffer from eavesdroppers," Winnie said brightly. "The same as a reputation can. Now, of course, both of us will assure you there will be no attempt at escape, no jail delivery, no attempts at suicide."

Shannon waited for a long time for the warden's answer. He could hardly believe it when it came. He sighed and came back to them, struggling to keep his relief and happiness hidden with a frown.

"There is a room," Gronblad said. "I've been using it for a den. It communicates with a corridor running into the death house. They might meet there. Of course—it would take money."

"I will write you a check now, warden," Shannon said, reaching for fountain pen and check book.

THE warden thrust out his underlip and rubbed his hands. "Not for me, of course," he said. "But the keepers, the matron, the guards. I hate to suggest graft. It is not good for discipline. And in a penitentiary, if we don't have discipline—we have riots. Giving money to these people is not discipline. But yet, if they know what is going on, they must be paid to keep that knowledge to themselves."

"Of course," Shannon agreed, smoothing out the book of checks. "And I know that we can trust the reticence of Mrs. Peabody, the matron in the death house. She has a little boy who needs an operation."

"Bah!" said the warden. "She never had a child. She is pulling your—" He glanced at Winnie, and some red came into his face. "She is pulling your limb," he finished.

Winnie giggled.

"And isn't there a sort of mutual welfare league in this prison, such as there is in Sing Sing?" Shannon asked.

The warden nodded and winked.

"I thought so. Mrs. Cahill wants to make a substantial contribution to that fund. Suppose, warden, I just sign this check and date it, and leave the amount blank. You could then negotiate with the people we need to help us, add, say ten thousand dollars for the league fund, and fill in the right amount. You handle all the funds. Then nobody could ever say they were bribed."

"An excellent idea," said the warden. "Ten thousand dollars for the fund? That is very generous. And it will help to make up the deficit. Yes, it will help materially. Now, if some other generous patron should donate fifteen thousand more, there would be no deficit."

"Why not let me do that—for Mrs. Cahill? I know she would be only too glad. Make it twenty-five thousand for the fund, and say five thousand for the guards. Is that enough?"

The warden nodded.

"Then I'll fill this in for thirty thousand dollars." Shannon wrote as he talked and handed the check into the big right hand stretched out for it. "And thank you very much."

"And I have your solemn promise—no attempt at escape and no attempt to cheat the law in any way. You'll be searched, of course, Mr. Shannon, before you enter the den. No knives, guns, drugs, matches, keys, saws, wires—nothing contraband, not even a newspaper."

"I'll submit to any conditions."

"Good. And Leonie Bear—she will be suspicious if she sees your client leave her cell every day."

"She'll not be with you long," Shannon promised. "The governor did not tell me this last night, you understand, but from other sources I learned that she is to be given a new trial."

"That is good news," the warden said with a warm smile. "I am always glad when somebody escapes the chair. It is not pleasant to be a warden. And now—more coffee? Then let us go to my den."

The den was a tiny room lined with books in English, Swedish, and German. There was a rich red carpet on the floor, an ornate desk with an Oriental lamp on its glass top, a comfortable couch, and two soft red-leather chairs. Red chintz curtains hid the bars on the two windows.

"When you are here together," the warden instructed Shannon, "you are not to look through the windows. You could easily be seen from the walls and from the yard. There would be a scandal."

"I appreciate that."

"And now, if you will excuse me, I shall have a talk with Mrs. Peabody. You do not mind waiting until I return? Later, Mr. Shannon, this afternoon, you may see Mrs. Cahill here."

The conspirators stared at each other when he left.

"Winnie—he said I could see her here alone—this afternoon—didn't he?"

"For twenty-five thousand dollars? I should hope he did."

"It's worth a million."

"And now—I suppose you know my scheme."

His glance told her he did not.

"I was reading a pamphlet I found in dad's library. It was about the women executed for murder in this state. There was one of them who had a baby while she was in this jail—about thirty years ago."

"Well?"

"Oh, you are stupid, Bob Shannon. A woman would have seen my point an hour ago. Must I give you a blue print?"

"I'm afraid you must."

"OH, dear! Bob this woman had a child, and there was so much agitation about it that the governor had to give her a reprieve. He wouldn't take two lives. He couldn't destroy the child that wasn't yet born. Do you see now what I'm driving at?"

"No."

"You ninny! You—you child! If Natalie Cahill should become a mother, my father would give her a reprieve until the baby arrived, until it was weaned—and long afterward. I'd get all the women's clubs in the state after him. I'd make him give her a year, or more. And in that time you might be able to prove her innocent—or get her a new trial. You love her, don't you?"

"More than my life! But what are you proposing—"

"And she loves you. Well, marry her, for God's sake, and save her."

"I've asked her a thousand times to marry me. She will not. She thinks it would ruin my career."

"Then save her anyway. One baby brought her here, put her in peril of her life. Another would save her. She felt no shame in giving birth to the baby that died. Why should she feel shame now? Why should you? You said yourself that all babies are legitimate. You heard her say love was its own justification."

"But—"

WINNIE rushed at him angrily. "I thought you were a man," she said. "I thought you clean, fine, a modern Galahad. But you're only a prude, a coward, and there's filth in your mind. You listen to me—standing here and tearing out my heart to save the woman you love because I'm still damn' fool enough to love you! And you look at me as though I were a leper.

"Is your chastity so precious to you? Or hers? Does it weigh more in your conscience than her life? You were in love with me once. You said you were. Now you say you love her. More than life, you said. You don't love anybody. You don't know anything about love."

She burst into tears and turned away from him.

Shannon wheeled her gently around, and raised her face.

"You're a grand girl, Winnie," he said. He wiped away her tears. "I didn't know women could be so big." His eyes were shining. "Let me think this over. I can't decide now."

"Let her decide," said Winnie. "It is her life."

"She will decide, but not today and not until all other hope is gone. Despite your arguments, it seems abhorrent. Is love more precious than life? Or is life, and the saving of life, more important?"

. . To Natalie, Winnie's idea may seem the only way left to salvation. In next week's installment of The Shackled Cinderella you'll learn what Natalie decides to do.

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Liberty will pay $5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned if unavailable. Address Bright Sayings, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

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Billy, aged seven, and Mildred, aged six, were peeling potatoes. "Mother," tattled Billy, "Mildred isn't getting all the peeling off her potatoes."

"Aw, Billy," said Mildred, "I get it all off but the dimples."—Mrs. Troy C. Hill, Box L, Magdalena, N. M.

* * *

Many Happy Returns—from the Laundry

Richard's grandma received some silk lingerie as a birthday gift. Unaccustomed to wearing such dainty things, she picked up the card and remarked that the things were lovely, "But what will I do with them?"

Richard promptly answered, "Grandma, why don't you read the directions?"—Mrs. A. J. Torok, 115-40 174th St., St. Albans, N. Y.

* * *

Wireless Telegraphy

My neighbor offered my small son a second helping of candy. After looking at me my son politely refused, saying:

"No, thank you. My mother's giving me dirty looks."—Mrs. L. Kramer, 30 Lee Park Ave., Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

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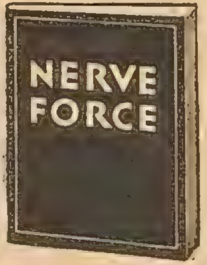

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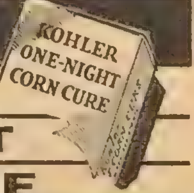

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That Razor-Blade Question!

Wise-Crack Prize Winners

BELOW are the winners of the prizes offered in February 13 Liberty for wise cracks answering the question, "What is the best use for old razor blades?" If your name is not among them, send in an answer to this week's question. If it is among them, this invitation will not be necessary. There's $500 in prizes to be won. The razor-blade wise-crack winners and the prizes they take are as follows:

$100 FIRST PRIZE

To stuff cracks in wise cracks.

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$50 SECOND PRIZE

Have them stuffed and mounted.

Billie Gates, Minneapolis, Minn.

$25 THIRD PRIZE

Keep them in the safe where you used to keep your money.

M. Allan Miller, Roxbury, Mass.

$10 PRIZES

Arthur Q. Hagerman, Hollywood, Calif.; Mrs. George Jackson, Ludlow, Ky.

$5 PRIZES

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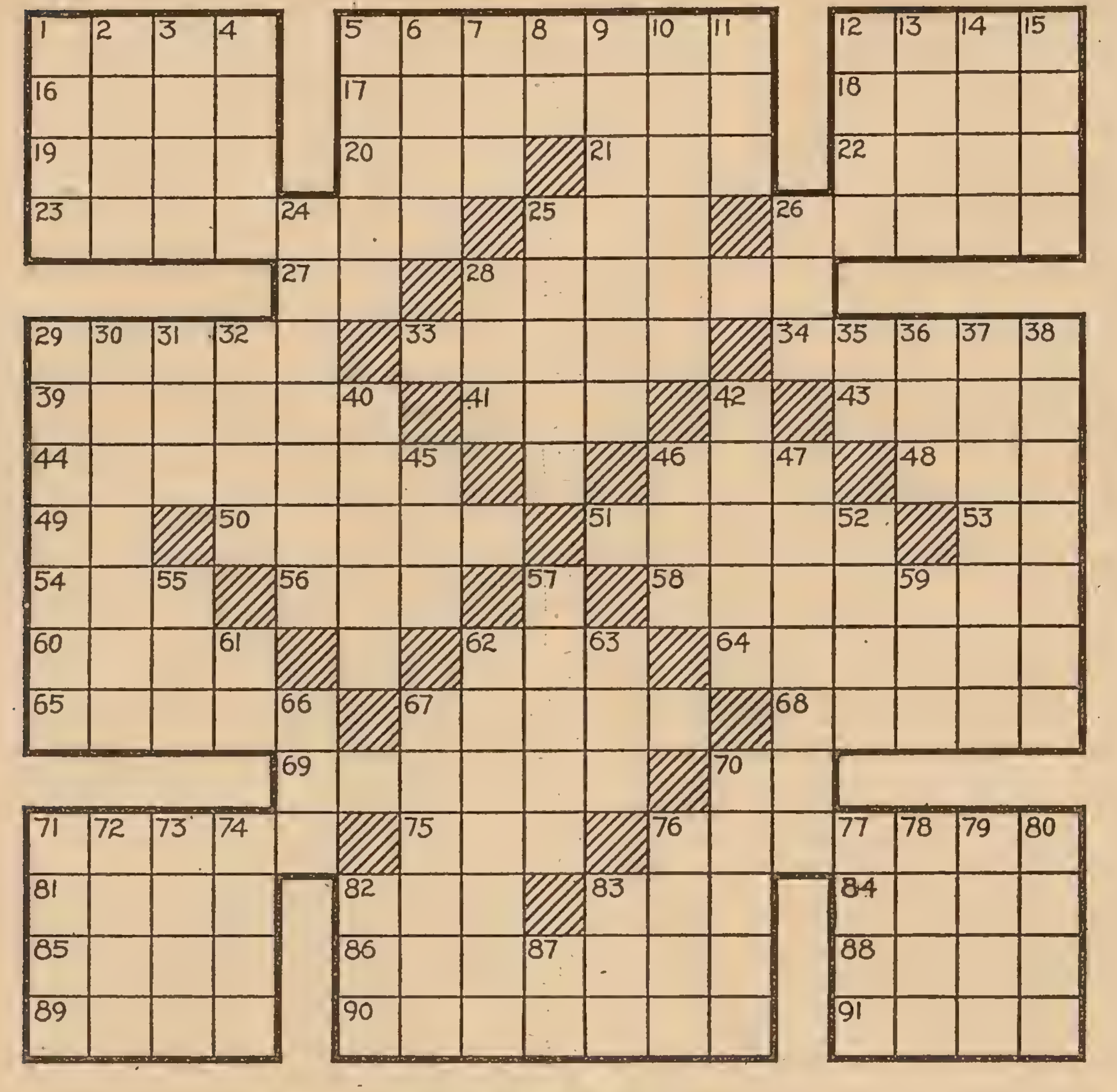
Solution of Detectogram on page 44

It would have been impossible for Fellows to have hastily dialed a number in the *dark*. Try it!

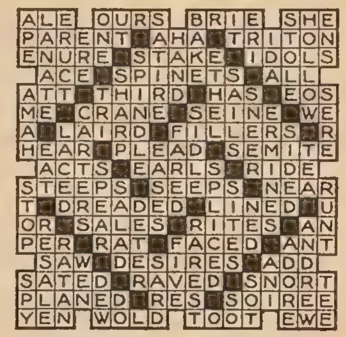
Cross Words

A New Puzzle



HORIZONTAL

1 Singing bird
5 Division of a book
12 Coleslaw
16 Garment
17 Repentant regret
18 Pull; drag
19 So be it!
20 Babylonian deity
21 Serpent
22 Superficial content of a figure
23 Hag; virago
25 Woman's name
26 Snake
27 Japanese measure
28 Postponed
29 Pains
33 City in Africa
34 Old Venetian coin
39 Viking galleys
41 Comrade
43 Footway
44 Solitary places
46 Strike against violently
48 Article
49 Into
50 Wandering animal
51 City in Oregon
53 Note of the scale
54 Maxim
56 Something given to pacify
58 Rampart
60 Auricular
62 Droop
64 Freebooter
65 Hot wine punch
67 Of the sun
68 Fresher
69 Ancient Egyptian city
70 Depart
71 Muse; ponder



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ALE OURS BRIE SHE
PARENT■AHA■TRITON
ENURE■STAKE■IDOLS
 ACE■SPINETS■ALL
ATT■THIRD■HAS■EOS
ME■CRANE■SEINE■WE
A■LAIRD■FILLERS■R
HEAR■PLEAD■SEMITE
 ACTS■EARLS■RIDE
STEEPS■SEEPS■NEAR
T■DREADED■LINED■U
OR■SALES■RITES■AN
PER■RAT■FACED■ANT
 SAW■DESIRES■ADD
SATED■RAVED■SNORT
PLANED■RES■SOIREE
YEN WOLD TOOT EWE
```

Answer to last week's puzzle

75 The matter or thing
76 Spendthrift
81 Graver's mark
82 By
83 Spigot
84 Rent
85 Norse god
86 A flower
88 Otherwise
89 Fondles
90 One who is ostentatious of learning (pl.)
91 Measure of time

VERTICAL

1 Ill-tempered person
2 A runner's station in baseball
3 Biblical name (Genesis iv.)
4 Have inclination
5 Felony
6 At this point
7 Wine vessel
8 River in Italy
9 Racking pain
10 Tries
11 A fabric
12 A fish
13 Rendered fat
14 Opposite of aweather
15 Deteriorate by use
24 Declares
25 Cooking vessels
26 Augment
28 Sip
29 County in Vermont
30 Scalloped
31 Possesses
32 Pieces out
35 Above
36 Spiteful woman
37 One who has great activity and strength
38 The drama
40 Sharpening device
42 Purgative medicine
45 Undermine
46 Strike
47 Kind of sheep (pl.)
52 An equine
55 Peruke
57 Part of Great Britain
59 Animal's foot
61 An element (symbol)
62 Made serious
63 A fuel
66 Inclosure
67 Calm
70 Yawns
71 Spill over
72 Endure a difficulty until its passing
73 One
74 Lairs
76 Penury
77 Sinew
78 Stir up
79 Language of the Scotch Highlanders
80 Liliaceous plant
82 Infant's food
83 Measure of weight
87 Parent

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

"NO MOTHER TO GUIDE HIM"

YOU can raise a dog and keep him healthy and strong if you follow a few simple rules. For instance, *watch out for symptoms of worms.* Worms rob dogs of nourishment. They cause fits. All puppies and dogs should be wormed regularly. For safe, sure results use SERGEANT'S PUPPY CAPSULES for roundworms and hookworms in pups. SERGEANT'S SURE SHOT CAPSULES are best for older dogs.

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A MEDICINE FOR EVERY DOG AILMENT

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Vox

The Blue Grass Blues

LOUISVILLE, KY.—Read your editorial on tax burdens.

If our states don't watch out, they'll go the way of Kentucky—and Kentucky is tax crazy!

Kentucky colonels are now taxed $100, and all unmarried ladies are requested to be at the Capitol when the tax is collected so they can catch a man if he cannot pay the tax.

And those auto tags—why, they are so high that the street cars of Louisville had a net gain this month, because of the people who could not afford to buy new plates and just let the old bus rest up!

The telephone is in line for a tax, but we just don't know whether to tax each call or each phone.

Bridges and ferries have long contributed to the state and we are getting used to that—so they are going to raise the rates.

If someone will only invent something to measure the air we breathe we will be obliged to them, as then we can get some more taxes.

We cordially invite anyone to come to Kentucky who has something we can tax, and we are offering a prize to anyone who can suggest something we have not taxed.—*C. W. Totten.*

We Forgot to Duck!

CLEVELAND, OHIO—I have been reading your editorial, "The Terrific Load of Taxation," in Liberty Weekly for February 27.

In it you quoted Eugene Grace, head of the Bethlehem Steel Company, as saying, at the annual meeting of all the Bethlehem companies:

"Taxes must come down, the burden of governmental costs must be lightened, and budgets must be balanced."

Harry J. C. Tillman

Well, Mr. Grace, taxes *have* come down—come down squarely on the shoulders of the wage earner, just as they always have.—*Harry J. C. Tillman.*

Naturally It's Not All Peaches and Cream

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Your desire to promote the welfare of the unemployed by this back-to-the-land movement is, no doubt, sincere, but personal experience impels me to point out some truths.

Of course everyone has heard of those abandoned farms, but what most of you people who lack a personal touch with the soil do not know is that ninety-nine out of a hundred farms lack one of the essential elements necessary to successful crop raising. This element is calcium.

If one has a small place with no farm animals, he finds that, in order to raise successful crops, he must purchase commercial fertilizers, and these cost about $30 a ton, and you can figure on half a ton per acre for some crops and a ton per acre for others.

You cannot simply plow a patch, put in seed, and wait for results.—*R. J. M.*

Well, Well, We're Glad to Hear This

SOMEWHERE IN THE MIDDLE WEST—The anonymous person who wrote "Help!" certainly thought she knew her onions when it came to the younger generation. Well, I think her onions were only half cooked.

Why? Because I'm one of the grand army of youth, and proud of it. There are four of us who go around together all the time, and we go fairly steady. Both of our males have cars, and while we do get away from home for "the seclusion which the automobile affords," we don't pet. We do what is vulgarly termed "necking," and when we get tired of kissing each other, we sit there and discuss everything from birth control to the League of Nations.

There are limits we draw, no matter what Mrs. Thus-and-so may think.

I admit the scantiness of underwear. Why not? It's healthier, and far more comfortable. Of course our generation is wise to the sex question, and darn' glad that we are. We can take care of ourselves a lot better by knowing a lot more than the past generation.

Our crowds discuss the frankest of subjects with utter disregard of self, and we learn a lot. Don't think we're being vulgar, because we're not. We're being honest with each other, and we have a code of morals that we simply wouldn't dream of falling down on.

"Jean"—the girl discussed in "Help!"—isn't the typical girl at all. She's a problem case, and I know, because I'm nineteen, in a good sorority in high school, and run with a pretty fast crowd outside of my three regular buddies.

Believe me, every one of us is clean, and, strange as it may seem, that incredible creature, a virgin.—*Elsie.*

God Bless Liberty Anyway

SOUTH BEND, IND.—It's all very well for our intellectuals to criticize the masses because the masses can't think. The point is that the masses, if they are to think, must be given the materials for thought—in other words, scientific facts. The man in the street is appallingly ignorant of the sciences. Is the ignorant average man going to delve into deep treatises? He is not. But the average man reads Liberty, so it lies within Liberty's power to make him science-conscious. So why not stop printing the sort of "scientific" articles you've been running—they're mere flights of fancy based on a few facts—and give us a series of exact articles by men who are recognized authorities in their fields? God bless Liberty if you do.—*Jerome Ferrara.*

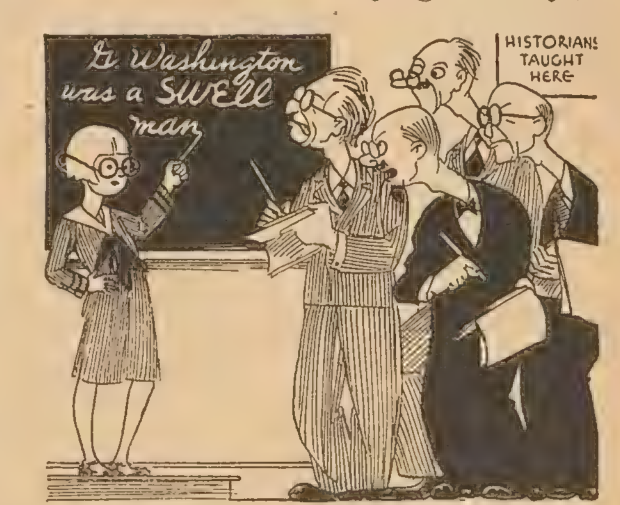
Jerome Ferrara

Is That Nice?

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Sometimes, when I see what rotten stories and articles your magazine gives us, I wish the editors of Liberty would walk east till their hats float.—*Alphonse.*

Winifred Starts Righting Mr. Wood

JOHNSTOWN, PA.—I am a little girl ten years old and am in 5th grade. The reason I am writing to you is becouse I read Mr. Clement Wood's story of how Washington perhaps mite not be abel to stay out of jale if he was living today and I did not like it. I did not believe a word of it. And I also know it was a lie becouse I am studying History in school about him. And he did not play cards and gambeling with cards.


G. Washington was a SWELL man
HISTORIANS TAUGHT HERE

Washington was a good honest man. And to my way of thinking you had better starte back to school and learn your history Mr. Wood. Then starte righting when you are sure of your facts. Do you think even if it is truth you should bring it up before the younger people. I do not. Now I think that is all I will tell you Mr. Wood.—*Just Winifred.*

Pop

Hey, Ed, Is This on the Level?

Los Angeles, Calif.—As a kid who, for thirty years, has never missed a circus, you will understand why I have viewed no less than one hundred parades of your famous paper circus, Liberty.

I have always, (if reluctantly) paid the price of admission, hoping at some time to catch a worth-while act. But after patiently scanning the procession from Thrasher to Princess Kropotkin's comments bringing up the rear, to say nothing of those flashy side shows featuring your freak contests and puzzles, I was about to give up, when—oh, boy! —there came Edward Doherty leading "The Shackled Cinderella" into the arena! What a story! What an idea! What it ain't got wouldn't do it no good. "Kid Action" is turning handsprings from one paragraph to another, and "Madame Suspense" does a gorgeous swan dive straight into (curse her!) the next issue of Liberty.

Professor Doherty came on just in time to save the show for me (and a customer for you). So let's give him a big hand, a silver cup, and a permanent spot on the bill.—*Paul Smelser.*

SERIAL TROPHY
adam john barth

The Death Penalty for Grafters

New York, N. Y.—I think your editorial, "Graft—Our Greatest National Menace," was the best I have ever read.

Graft *is* our greatest menace and I have often thought that death should be the penalty for all grafters and bribers.

Our ancestors were honest and in their time it was an honor to be in politics. Today it is a disgrace.—*Louis D. Greig.*

Always Glad to Fight for a Principle

Houston, Tex.—Thanks for your brilliant editorial, "Graft—Our Greatest National Menace." That we are in the hands of grafters there is no doubt. Almost every city in the country, except Milwaukee, is broke, and all because of the grafters, the wasters of the people's money. Never before, in the history of the country, have we had such examples of wanton waste.

Your editorial should have the approval of every thinking man in the country.

I heartily congratulate you on having the moral courage to speak out in meeting.—*S. R. Ramsay.*

Why Not, if She's a Fast Worker?

Pontiac, Mich.—Just finished reading "Wheat," by Konrad Bercovici, and being raised in the wheat section of Kansas it gave me a big laugh. He may know his Russia, but he don't know Kansas wheat.

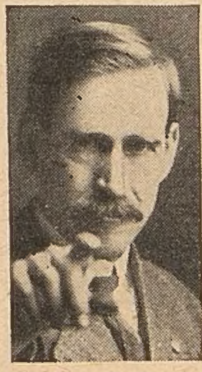
For instance, when did they start sacking wheat at a thresher and hauling it to an elevator in sacks? The average thresher can thresh fifty bushels of wheat in twelve minutes, and a sack holds two bushels. Can you imagine a girl standing by a machine and sacking wheat and swinging up the sacks, and still having time to make love?—*Mae H. Dunlap.*

Sez You!

Madison, Wis.—There's a lot of talk, just now, about giving each state the right to decide whether it shall be wet or dry. But people should remember that the system of prohibition by states has already been tried out and discarded.

When it was being tried out, the argument of the wets was that prohibition couldn't be a success unless it was national. They were right. The nation cannot be half wet and half dry. It must be one or the other.

National prohibition isn't a success. Prohibition by states wasn't a success. Regulation wasn't a success. No system of governmental dealing with intoxicants is or can ever be a success. People must simply get sense enough to leave the stuff alone.


William C. Dean

But, bad as it is, national prohibition comes nearer to being a success than any other system yet tried or devised.—*William C. Dean.*

The House that Viereck Built

Chicago, Ill.—Just read "President Wilson's Break with Colonel House," by George Sylvester Viereck.

By all means give us more of House, the little colonel that saved the United States and came near saving the whole world. What a colossus! The Statue of Liberty is but a little doll compared with the mighty House.

What a mind! Einstein himself could not estimate the brain cells. All the wild bulls that ever roamed in Texas would have been tamed by one glance from the eagle eye of the mighty House.

Blah, Blah, Hee-Ha! Call mama—I'm fainting!—*Helen Maria.*

Just Listen to William Tell

Niagara Falls, N. Y.—The only thing that was any good in Diana Bourbon's Anglo-American stories was the writer's surname—and even that is all wet!

Tell Diana, if she must write, to try her hand at describing Kansas sunsets or Iowa harvest moons.

This international stuff is too deep for her.—*William Gibson.*

Shake Hands, Lew

St. Louis, Mo.—Say! I'm here to state emphatically that "An International Episode," by Philip Wylie, was a humdinger! Great plot, and the maximum of suspense squeezed out of it, and the motivation and psychology beyond criticism.—*Lew.*

Cheerful Chap

Indianapolis, Ind.—If ever you get up to a 500-page book, it will still lack $2.50 of being worth a nickel.—*F. M. Puttlitz.*

How to Keep from Feeling Like a Pretzel

New York, N. Y.—Every once in a while I read a story that knocks me right off my chair. Such an one was that story by one Douglas Newton, entitled "M. Clinquant's Mistake."

I suppose the names used in the story are fictitious. If they were not I'd write to the inventor and ask him to make a small-sized invisible wall for me. Can you imagine what a treat it would be to have such a contraption on the subway?

Just imagine people rushing in with eager faces, all set to stand on your toes and make you feel and look like a pretzel, and all of a sudden—plop!—they can't get near you.

And, oh, boy! When I go to a movie and some egg spots me and thinks I'm lonesome and comes over all set to bump my knees and start a conversation or something, I'd just turn on the what-is-it?—and does somebody get fooled?

No kidding, though, that was a whale of a story.

In other words, I liked it.—*Ruth E. de Baer.*

TO THE LADIES!

By PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

linguist, friend of the famous in Europe, and descendant of the first czar of Russia

(Reading time: 5 minutes 5 seconds.)

OLD MOTHER MOONEY has done a lot of train riding these past fifteen years. It's a five-hour journey from San Francisco to San Quentin, where the prison is; a long ride when you're eighty-four years old. Longer is the ride back—after seeing your son Tom with a high board wall between yourself and him. Mother Mooney has never missed the one hour they let her spend there with Tom every two weeks. She wishes they'd let her take him a bit of her homemade fruit cake, but that is against the rules.

I've been talking with Mother Mooney. The flavor of Ireland is still on her tongue. She said:

"'Tis from County Mayo I come. Fall Moor was the name of me town, meaning Big Place. But 'twas no big place at all; just a handful of poor folks it was."

She came to this country, an immigrant girl, sixty-seven years ago. "Covered wagons?" she told me. "Sure I've seen 'em. In the old days I saw many a one set out from Chicago, where Tom was born."

Her story, up to a point, is the story of countless old Irishwomen in America. Her husband was a miner. When he died she went to work, leaving Tom, aged eight, to care for the babies at home. The babies grew up. Tom grew up. The family moved to California.

Then that ghastly explosion on Preparedness Day, 1916—and Tom Mooney, the labor leader, arrested.

Mother Mooney has never relinquished her fight for Tom's freedom.

"Are people good or bad, Mother?" I asked, after hearing how a famous archbishop refused to receive her.

"Mother" Mooney

"They're good, dear," says she, with a flash of blue Irish eyes. "Look how many have helped defend Tom where one refused."

MEN read this page on the sly. I know they do because they often write to me. Frequently they ask me to take up some topic of special interest to them, and I do so whenever I can. Now I am going to turn the tables. We girls are not so hot as inventors, and there are several gadgets we *must* have before long. Will some inventive male among my readers please get busy along the following lines?

Please invent a tooth-paste cap that won't roll down the drainpipe.

Please invent a suitcase lid that can't fall shut and hit me on the head while I'm packing.

Please invent an ice-cube tray that is not a nuisance.

I WENT to a china doctor to get a vase mended. I found his shop a curious asylum for fragile broken things—human hopes as well as bric-à-brac. Priceless old treasures stood side by side with the most hideous trash. I pointed out a garish pink-china maiden, a sickening atrocity. "Why should anyone want *that* mended?" I asked.

"Bridge prize," said the doctor. "People keep anything they win as a prize, no matter how terrible it is."

He's a Frenchman, this china surgeon. "Men and women bring things to be mended," he told me, "so carefully holding all the little pieces. They go away. Many times they never return."

"What happens to them?"

With true French fatalism he shrugged his shoulders. "They get divorced," he said, "or they die."

I looked at the hodgepodge on his shelves with interest. What tales these broken things might tell if they could speak!

AT last I believe I understand why the younger generation has become so uppity. They are fighting for their place in a world from which we older folks are crowding them out by sheer increase of numbers.

Statistics prove it. There are lots more people aged thirty-five or over than there used to be. L. Seth Schnitman, who gives us these figures, calculates that 40 per cent of our population will be middle-aged eight years from now. Counting babies and grandparents out, this will not leave much of a show for the ranks of flaming youth.

Because of our good hospitals, easier working hours, toothbrushes, bran, etc., we humans are living longer than of yore. That's the reason. But what will the result be?

Are we on our way toward a middle-aged nation in which the fires of youth will be snowed under by ponderous mature majorities?

How do you like the prospect?

DOES sulphur remind you of spring—and molasses? Sulphur is with us this spring in a more agreeable way. Bright sulphur yellow is now the smartest new color to wear, particularly when combined with blue.

Scarfs of blue and sulphur yellow flutter gayly on white Palm Beach frocks; blue pocketbooks flaunt large galatite initials of the brimstone hue. And, speaking of accessories, have you seen the blue kid gloves being worn with blue ensembles, and the chic *felt* walking shoes, and the lovely new stockings made of silk lace with patterns copied from antique samplers?

The latest stocking shades are graybrun, trail (a reddish tan), and metallic beige.

HERE'S a new spaghetti dish that made a great hit with my family recently. It is really delicious and costs very little. Try it.

You'll need a pound of spaghetti, half a pound of chicken livers, a ten-cent can of tomato sauce. Wash the chicken livers, fry them lightly in butter, then chop fine while still hot.

Brown 1 tablespoon flour in the butter the livers were fried in, and add 1 cup tomato sauce, put in a tiny speck of garlic (size of a small lentil), cook 5 minutes, stirring well all the time.

Now add the chopped livers along with 2 tablespoons cream, plenty of paprika, salt and pepper to taste. Keep hot but do not boil. Meanwhile cook your spaghetti, drain it, place in a deep dish. Pour the sauce over it and serve quickly.

Fried pineapple or hot spiced prunes make a good accompaniment.

HOW DOES YOUR LAXATIVE WORK?

DO YOU REALLY KNOW?

There are two kinds of laxatives. The *wrong* kind and the *right* kind.

If you only knew what happens inside of you when you take the *wrong* laxative, you would never gamble with your health again!

Nature has equipped your bowels with strong, peristaltic muscles. Their job is to eliminate the food wastes from your body. They should churn and knead *steadily* to perform this vital task.

Violent cathartics abuse these bowel muscles—they cause the food to be rushed through in utter disregard of *normal* muscular action.

Avoid this danger!

Keep Nature at work!

The *right* kind of laxative—such as Ex-Lax—gently reminds and stimulates your bowel muscles to do their work calmly and easily.

It gives these muscles just a slight, friendly 'nudge' when their normal action is delayed. It does not gallop food through you before assimilation is complete. That's the way doctors say that a laxative should act. And that's exactly the way Ex-Lax works—effectively, but gently!

No secret about Ex-Lax

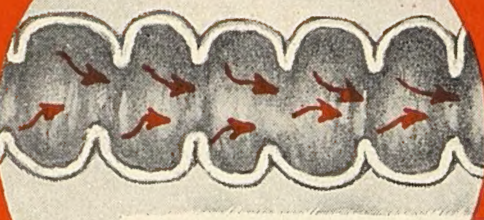
Phenolphthalein, deliciously chocolated, is the only medicinal ingredient in Ex-Lax. This ideal laxative agent is widely known to the medical profession for its safe, effective, and gentle action.

Ex-Lax checks on every point the doctor looks for in a laxative. Ex-Lax is safe. It does not gripe. It does not over-stimulate the bowels.

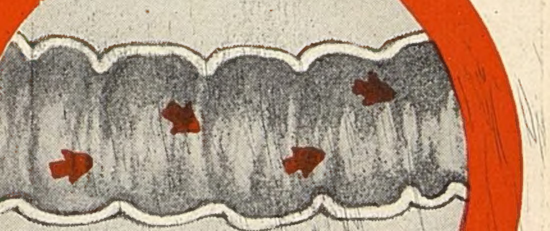
Ex-Lax is not absorbed into the system. It is not habit-forming. Ex-Lax is equally effective for children and for grown-ups.

Don't gamble— get a box of Ex-Lax today!

Start *now* to use the right laxative, Ex-Lax. Get a box at your drug store. The trial size is only a dime. Or send the coupon for a free sample.



X-ray of a Normal Intestine
The peristaltic muscles knead and churn constantly to eliminate waste matter. When action is delayed, Ex-Lax simply gives Nature a gentle nudge and proper function is resumed.



Beware of Violent Cathartics!
Chronic constipation distends the intestines, causing loss of muscle "tone." Repeated abuse with violent cathartics may further impair the action of these muscles, thus often doing more harm than good.

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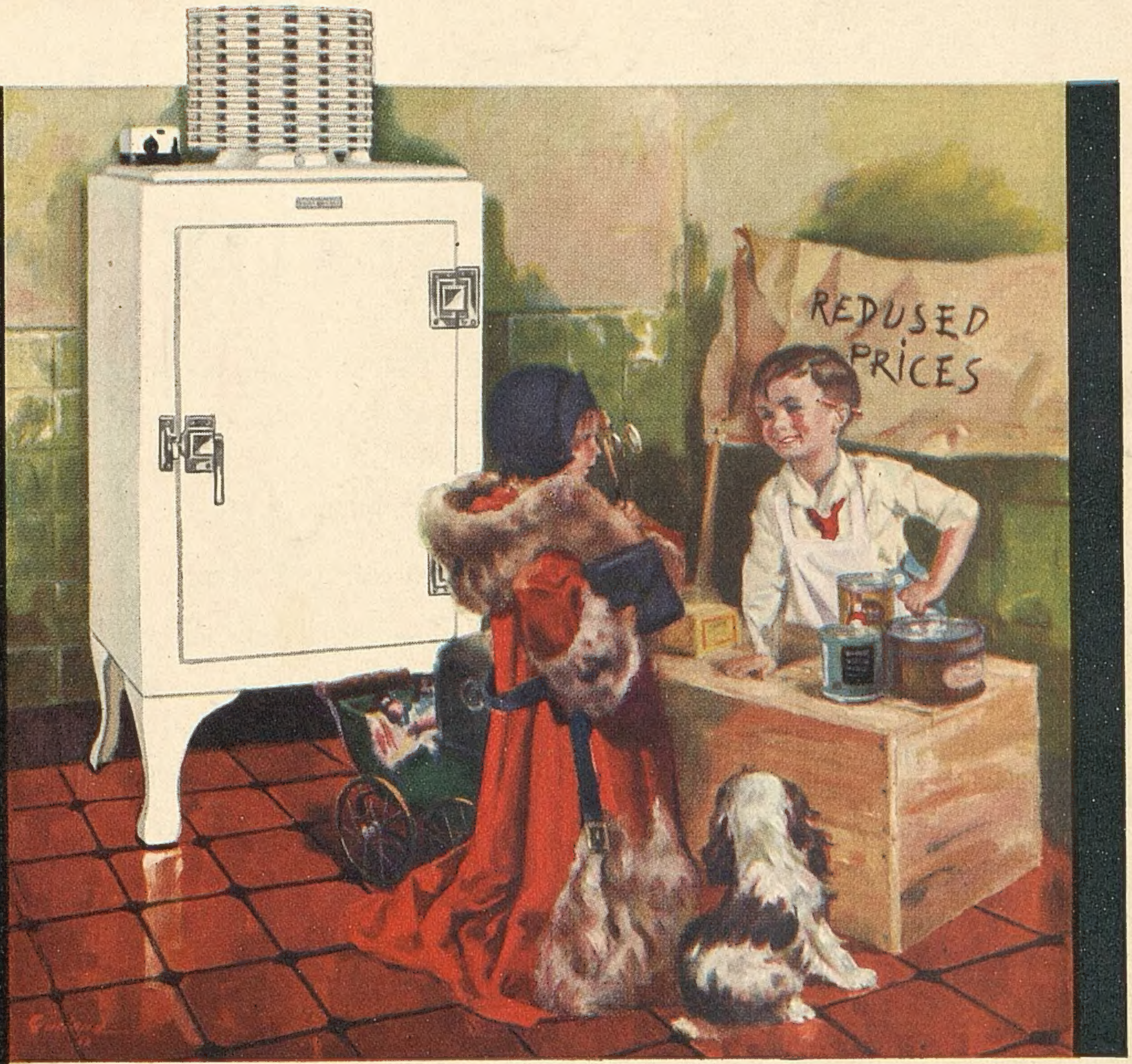

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